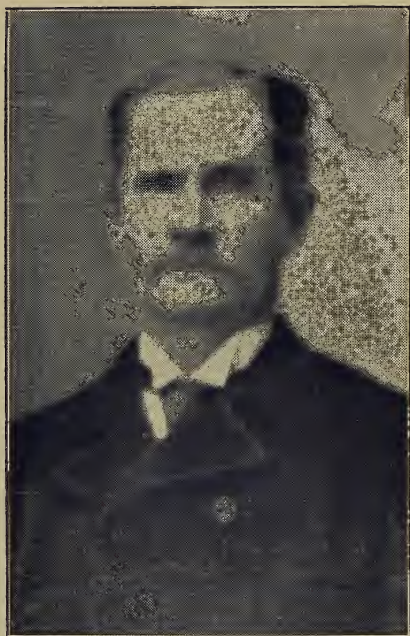


Life and Civil War
Services of
Edward A. Straub





RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

Edw. A. Straub.

SHANNON, ILL.—1910.

LIFE
AND
CIVIL WAR SERVICES

OF

EDWARD A. STRAUB

*of Co. B, 7th Pennsylvania
Cavalry.*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

1909 :
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EDWARD ADLUM STRAUB

*TO HIS COMRADES IN ARMS,
VOLUNTEERS AND REGULARS,
OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR,*

*THIS VOLUME IS
SINCERELY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.*

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PREFACE.

Before deciding to write up our local biography and personal Memoirs, we had fully intended to write the lives and public services of the War-Governors. But in glancing over the Muncy (Penn.) Luminary, we were surprised, and much regret to state, that we were informed by that paper, that only three surviving War-Governors were yet living, namely, Samuel J. Crawford of Topeka, Kansas, Gen. William Sprague of Rhode Island, and Frederick Holbrook of Vermont.

We received letters from Governors Crawford and Holbrook of Brattleboro, Vermont, both of whom consented to the noble and patriotic project. The civilization of our day, the enlightenment of the age, and the duty that men of the present time owe to their ancestors, to themselves and to their posterity, demand that a record of their lives and deeds should be made.

In biographical history is found a power to instruct man by precedent, to enliven the mental faculties, and to waft down the river of time a safe vessel in which the names and actions of the people who contributed to raise this country from its primitive state may be preserved.

In this volume will be found a record of many whose lives are worthy the imitation of coming generations. It tells how that many in the pride and strength of young manhood left the plow in the field, and the anvil in the blacksmith shop, left our common schools and colleges, the lawyer's office and the counting-room, left every trade and profession, and at their country's call went forth bravely "to do or die," and how through their noble efforts the Union was restored, and peace once more reigned in the land. In the life of every man and of every woman is a lesson that should not be lost upon those who follow after.

In the galaxy of our noble dead—Lincoln, Grant, Logan, Hancock, Ellsworth, Stanley, Thomas and Sheridan—none deserve more fame than our departed comrades, Generals James A. Garfield and William T. Sherman. Their memories will be enshrined in the hearts of half a million of comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic.

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Personal Memoirs of Edward A. Straub, commenced Jan. 24th, 1908.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

The Straub Family—The Adlum Family—The Rynearson Family.

Tradition informs us that the ancestors of the Straub family emigrated from Saxony, Germany, over 200 years ago. My grandfather, the late Daniel Straub, had seven sons, and five daughters, whose names were respectively, Charles (the eldest), Samuel, Daniel, John, Henry, Jacob, George, Phoebe, Sophia, Betsy, Katie and Sarah. Betsy married Jacob Willow, Katy married John Krepps, Sarah married Jacob Woomer, Phoebe married John Snyder and Sophia married David Forry. Two sons only are known to be living, George Straub of Chadwick, Carroll Co., Illinois, and Dr. John Straub of Wilmington, Delaware.

According to our father's account, our grandfather, the late Daniel Straub, was born in Bucks County, Penn., and was a direct descendant of the large and influential family who were first represented in America over 200 years ago. He married Miss Elizabeth Hahn, and they became the parents of fifteen children, eleven of whom, seven sons and five daughters, lived to mature years. The mother preceded her husband to the silent land, and Daniel Straub departed this life in 1865, aged eighty-seven years.

My grandfather, the late Edward Adlum, gives us authority to state, that his ancestors were of Irish descent, and emigrated to the United States many years ago from Ireland. Grandfather Adlum departed this life in 1857, aged eighty-two years.

The opinion prevails that the ancestors of the Adlum family settled first at Little York, York County, Penn., in which city mother's father was born and reared in the year 1775. His brothers were Richard, the sailor, who was lost at sea, Thomas, Joseph and Major John Adlum, who was an officer in Washington's army during the Revolution. Grandpa told us that when he was a young boy, living at York City, Pennsylvania, he there saw General Washington with the American army.

From 1818 to 1838.

My father, the late Henry Hahn Straub, was born in Union Township, Union County, Pennsylvania, on March 11th, 1818, where he received a careful home training and a common school education. He was a tiller of the soil and also learned the blacksmith trade during his younger years in Juniata County, Pa., and later worked at his trade in Lycoming County. Father was married to Miss Elizabeth Adlum at Muncy, Pa., March 4th, 1841, on the day of the inauguration of William H. Harrison as President of the United States. He was conceded to be one of the best practical blacksmiths in Lycoming County.

After he removed to Pennsville, he joined a cavalry troop called the Muncy Dragoons, of which company he was elected Orderly Sergeant. He first belonged to the Democratic party, but eventually he said the party left him, therefore he joined the other party, and became a staunch Republican, and in the principles of his party has reared his three sons who are also its earnest supporters.

We think the first Republican paper he subscribed for was the Muncy (Pa.) Luminary, which saturated his boys with the principles of Republicanism and have, of course, voted that ticket ever since they became of age. George L. I. Painter, who was at one time Captain of the Muncy Cornet Band, was editor of the Luminary. The Luminary is now under the management and owned by his son, Thomas

B. Painter, under whose control the paper has become one of the breeziest and newsiest organs in Pennsylvania.

My mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Adlum Straub, was born about two and a half miles north of Muncy, Lycoming County, Pa., January 28th, 1814. Her father, the late Edward Adlum, was reared in Little York, York County, Pa., and inherited a handsome property. She had two brothers and three sisters, namely, John B. Richard, Catharine, Ellen and Rebecca, all of whom were born on the old homestead, between Pennsdale and Muncy. Aunt Katie became the wife of John Artley of Muncy Township, Aunt Ellen and Aunt Becky were unmarried. Uncle John married Hester Jane Russell of French Grove, Peoria County, Ill. Mrs. Russell was formerly from Northumberland County, Pa. Uncle John died (I think) in 1888, and his wife departed this life in 1890.

To Mr. and Mrs. Straub were born nine children, of whom four died in infancy. To Mr. and Mrs. Artley were born six children, whose names were Rebecca, Anna, Jane Amelia, Hannah Matilda and Joseph D. Artley. Joseph married Sarah Casper of Columbia County, Pa., Rebecca married Mr. Frank Arnold of Fairfield, Lycoming County, Pa. Mr. Arnold was a member of the 8th Pa. Cavalry during the Civil War. He was a brick-mason by trade and was conceded to be a good practical mechanic. Anna married Mr. Amos Clark of St. Joseph County, Michigan. Two children were born to them, namely, Ellis and Artley. Mrs. Clark was an expert housekeeper and one of the most sensible and exemplary ladies in her county. Mrs. Arnold was an expert dressmaker, kind, sociable and charitable. She died at Picture Rocks, Pa., in 1891. Miss Tillie was a teacher in the public schools of Muncy Township.

Mr. John Adlum, a pioneer, who came to Muncy Valley about 1790, was one of the most active and distinguished of the early settlers. He was a soldier, a farmer, a land speculator, a commissioner, a judge and an orator. Major Adlum and Joseph Adlum, the latter of whom was a highly esteemed farmer, who lived for many years near Wolf Run, were both uncles of my mother's. When mother grew to womanhood, she received a careful domestic training in the rudiments of practical housekeeping from her mother Rebecca Adlum. One of her particular callings in the culinary

art was drop-dumplings. Before she was of age she became an excellent baker, and occasionally she made us a batch of short-cake, and in the language of the old lady, "Say, Mister, well now, if they weren't fine, made with fresh butter-milk and soda."

When we enlisted for the war we had intended to return again before going to the front and bid our parents good-bye, but we suddenly formed the idea that we had better remain away, as it would be much harder to part from them before leaving the second time. Before our departure from Williamsport for Camp Curtin my father and brother Wilson came to Williamsport to see us off and bid the party who were going to leave Friday evening good-bye.

The names of the men who had been sworn into the service were: Edw. A. Straub, Pierson Baker, Benjamin F. Warner, Aaron H. Mallaby, Henry Schick, Nelson Shipman, Alfred Campbell. About one dozen men had been sworn in, but the names of the remaining five men I have forgotten. We all arrived at Harrisburg about 4 o'clock P. M., and were marched direct to Camp Curtin, to await further orders.

Outline History of the Straub Family.

Uncle George Straub was born in Union Township, Union County, Pennsylvania, December 4th, 1820. His first wife was Mary Snyder.

His second wife was Susanna Heiser, to whom he was married July 2d, 1848. She was born near Richfield, Snyder County, Pennsylvania, March 9th, 1827. To them were born thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters. Uncle George was employed on a saw mill in Nipenose Township, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, a number of years, before he removed with his family to Illinois.

Aunt Susan was a very kind and sociable woman, a good neighbor, a kind mother, and much devoted to her family. She was also a devoted member of the Lutheran Church.

William Straub, of Manchester, Delaware County, Iowa, was their first son. He married Miss Ellen Gramly of Clinton County, Pa. To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Straub were born eight children, whose names were Edward, Bert, William, Henry, Agnus, Ellen, Cora, and Katie, who died in Ogle

County, Ill. Agnus was married to Charles Robinson, formerly of Carroll County, Ill. They now live in Delaware County, Iowa. Christian Straub, the second son of George Straub, Sr., was born in Snyder County, Pa., in 1852. He was fifteen years of age when his parents left Pennsylvania for Illinois. He married Miss Katie Dahler, who was born and raised near Chadwick, Illinois. The lady is a good, kind and sociable woman. They have two sons and two daughters, namely, Annie, Clara, William and Melvina. Annie is married to William Lewis, formerly of Kansas. They live in Chadwick, Carroll County, Ill. Mr. Lewis' parents reside in the same town.

Prof. John Straub was born in Sugar Valley, Clinton County, Pa., December 14th, 1860. John was about seven years of age when his parents left Pennsylvania. He has been a tiller of the soil and worked at the carpenter trade for over twenty-five years. He owns a threshing machine and is a skillful engineer, and staunch Democrat, and thinks Col. Wm. J. Bryan would make a great President. John is also a good practical violinist and good musician.

George P. Straub was born in Sugar Valley, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, February 20th, 1863. George and John farm the old homestead, one mile east of Chadwick, and are both good practical farmers. They handle a fine line of hogs, cattle and horses, and are surely up-to-date farmers. In an educational point of view George is well posted.

Mrs. Barbara Moore, daughter of George Straub, Sr., was born in Sugar Valley, Clinton County, Pa., October 27th, 1858. She was married to John Crockett Moore, May 25th, 1879. They emigrated to Gove County, Kansas. Afterwards they lived in Oklahoma, Nebraska and Missouri and subsequently removed to Illinois. To Mr. and Mrs. Moore were born six children, five boys and one daughter. Their names are Alva, Irvin, Guy, Bessie, Ray and Theodore. The first three sons are married; Bessie, Ray and Theodore live with their mother at 117 Taylor Avenue, Freeport, Ill. Mrs. Moore is one of our favorite cousins, kind and sociable, liberal and charitable, and a splendid housekeeper. June 28th, 1906, Irvin married Miss Clara Hartleit, a native of Elk Grove, Wisconsin. They now reside at No. 107 Chestnut Street, Freeport, Ill.

Daniel Straub, son of George Straub, Sr., was born in Snyder County, Pa., July 14th, 1856. He emigrated from Illinois to Clay County, Nebraska, in March 1880. He has been a tiller of the soil in his adopted state ever since he left Illinois. Before his arrival in Nebraska he first purchased a home in Clay County containing eighty acres. We have been informed that he has since sold his farm and moved to Kimball County, Nebraska. Daniel is a thriving and industrious farmer, a good citizen, a practical musician, and a staunch Democrat.

Mr. Harrison Straub, Daniel's brother, was born in Sugar Valley, Clinton County, Pa., June 13th, 1866. He is a thrifty, industrious farmer, and regrets and dislikes (just like some other farmers) a snow storm in the spring, when he is anxious to get to work. He likes the violin, graphophone and the girls.

Clara Straub was born in Georgetown, Carroll County, Ill., and died June 22d, 1879, aged nine years, eight months and fifteen days. A short time before she expired, she pointed to the heavenly mansions and notified her friends and parents that she was going home.

Jacob Straub, a brother of George Straub's, was born in Snyder County, Pa. He and his family emigrated to Carroll County, Illinois, in 1854. He married Miss Hannah Gordon of Pennsylvania. To Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Straub were born four daughters and one son, whose names were Lucinda, Harriet, Joanna, Sarah and Wilson Gordon Straub. They emigrated from Pennsylvania to Carroll County in 1854 and bought a farm three miles west of Shannon, in Cherry Grove Township.

Brief Biography of the Late Jacob Straub and Family.

Jacob Straub was a good farmer, a patriotic citizen and a staunch Republican, and a better neighbor never lived. He died at Manson, Iowa, at the advanced age of 81 years. The remains were brought to Shannon and interred in the Brethren Cemetery. He was a pious and devoted member of the United Brethren Church. The funeral was held in the M. E. Church, the services being conducted by Rev. Delos

Tompkins of the First M. E. Church of Freeport, who preached a beautiful and impressive sermon from the Second Book of Timothy, fourth chapter, seventh and eighth verses. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.

Mrs. Harriet S. Atkins was born in Juniata County, Pa., January 3d, 1834. In 1854 she came with her parents, brother and sisters, and settled in Green County, Wisconsin. She was married January 5th, 1860, to John C. Atkins, who was a native of Chemung County, New York. To Mr. and Mrs. Atkins was born one son, John Pitney Atkins, of Freeport. Her husband enlisted in Co. F, 92d Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. He died at Shannon, Illinois, December 11th, 1871. Mrs. Atkins, who is a first cousin of the writer's, still resides in Shannon. She owns a fine home in the town, and is an expert in housekeeping. She received a good practical education in the common schools of Wisconsin and is also familiar with the rudiments of musical notation. Her husband, the late J. C. Atkins, who was a member of the gallant 92d Illinois Mounted Infantry, which regiment belonged to Wilder's famous brigade of Kilpatrick's cavalry. Mr. Atkins was very unfortunate in the service for his country, having suffered from sunstroke for a number of years.

In the spring of 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Kramer removed from the late Jefferson Barne's farm in Florence Township, Stephenson County, Illinois, to Hancock County, Iowa, in which county they rented a farm of 160 acres, about seven miles southeast of Britt, Hancock Co., Iowa. Mr. Kramer settled in a fine agricultural region, the county was highly productive, and in that section of country he was blessed with excellent crops of potatoes, hay, oats and corn. Of course the country was new and presented a wild appearance in contrast with Illinois. The country bordering the creeks and rivers is mostly very level, while the surface called the table lands is undulating and moderately rolling. Miss Mary, Artie, Gertie and the boys, Oliver and Sheridan, also came with their parents to the Hawkeye State. Calvin F. Kramer, their oldest son, remained in Illinois and learned the carpenter trade with Mr. Frank Stevens. He subsequently married Miss Alice Adair of Lanark, Ill., December 3d, 1903. She was the daughter of Mrs. Susan and Archie

Adair, formerly of Westmoreland County, Pa. They have one daughter, Anna Lucile, and live in Shannon, Carroll County, Illinois.

Miss Gertie A. Kramer died near Garner, Iowa, December 19th, 1901. She attended the Female Seminary at Nora Springs, Iowa. She studied shorthand and typewriting, was a fine penman, a good practical scholar, and her numerous friends in Iowa and Illinois sorrowfully regretted her sudden demise. Her father, Mr. Benjamin F. Kramer, who enlisted in Co. B, 26th Illinois Infantry during the Civil War, died near Garner, Iowa, December 31st, 1901, aged 58 years.

Lucinda Straub, daughter of Jacob Straub, and Hannah, his wife, was born in Juniata County, Pa., on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1835. She married John Q. A. Clark, of Wisconsin. Mrs. and Mr. Clark reside in Savanna, Ill. They have living three daughters and two sons, Thomas, Charles, Malissa, Carrie and Della. Thomas is married and by occupation is a farmer and tiller of the soil. Malissa married Mr. Enoch Shore of Carroll County, who is said to be a very good and industrious young man. They live in the city of Savanna, Illinois.

Mrs. Lucinda Clark, who is a first cousin of the author's, is a very kind, sociable and exemplary lady. She has a large circle of kind and intimate friends in both Iowa and Illinois, all of whom are always welcome visitors.

Miss Joanna Straub is a native of Juniata County, Pa., and was born on the 3d day of January, A. D. 1839. January 2d, 1866, she married Benjamin F. Kramer, who was born near Belleview, Erie County, Ohio, in 1843. To Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Kramer were born eight children, five daughters and three sons, who were named Mary Etta, Calvin Franklin, Artie Ellenor, Gertrude Almira, Jessie Olive, Nellie May, Sheridan Howard and Oliver Sherman Kramer. Miss Gertie departed this life at Garner, Iowa. Nellie May died in Cherry Grove Township, Carroll County, Ill. Sheridan and Oliver were both born in Cherry Grove Township, Carroll County, Illinois. In their native county they were formerly tillers of the soil. Some ten years ago they were employed in the State of Minnesota, selling medicines for the Raleigh Medical Company of Freeport, Illinois.

Brief Record of the Late Charles Straub and Family.

Charles Straub was born in Union County, Pa., May 16th, 1805. He departed this life in Cogan House Township, Lycoming County, Pa., January 25th, 1888, aged 82 years. Uncle Charles' first wife was Miss Betsy Hart. His second wife was Miss Betsy Baker. To Mrs. and Mr. Charles Straub were born seven children, three sons and four daughters. Their names were William, Daniel, Charles, Sarah, Catharine, Hester and Lizzie. William by occupation was a farmer and lumberman, and was born in Cogan Valley, Lycoming County, Pa. He married Miss Anna McKern of Northumberland County, Pa. No children. Her husband died in the Cogan Valley over twenty years ago. Daniel (I think) was also born in the Cogan Valley. He married Miss Martha Hurst of the same place. They have three children, namely, William, Andrew J. and Lizzie. When last heard from they all lived in Philadelphia, Pa. Lizzie and William are married, but whom they married we are unable to say. Daniel's lady died in Philadelphia over ten years ago. She was an English lady, had a large circle of kind friends, was highly respected, and was a kind mother and much devoted to her family. Charles Straub was also born in the Cogan Valley, Lycoming County, Pa., in 1834. Charles by occupation was a blacksmith by trade. He about learned the trade with my father, when I was some ten years of age. After he returned to the Cogan Valley again, he formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary Sechrist of Jackson Township, Lycoming County, Pa., in which township and county (Lycoming) she was born and reared, June 11th, 1843. They both live in the city of Williamsport, Pa.

Record of Charles Straub's Family Births.

Uncle Charles Straub was born May 16th, 1805. Elizabeth B. Straub (first wife) was born July 16th, 1800. Rebecca H. Straub (second wife) was born April 9th, 1803. Sarah Straub was born July 28th, 1827. William Straub was born April 19th, 1830. Catharine Straub was born May 2d, 1832. Charles B. Straub was born November 8th, 1834. Daniel Straub was born February 5th, 1836. Hester D.

Straub was born April 15th, 1838. Elizabeth F. Straub was born September 3d, 1840.

Obituary Record.

Charles Straub died Jan. 25th, 1888, aged 82 years. Elizabeth Baker Straub died December 13th, 1845, (first wife). Rebecca Hart Straub died July, 1883, (second wife).

Birth Record of Mr. and Mrs. John Wood and Family.

Elizabeth Straub Wood, wife of John Wood, born Sept. 3d, 1840. John Wood, husband of Elizabeth, was born Sept. 6th, 1832. William J. Wood, son, was born July 8th, 1861. Helen Wood, daughter, was born March 19th, 1865. Norman Wood, son, was born December 18th, 1866. Sarah A. Wood Shadle was born February 18th, 1872. Laura Wood, daughter, was born June 10th, 1874. Mahlon F. Wood, son, was born September 21st, 1876. Charles B. Wood, son, was born March 30th, 1881.

Birth Record of the Late Charles Straub and Family.

Sarah Straub, who married John Harlan of Cogan Township, Lycoming County, Pa., was born in the above township, July 28th, 1827. To Mr. and Mrs. Harlan were born three sons and one daughter, whose names were Elizabeth A. Harlan, J. M. Perry Harlan, Charles W. Harlan and Trewett B. Harlan. Miss E. Anna Harlan, who married Coleman Weigle, was born in the Cogan Valley, August 14th, 1846. Perry Harlan, who was born on the 23d of November, 1849, married Miss Amelia Leitzelman, October 12th, 1875. Trewett B. Harlan was born in the Cogan Vally, Aug. 29th, 1860. Charles W. Harlan was born the 8th day of July, 1858, and died the 6th day of January, 1859. Mr. John Harlan, who was born November 4th, 1820, departed this life November 7th, 1876, aged 56 years.

Mrs. Harlan was conceded to be a very kind and amiable woman. She was the eldest of Uncle Charles' children. We received a letter some thirty days ago from Mrs. Charles B. Straub, informing us that our dear Cousin departed this life in the Cogan Valley, December 26th, 1901. They are gone, but will never be forgotten.

Catharine Straub and Charles M. Quimby were married January 26, 1854. To Mrs. and Mr. Quimby were born four children, namely, John Akens Quimby, born December 8th, 1855, died. Sarah Francis Quimby, born August 25th, 1856. Charles Straub Quimby, born April 26th, 1858 (died). Benjamin Evens Quimby, born September 30th, 1859 (died). John married Maggie McKean, Charles married Nettie England, Benjamin married Dora E. Baumgardner, Sarah Frances married Joseph Wood.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Straub were born six children. Sarah Rebecca Straub was born in Cogan Valley, Lycoming County, Pa., March 21st, 1861. She married Fred P. Heiner.

Walter McClellan Straub was born May 9th, 1863, in the Cogan Valley, and died at Newberry, Lycoming County, Pa., January 17th, 1887.

Althea Annetta Straub was born November 6th, 1865, in Cogan Valley, Lycoming Co., Pa. She married George Connor; died April 30th, 1899.

Harriet Pearl Straub was born in Newberry, Lycoming County, Pa., August 15th, 1871. She married Frank Hartman.

Miss Myrtle Clare Straub was born August 18th, 1878, in Newberry, Lycoming County, Pa., She was married to Mr. Everett J. Packer.

Record of John Harlan and Family.

Sarah Straub Harlan was born July 28th, 1827, died December 26th, 1901. John Harlan, husband, was born Nov. 4th, 1820, died Nov. 7th, 1876. Elizabeth A. Harlan (daughter) was born August 14th, 1846. John Perry M. Harlan (son) was born November 23d, 1849. Charles W. Harlan (son) was born July 8th, 1858, died Jan. 6th, 1859. Truett B. Harlan (son) was born August 29th, 1860. Perry Harlan and Miss Amelia Leitzelman were married Oct. 12th, 1875. Elizabeth A. Harlan married Mr. Coleman Weigle of Cogan Valley.

Record of Robert Wood and Family—Births.

Hon. Robert Wood, Register and Recorder, born in England, Dec. 3d, 1832. Hester D. Straub (wife of Robert

Wood) was born April 15th, 1838. Charles H. Wood (son) was born April 10th, 1858. Mary Rebecca Wood (daughter) was born June 22d, 1859. Amelia Wood (daughter) was born October 16th, 1860. James Albert Wood (son) was born April 12th, 1862. Emily Hester Wood (daughter) was born November 29th, 1863. Robert Elmer Wood (son) was born July 30th, 1865. William Oliver Wood (son) was born January 21st, 1869. Joseph Breneman Wood (son) was born July 21st, 1871. George Leidy Wood (son) was born May 19th, 1873. Annie Maud Wood (daughter) was born August 27th, 1876. Sarah Myrtle Wood (daughter) was born Oct. 26th, 1877. Clarence Edward Wood (son) was born Nov. 7th, 1879. Olive Winifred Wood (daughter) was born Jan. 7th, 1882.

From tradition and information given us by our father, I was born in the city of Muncy, Pa., July 14, 1845. My eldest brother, P. W. Straub, was also born at that place. My sister Ellen A. Straub was born in Muncy, October 29, 1847. My youngest brother John A. Straub, was born at Pennsdale, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, February 12, 1855. In his native state our father was married to Miss Elizabeth Adlum on March 4, 1841, the day of the inauguration of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison as President. The young couple settled in Muncy, Pa., where my father followed the trade of blacksmithing for a period of seven years. He then removed three miles north to Pennsdale, rented a shop, and successfully carried on his trade.

When my father and mother moved three miles north of Muncy to Pennsdale, I was about three years of age. Father rented a house and shop and immediately engaged in his trade, practical blacksmithing. He was one of the best horse-shoers in Lycoming County, a good practical workman and soon succeeded in working up an extensive business. In the course of time he was obliged to hire Charles Straub, Jr., a nephew, to assist him in his chosen trade, blacksmithing.

When we were six years of age, we were sent to the Friend's Public School, which was located about one-half mile east of Pennsville, at the southwest corner of a beautiful belt of woods containing about thirty acres, which belt of timber and the property was owned by the venerable Charles Ellis of Philadelphia.

Miss Jane Edwards, who taught the school, was our first teacher. The lady was a very good and practical instructor, and was a pious and devoted member of the Friends Church at Pennsville. Aunt Jane was of course very particular and painstaking to drill the young people in the rudiments of a common school education. We were all required to read passages from the New Testament before commencing our daily studies.

Pennsville was at that time a small village numbering about one hundred people. It contained a cooper shop, one wagon and repair shop, one school, one cabinet shop, two general stores, one hotel, one tannery, a post-office, which was called Wolf Run, probably deriving its name from a small creek about two miles south of the village, named Wolf Run, which emptied into Muncy Creek three miles southwest of town. The Muncy Creek railroad was surveyed through the village from Hall's Station on the Pennsylvania Canal to Longmont, Sullivan County. The post-office was located at John Neece's store in Pennsville, Mr. Neece being appointed Postmaster.

We were required with my brother Wilson and sister Ellen to attend the Friend's School during the summer and winter terms for perhaps five or six years. If we remember correctly we did not commence all the common branches until we were ten or twelve years of age. We seemed to be the recipient of a natural talent for writing, reading and geography, in which latter branches we held our own with all the girls and boys in the school, and were frequently at the head of the class.

Subsequently old Mother Time wended her way, and we were taken from the Friend's School and sent to the Pennsville Common School, where we continued our schooling up to the outbreak of the great Civil War.

After we were about ten years of age our father put into our hands a good sharp ax and we were told to keep plenty of good stove wood ahead, and were sent frequently to Mr. Neece's general store for groceries. Mother was a good cook and fine housekeeper and she often made us a number one short-cake.

We soon arrived at the age of twelve years at which our mind was capable of manly improvement, and we soon realized that we were duty bound to make good use of our time

and assist father in the blacksmith shop. New buggies, wagons, sleighs and bob sleds began to pile up in the shop. The owners of these were liable to drop in any minute to see if they were ironed off and ready to ship home. One day Mr. Samuel Rogers came into the shop and inquired whether his new wagon was ironed off and finished up. Mr. Mowery told Dad he had better skip the shop for a few minutes as Mr. Rogers was after his wagon. He soon entered the shop and Mr. Mowery told him Straub was not at home—he went to Muncy. In a short time we began to take an interest in hunting and fishing.

Throughout the Muncy valley, fishing and hunting were conceded to be very good. Artley's Run, Wolf Run, Muncy Creek, the Pennsylvania Canal and the west branch of the Susquehanna river were all stocked with a variety of different kinds of fish, big catfish and eels were in abundance. One day the thought struck us that we would take a fishing trip down Artley's Run. We started off about noon or after dinner. At the south end of Adlum's woods was the crossing of an old wagon road and about ten rods south was a good fishing hole and deep water. We cast our hook and line into the hole and in about half an hour something gave us an awful pull. We braced up and began to pull the other way. Soon we saw coming out of the water a big eel twisting and squirming, but we landed him—the first one we ever caught.

Spelling schools, revivals and singing schools, seemed to be creating much interest with the young folks in both town and country. Whole sled loads with four horse teams came from ten to fifteen miles to attend the spelling schools and protracted meetings. Of course the meetings were highly interesting and productive of much good. Pennsville contained a few skillful vocal singers, but was without a drum corps or martial band, and we conceived the idea that it would be a good scheme to organize a martial band in the village. Accordingly we purchased a good fife and learned to play it in a short time. Pierson Ortt, one of the best looking young men in the village, bought a good snare drum and in a comparatively short time he became a good drummer. Mr. Ortt has been for the past ten years the leading drummer of the Kingston, Ill., Cornet Band.

About the middle of April, 1862, we were taken sick at

Pennsville, and were attended by the late Dr. Wm. M. Rankin of Muncy, who was conceded to be one of the best and most skillful physicians in Lycoming County, under whose careful treatment we began to mend and recover rapidly; in the course of a few days we were feeling some better.

A terrible battle had been fought between the Confederate and Union armies at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee. We soon called for the New York Tribune, which was conceded to be the leading and most reliable paper in the country for correct war news, and from that time on we began to manifest an intense interest in the great civil war from start to finish. Sometime during April, 1862, we removed from Pennsdale onto a farm owned by Uncle John B. Adlum, about one mile south of Pennsville, which my brother Wilson and father farmed during the war.

As soon as we began to recover from our sickness and get stronger, we sprung around and made ourselves useful assisting my brother on the farm, occasionally taking a fishing trip to Wolf Run and the Pennsylvania Canal.

A droving firm was organized in the county, composed of James Eckroyd of Muncy Township, Solomon Moyer and William Albright of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Eckroyd's business was to buy up cattle in the state of New York, and Mr. Albright, with the assistance of an experienced drover and good shepherd dog, were employed to drive, deliver and sell the stock out in the counties of Berks and Schuylkill, Pennsylvania. One day in the fall of the year 1863, Albright's drove came along on the Muncy road, and Mr. Albright needed another man to help drive the cattle to the lower counties. Mr. Albright said, "Mr. Straub, we are in need of another man to help us ship this drove of cattle to the lower counties." "All right," I said; "I'm with you." The drove consisted of 147 head, one good shepherd dog, Charles G. Ortt, and one of the firm, Wm. Albright. Accordingly, about 8 o'clock A. M., we pulled away from Mr. Eckroyd's farm, where the drove was pastured and rested over night. About 10 o'clock we passed through the city of Muncy, turned the drove onto the main Danville road, and proceeded on our journey, bound for Jerseytown, Columbia County.

We reached the latter village about sundown, drove the stock into the pasture field for the night, put up at the

best hotel in town, and about 7 o'clock P. M., we were all called for supper. About 8 o'clock in the morning we started with our cattle for Fruitstown, Columbia County. We were at Bloomsburg, passed through Cattawissa, Ashland, Schuylkill Haven, Orwigsburg and Pottsville, the present county town of Schuylkill County, Pa. Mr. Albright disposed of a big portion of the stock in Schuylkill Haven and Pottsville. Our last day's drive was from Orwigsburg to Mr. Moyer's farm, with whom we stopped over night. The drove was then shipped into Berks County, and soon sold out. Charles Ortt and myself returned home to Muncy, via the Philadelphia and Reading R. R.

During our trips through the counties of Lycoming, Columbia and Schuylkill, we traversed some beautiful country. Bloomsburg, county seat of Columbia county, is a thriving and enterprising city, located on the north branch of the Susquehanna River. It is the seat of one of the Pennsylvania State Normal Schools, and contains about five thousand people. The city of Pottsville, the county seat of Schuylkill County, is finely located in the coal regions. It is a thriving and important place, a railroad center and contains about twenty thousand souls.

CHAPTER II.

1861-1865. *The Civil War—Off to the Front—At Camp
Curtin, Harrisburg.*

The Rebellion of 1861 stands out unique and extraordinary in all the features which compose it. It forms one of the most extraordinary chapters in human history that the pen of the historian was ever called upon to record. States having a common interest and origin, baptized in the same patriot's blood were arrayed against each other in deadly strife—families divided, parents against children and brothers against brothers—churches with a common faith and communion split asunder, and ministers and people who had wept at the same altar, suddenly began to pray each for the other's failure, and the happiest land the sun ever shone on became drenched in fraternal blood, and filled with sighs and lamentations, and future generations will inquire for what earthly reason. The southern people claimed that their rights had been trampled upon, that the North denied to them their States Rights privileges. But the fact is the North had granted them, prior to the war, all the favors and rights they ever asked for and acceded to everything they ever required.

Alexander H. Stevens, the Little Giant, and one of the greatest sages and statesmen of the South, in an address in the state of Georgia, asked the southern people to state one single instance in which their rights had been assailed. Said Mr. Stevens, "I challenge an answer." His address was

unanswerable. Mr. Stevens told his fellow citizens that their country, if they went to war, would be laid waste, destroyed and devastated. Subsequent events proved the truth of Mr. Stevens' predictions. The Southern states were exhausted and ravaged by the armies; the planters were all reduced to poverty.

The 4th of March, 1861, came without violence, and Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. His message was everywhere read with the deepest anxiety. Its moderate tone satisfied reasonable men though many felt the want of any stirring appeal to the patriotism of the people. Still the closing paragraphs—"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature,"—struck a chord of sympathy in every heart. Secretary Seward, as late as the latter part of December, had said that "in sixty days we should have a brighter and more cheerful atmosphere." The great minister and clergyman, Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, New York, when on a lecturing tour in England, called down the audience in reply to a remark of an English gentleman who told Mr. Beecher that the English folks had been informed that the North intended to conquer the South in sixty days, Mr Beecher remarked that we were not fighting Englishmen, we were fighting Americans.

At the outburst of the great Civil War, which burst upon the country in all its fury April 12th, 1861, we were but fifteen years of age. In response to a call from the President, nearly a hundred thousand men enlisted in the northern states in three days. Enthusiastic meetings were held in every part of the north—the calls of the respective Governors for troops were responded to with an ardor that showed that five times seventy-five thousand men could be had. At Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and almost every other place, money was raised for the volunteers and their families. Leading men from every part of the country, Democrats, Republicans and Whigs, joined

hearts and hands and from the uncounted thousands that were gathered, but one universal cry went up—"Down with the rebellion."

On the 17th of February, 1864, we went up to Pennsville, where we met Aaron H. Malaby, Pierson Baker and Benjamin F. Warner, who informed me that they intended to enlist for the war. They told me I had better go with them; I said, "All right, I'm with you." The next morning we all started for Williamsport, and after our arrival there we went to the City Hotel, where we met Lieut. Heber S. Essington, of Company B, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. Lieut. Essington was assigned to Williamsport for recruiting up his company and regiment. We all informed him that we had intended to enlist in the artillery service, but he advised us to join his company and regiment. After half an hour's pleasant chat, we told him to enroll our names for his company and regiment. The next morning we were closely examined by a skillful army surgeon, and all passed the examination and no objections to our being enlisted were known to exist. On Friday, Feb. 19th, we were all sworn into the military service of the U. S. Army. In the evening we boarded a regular train (about one dozen men) for Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The next morning (Feb. 20th) we were all halted at Sunberry, Pa. The boys all seemed to be in excellent spirits. We were all left to ourselves now, Lieut. Essington having left our train at Milton, Northumberland County. We were told in the morning that a few of our company, I think Sergeant George C. Devers, and Lieut. Charles T. Trego, and others, were home on furlough from the front. Well, in the language of Uncle Joe Cannon, "boys are boys." We recollect well the boys had a good appetite about 9 o'clock A. M. for oysters, one dish after another disappeared in short order. The boys seemed to be flush with loose change and doubtless they reflected that no oysters and refreshments would be served at the front.

Well, under the influence of cigars and good oyster soup, time passed swiftly away up to 12 o'clock noon. If we recollect, Lieut. Essington arrived shortly after noon, and we were all ordered to the Philadelphia and Erie station for shipment to Camp Curtin near Harrisburg. We all arrived at Camp Curtin about 4 o'clock P. M., sent to the barracks

and put under guard over Sunday, until Monday morning when we were marched into the city and transferred to another barracks. About 3 or 4 o'clock P. M. we were all ordered aboard a regular train (Feb. 22d) for shipment to Carlisle Barracks, over the Cumberland Valley railroad. After our arrival at the Government Barracks, we were assigned camp quarters until further orders. We were all at the barracks near Carlisle for about seven weeks. The officers kept no track of us except to provide us with good substantial board and new uniforms. One day during the latter part of March a young soldier from Muncy consulted the officers and prevailed on them to send us off to our regiments. Accordingly the head officers took down all our names and began to make active preparations for our shipment to our respective regiments. Finally the entire command at the Barracks were ordered to fall in ranks, every man's name and regiment called, and assigned to different squads for immediate shipment to their respective regiments. A number of squads were sent to the Army of the Potomac, and all recruits for the 7th Cavalry and the 9th Pennsylvania Cavalry were soon got ready to be forwarded to Gen. W. T. Sherman's army, then in camp near Columbia, Tennessee.

About the first of April we were all sent back to Harrisburg to be shipped over the Pennsylvania railroad for Louisville, Kentucky. Those recruits whose regiments were in the Army of the Potomac were sent into Virginia. In a short time we were ordered on board a special train for Pittsburg, thence via Canton and Bellefontaine, Ohio, to Indianapolis, Indiana. We remained at the latter beautiful city until about 8 o'clock in the evening, when we boarded an extra train for Jeffersonville, Ind., and Louisville. On our arrival at Indianapolis we began to get lame and felt symptoms of inflammatory rheumatism. We were so helpless we had to be helped by our comrades on the steamer at Jeffersonville for transfer to Louisville. When we had crossed over the Ohio River to Louisville we were sent direct to barracks Number One on Main street. Here we were laid up a few days nearly prostrated with rheumatism. Comrades Warner and Baker insisted that they had better take me to one of the army physicians on Main street and they thought we should have to be sent to the hospital. Of course the doctor knew immediately what ailed us and

ordered an ambulance to convey me to Clay General hospital, located on the south side of the city. Here we were treated and cured of the rheumatism, but were a very sick boy for some time, bedfast and prostrated. One poor comrade lay near me who told me he had been down with rheumatism for three months. He was from Washington County, Pennsylvania. I wrote a letter for him to his relatives in Pennsylvania.

In the course of time when we were able to walk again we put on our uniform and were sent to the Louisville and Nashville depot to be sent to our regiment, which was then laying in camp near Columbia, Tennessee. As we were unfit for active duty for some time, during convalescence I was sent with other comrades to the Zollicoffer barracks near Nashville. Here we remained a couple of weeks again and were then transferred to Camp Smith about two miles down the Cumberland River, southeast of Nashville. Here our parotid glands began to be very painful and soon informed me that I had contracted mumps. Ere long we were ordered into line again and sent to our regiment, which was in Sherman's Army near Columbia, Tennessee. On account of sickness and our weakened condition, Comrade Baker and our captain, Wm. C. Garrett, advised me that I had better remain together with other recruits in camp at Columbia.

General Sherman's army soon began making active preparations for the great Atlanta campaign. A big military review was pending which the veterans' trained eyes soon convinced them always preceded a desperate campaign.

In the course of a few weeks we were selected with a number of picked men, to be assigned with a mounted detachment near Columbia, Tenn. Our chief work was to scout the country in middle Tennessee, surprise, dispel and capture all the guerillas we could find. We were armed with the celebrated Spencer carbines and breech-loaders with which one of our men was equal to nine men of the enemy armed with Springfield muskets. The guerillas were privileged characters, acting independent of the Confederate armies, plundering and robbing the country. We were frequently routed out of bed at midnight, and marched from twenty to twenty-five miles after a gang in order to capture them before daylight.

Some time during September (1864) Forrest's cavalry,

composing about 500 of his command, suddenly appeared about two miles north on the Nashville turn-pike road. Their object doubtless was to attack our mounted detachment at Columbia, smash, crush and capture our entire command. The day before our fight with them, they had captured our pickets and sent one of them (James Hoover of Co. H) back to our camp, bare-footed and bare-headed. After comrade Hoover had returned to camp, stripped of uniform except shirt and pants, he told us where we would find Forrest's raiders. Our commander, Capt. Wm. C. Garrett, immediately made a detail of about fifty mounted men. We started from camp soon after dinner. Forrest's men were found about two miles north. When we approached one-half mile from them we were ordered by our Commander to charge them, and when within twenty rods to give them a volley of Spencer's Specific for Confederate rash. We charged up a hill about a half mile long and before we reached the top the enemy poured into us a volley from their old Springfield muskets, but their old minnie balls hit no man. Onward we went (railroad time), over the hill, and soon captured a few prisoners. Forrest's men soon broke and stampeded over the fence and into the woods. We continued the charge for about two miles, but the most of the enemy made good their escape.

In the course of a month or more a charge was made on the village of Williamsport, Tenn., and the command captured a young Lieutenant of Forrest's cavalry, who informed us that he was in the encounter with our command near Columbia; he said they were scared and thought we outnumbered them about two to one. After the charge we returned with our prisoners to Columbia.

Our mounted detachment remained in camp near Columbia until November, 1864. General Thomas had been sent on from Atlanta to take charge of all the troops in the state, and those enroute to re-enforce the army. Gen. Wilson had been sent from the Army of the Potomac to take charge of his cavalry and he ordered him also to report to Nashville with all the dismounted detachments and collect, equip and organize all the cavalry in Tennessee and Kentucky and report to Gen. Thomas.

A Confederate command under Forrest appeared before Columbia on the morning of the first of October, but did

not make an attack. On the morning of the third he moved toward Mt. Pleasant. While these operations were going on every exertion was made by General Thomas to destroy the forces under Forrest before he could recross the Tennessee, but he was unable to prevent his escape to Corinth, Mississippi.

These forces, I judged, would enable Gen. Thomas to defend the railroad from Chattanooga back, including Nashville and Decatur, and give him an army with which he could successfully cope with Hood, should the latter cross the Tennessee northward. General Sherman says, "By the first of November, Hood's army had moved from Gadsden, and made its appearance in the neighborhood of Decatur, where a feint was made; he then passed on to Tusculum and laid a pontoon opposite Florence. I then began my preparations for the march through Georgia, having received the approval of the Commander-in-Chief for carrying into effect my plan, the details of which were explained to all my corps commanders and heads of staff departments, with strict orders for secrecy. I had also communicated full details to General Thomas and had informed him I would not leave the neighborhood of Kingston until he felt perfectly confident that he was entirely prepared to cope with Hood, should he carry into effect his threatened invasion of Tennessee and Kentucky."

He estimated Hood's command at 35,000 and 10,000 cavalry.

Of course intense interest now centered around Hood's army, which General Sherman had left behind him. When Hood found himself north of the Tennessee River, and Sherman back at Atlanta, his surprise was complete. He knew that it would be useless to turn back and attempt to overtake him, therefore he decided to advance north and attack Nashville. General Hood probably formed the idea that he would crush Pap Thomas, and then invade Kentucky and Ohio and eventually capture Cincinnati and Louisville.

During the middle of November, 1864, we were ordered to break camp at Columbia, Tenn., and march direct to Nashville, at which city we turned our horses over to the Government. We were then ordered to board a steamer for Louisville, Ky., via the Cumberland and Ohio Rivers. On

our arrival at Louisville we were marched about two miles south of the city and went into camp until further orders.

At Louisville we were supplied with new guns, new uniforms and new horses. We were required to do camp guard duty and keep our camp cleaned up and appear on inspection occasionally. Our band was required to keep up our spirits with patriotic music, and make their horses familiar with the drums.

The boys of the second division left Louisville, Ky., on the morning of December 28th, at 7 A. M., in high spirits and bright anticipations of dealing the now tottering rebellion its finishing blows, and an early return to their longed-for homes and firesides. It was, to many, their third departure from the banks of the Ohio River southward, and all felt that when they next returned it would be in the complete fruition of their long cherished hopes of seeing the banner of the republic waving in triumph over a reunited nation, and in the lofty consciousness of having been a part of the grand band of citizen-soldiery who had triumphantly maintained that nation's territorial integrity.

All held their division commander, Brigadier General Eli Long, in high esteem, and felt the fullest confidence in his indomitable courage, energy, and well-known prudence. He had been associated with the men of both brigades most intimately, during both the preceding campaigns, and, while the men of Minty's old brigade would have been much gratified had he been their division commander, yet, in their joy at retaining him at the head of their brigade, they forgot any chagrin they might have felt at the promotion of the commander of their rival.

Glancing briefly at the condition and operations of the rebel forces in the field of the war, we notice the situation. After withdrawing from the line of Sherman's communications, Hood, as ever was his habit, on failing in an undertaking of minor importance, to fly to another still more dangerous and hazardous, defeated at Alatoona Pass, driven from Resaca and Dalton, had crossed the Tennessee at Florence and continued his raid to Nashville, which he was now approaching with an army of about 32,000 men of all arms, consisting of all the scattered detachments from the states of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, so poorly

equipped as to be fitly described by a prominent rebel staff officer as the "desperate adventure of desperate men."

General Thomas had, in anticipation of a move of this kind, been dispatched from Atlanta to Nashville with the Army of the Cumberland, and was now gathering his forces to crush the raid. He, however, allowed Hood, after giving him a foretaste of what was in store at Franklin, to approach the city, and wishing to make the blow, when struck, as effective as possible, had directed the concentration of the cavalry at Nashville; hence the means resorted to as related in a previous chapter, to procure a remount for the division.

The division was in the saddle and on the move again at 7 A. M., on the 29th, and marching two miles beyond Bardstown to the camp of the Third Ohio, which had remained at that place, went into camp for the night. The day was very cold and many of the officers and men preferred to march on foot leading their horses. Just before going into camp, when near Bardstown, Dr. J. L. Shirk, 7th Pennsylvania, surgeon of Minty's brigade, and Capt. Robert C. McCormick, of Co. G, 7th Pa., and Brigade Inspector, obtained permission of Col. Minty to go about a mile to the left and call on Mrs. Wm. B. Grigsby, who had been very kind in caring for the officers and men of the 7th Pa. while sick, during their first march through Kentucky in the winter of '61-'62. The two officers rode on accompanied by a single orderly. In about an hour, the orderly rode up just as we were going into camp and reported that McCormick and Shirk were killed, they having been attacked while in the home by guerillas. A squad of the 3d Ohio was immediately sent out, but failed to catch the murderers. It appears that Shirk and McCormick dismounted and entered the house, leaving their horses under the care of the orderly. After a short conversation, while they were sitting in the parlor and the young daughter of Mrs. Grigsby was playing on the piano, Magruder, Davis and Summerland, with about fifteen guerillas, surrounded and entered the house through the doors and windows, immediately commenced firing on them. Dr. Shirk told them while they were firing that he was a surgeon, and McCormick offered to surrender, and asked for quarter. It is also said that the young lady, then a child of about fourteen years of age rushed between the brute, Magruder, and one of the officers declaring that he should not be killed. The

brave little girl was struck by the cowardly brute with either his hand or pistol, and knocked to one side, and paying no attention to either the doctor's notice of his professional character or the repeated offers to surrender, much less to the prayers, screams, and frantic efforts Mrs. Grigsby made to save them, the whole band of murderers continued firing. Dr. Shirk was soon killed by a bullet through the head—he had previously received one through the body—when Mr. McCormick, seeing that his death was inevitable, obtained his pistol and defended himself to the last. He was shot twice through the body and once through the left arm; his pistol was shot from his hand while in the act of firing, the marks of bullets being on the pistol when it was found.

The two bodies were brought to camp after dark and that night sent to Louisville and from thence to their homes in Pennsylvania. Thus were two of the brave men of the old Keystone State deliberately and in perfect cold-blooded fiendishness, murdered by the boasted "chivalry" of Kentucky for no offense save that of belonging to the army of the United States at a time when they were making a call in testimony of their gratitude for the kindness extended to them and their comrades by the noble lady at whose house they met their fate. The author was personally acquainted with Mr. Grigsby, his wife and his daughter, as also with a brother of Mrs. Grigsby, who was a prominent physician of Bardstown and bears testimony, from his personal knowledge and experience, that there never lived a nobler, more humane, or loyal person than Mrs. Grigsby, and to the fact that she voluntarily made her house a hospital for the sick of the 7th Pennsylvania when in camp nearby in 1862.

It will partially satisfy the reader's sense of justice to know that the self-styled Captain Brute Magruder was, on the 20th of October, 1865, hanged by the neck until he was dead, in public, in Louisville, Ky., for this and other murders. The fate of Davis and Summerland is not known.

Without tracing the line of march in detail from Bardstown to Nashville, it being devoid of special note, aside from the unusual severities of cold, of rain and of mud, marching through New Haven, passing Daniel Boone's old farm, through Elizabethtown, Sonora and Munfordsville, then fording Green River, and passing through Woodsomville, Cave

City, Bowling Green and Mitchelville, the division arrived in Nashville, January 8th, 1865.

Meanwhile the battle of Nashville had been fought, and Hood routed, his army torn to pieces, and the fragments, with nothing but a semblance of military organization, except Forest, with 5,000 cavalry, who covered the retreat of the demoralized mob, had fallen back across the Tennessee with less than 10,000 men of all arms. The 4,000 or 5,000 infantry yet remaining either dispersed to their homes or joined Forrest as mounted infantry, and are henceforth found mainly in his command. This short campaign of Hood was the most complete destruction of an entire army witnessed during the war. Hood found his last ditch at Nashville, December 15th and 16th, 1864.

On the 12th of January, the division moved from Nashville, following the track of Hood's retreat through Franklin, Spring Hill, and Columbia, where it halted from the 13th to the 18th, then moving on the 19th towards the southwest, reached Gravelly Springs, Alabama, on the evening of the 25th of January. Deciding to remain in camp until the weather settled sufficiently for active operations, quarters were constructed for the men and stables for the horses.

On the 11th of February, 1865, the 1st Ohio was relieved from duty with the division, and ordered to report to Gen. Upton, commanding the Fourth Division, and Minty's brigade now consisted of the following: 7th Pennsylvania, Col. C. C. McCormick commanding; 4th Michigan, Lieut.-Col. Pritchard commanding; 3d Ohio, Lieut.-Col. H. W. Howland; 4th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Geo. W. Dable; the brigade, field and staff being: Col. Robert H. G. Minty, commanding brigade; Maj. Robert Burns, Assistant Adj.-General; Maj. Chas. L. Greeno, 7th Pa., Inspector General; Capt. Geo. M. Landon, 4th Mich., Acting Commissary, and Capt. Geo. R. Stone, 4th Mich., Acting Assistant Quartermaster.

For a time after arriving at Gravelly Springs the rations were short. The railroad south of Nashville had been pretty much destroyed, first by Forrest, and again by Hood, and the thirty days' rations of hard bread (hard-tack), and sixty days of coffee, sugar and salt, with which the command left Louisville, were soon exhausted and a half ration of parched corn substituted. With, however, the energy which characterized all the operations of the war after U. S. Grant

became General-in-Chief, the road was rapidly repaired, and by the middle of February supplies were not only plenty, but began to accumulate for the advance south.

Daybreak.

“From each southern vale and hamlet
Tuneful murmurs gently roll,
Then gushes forth in tender pathos
The sweetest music of the soul;
The hearts that beat 'neath dusky bosoms
Thrill as the brightening morn they see,
And sing, like sound of rippling waters,
'De Lord hab made His people free.’

“Thus the glad refrain shall ever onward
Reverberate from sea to sea,
And every nation, land and people
Join the exultant jubilee,
'Glory to God, for He is mighty,
Peace and good-will to man shall be,
And evermore, while time endureth,
Our God shall keep His people free.’ ”

—Anonymous.

Gathered on the north bank of the Tennessee River, at Gravelly Springs, Alabama, on the morning of March 12th, 1865, was encamped 13,000 cavalry, fully mounted, armed and equipped; the most powerful and efficient body of men ever marshalled around the cavalry standards on this continent; together with an organized body of 2,000 dismounted cavalry from all the regiments of the corps. With this cavalry corps was a park of some twenty pieces of artillery, a pontoon train of some fifty wagons and a train of one hundred and fifty wagons of ammunition and supplies, the whole under the command of Major-General James H. Wilson, a graduate of West Point, and a natural cavalry leader. Each man had five days ration in his haversack, and on his horse two days forage. With each regiment was transported on pack mules, ten days rations of hard bread and meat, and sixty days rations of coffee, sugar and salt.

CHAPTER III.

1864-1865—*Crossing of the Black Warrior River—Great
Battle at Selma.*

On the 12th of March, the division under Brig.-Gen. Eli Long, broke camp and marched to Waterloo. Crossing the Tennessee River by steamboats, it marched to Eastport, Mississippi, where it halted until the 22d, when resuming its march southward, building roads over the swamps and cutting routes through the forests and over the mountains, finally reached and forded the Black Warrior River on the 29th. In crossing the river the 4th Michigan lost one man and forty horses drowned. That night the march was resumed, and by morning the whole division had crossed the Locust River, fording it likewise. On the 31st the command crossed Shads Creek and the Catawba River; moving across the latter on the railroad bridge, after having taken up the track and making a narrow way by laying railroad ties crossways on the stringers, and encamped ten miles north of Monte Vallo.

The celerity of the movement had prevented any material concentration of the rebel forces, and although Chalmers, with 6,400 "effectives," was, as early as the 17th of March, in active operation on that front, Gen. Wilson, by moving in two columns, within easy supporting distance, covering the whole country with a cloud of skirmishers and foragers, and carefully keeping all means a profound secret, by which information of his definite line of march might reach the enemy, completely out-generaled him, and was able by

the 30th to interpose his army between the divisions of Forrest's corps, so that Chalmers was left on the right, Forrest's immediate command at the front, and Jackson, with Roddy and Adams, eastward at Monte Vallo.

On the 30th, Gen. Upton's division moved rapidly eastward and attacking Adams and Roddy at Monte Vallo, drove them from the town, although re-enforced by Crossland's brigade and animated by the personal presence of Forrest himself. In an engagement near "Six Mile Creek," Crossland's rebel brigade was destroyed. Upton after destroying the works and extensive ordnance foundries at Monte Vallo, encamped that night at Randolph.

Minty's brigade, in advance of the division, marched from the camp ten miles north of Monte Vallo, on the morning of April 1st, and that night reached Plantersville, having covered forty-five miles of difficult country. On nearing the town the advance was stubbornly resisted, but after over two hours of active fighting, the enemy was totally routed and driven from the field by the 3d and 4th Ohio, fighting dismounted. On the morning of April 2d, Minty took the advance of the division, marching at 6 o'clock, on the main road to Selma, the 3d Ohio, under Lieut.-Col. Howland being the advance regiment. Heavy skirmishing began soon after the column moved, but the Ohio boys crowded the enemy back at a good pace, without delaying the march of the column. On arriving at a cross-road about six miles from Selma, Minty turned to the right and moved over to the Summerville road, where, pressing rapidly forward, he arrived in front of the rebel works at 3 P. M.

Selma was defended by works of the most elaborate and formidable character. In the immediate front for over four hundred yards, extended an abatis of timber, felled outwards with each limb trimmed to a sharp point, rising to the height of about seven feet; then came a cleared space of about two hundred yards thickly strewn with chevaux-de-frise, interwoven with wire, and planted with torpedoes. Back of this was a palisade, about nine feet high, with a slight ditch in front, composed of logs set endwise, mortised into a log buried about two and a half feet under ground, the top of the palisades being fastened together by stringers and interwoven wires. On the inside of the palisades about two feet from the ground was a platform, on which the first

line of forces were stationed. The whole palisade was furnished with loop-holes, properly constructed for commanding the approaches. In the rear of the line of the palisades was a ditch, about five feet deep, and from the scarp of the ditch rose the line of the earthworks, to the height of from six to eight feet. At regular intervals along the intrenchments and commanding every angle, strong star shaped forts, with heavy bomb-proof embrasures, were constructed, and mounted with from two to six heavy siege guns. The whole line of intrenchments was garnished with field and siege guns varying from the light six to the monster sixty-four pounder. These elaborate fortifications extended entirely around the city, except on the river front.

Minty, having dismounted his command, except the 3d Ohio, sent it to the right and rear to cover the horses and pack-mules, now formed his men in line about half a mile from the rebel works, on the Summerville road. A strong skirmish line was pushed forward about two hundred yards and became immediately hotly engaged. The line was now advanced, forcing its way through the abatis, until the rebel first line was driven from the platform inside the palisade, into the main line of intrenchments, and our skirmishers commanded the palisades themselves, almost silencing the fire of the rebel skirmishers, yet occupying the platform. The Pioneers rushed forward under the cover of the skirmish fire, and with their axes cut the palisades in several places, making sufficient breaches for the passage of assaulting columns. This preliminary work all done under the heaviest fire the rebels could deliver, consumed about an hour of time. Gen. Long now went forward to Minty's skirmish line (by this time holding the entire palisades), and Gen. Wilson also came forward, and after examining the ground for a few moments, ordered an assault.

At this moment, while preparing for the assault, Gen. Long moved the first brigade to the right of Minty, when the rebels, seeing an opportunity, made a sortie on that part of the line, driving back the right of Minty's skirmish line, and throwing the moving column of the first brigade into momentary confusion by attacking it in the flank. Combined with the rebel sortie came an attack on the Third Ohio, which, as before stated, was in the rear, guarding the horses. It was Chalmers, with a full division, trying to force

his way into the besieged city and join its defenders. The 4th Michigan and the Chicago Board of Trade Battery were sent immediately to the support of the 3d Ohio. The object of the sortie was now apparent. Chalmers had been cut off by the rapid advance of Wilson, and they sought to open communication with him. The 1st Brigade quickly formed line and advancing, the rebels were again driven, with great slaughter, inside their works, the skirmish line reformed and, in the rear, Chalmers driven back with heavy punishment. These operations also consumed considerable time, and it was not until a few minutes before 5 P. M. that Minty ordered his two remaining regiments—the 4th Ohio and the 7th Pennsylvania, numbering in all thirty-three officers and six hundred and seventy-one men, to advance to the assault, the 1st Brigade (Wilder's) moving at the same time, numbering eight hundred and forty-nine officers and men. Opposed to this little band and sheltered by their formidable intrenchments, stood the rebel line numbering in all nearly 8,000 men and extending over a mile on each flank.

Now, reader, do not understand the author as asserting that six hundred and seventy-one men moved to the assault of 8,000 directly gathered in their front, but that the rebels were in that number, occupying an extensive line in the works before described.

The men of Ohio and Pennsylvania rushed forward with great enthusiasm, in perfect line, until after passing the palisades the left struck a swamp in front of the intrenchments, in which they sank knee deep. This checked them some and threw the right of the line considerably in advance. The first brigade advanced in like manner at the same time, but its left also struck a swamp, and being retarded the movement took the appearance of an advance en echelon in each brigade. The rebels opened from all the artillery and small arms they could bring to bear on the assaulting columns, but as soon as our boys got the range of the works they poured such an accurate and continuous sheet of lead from their "seven shooters" over the parapet of the works and soon struck down so large a number that the few remaining rebels crouched down, appalled and paralyzed with terror, behind their breast-works and their guns silenced. The heavy guns in the fort, both to the right and

left of the portion of the works assaulted, however, still blazed away, pouring canister, apparently by the bushel into the Union ranks. On, on, rushed the assailants, into the ditch, up the steep sides of the earthworks, and gaining the crest, either leaped into the works, or halting at the top received the surrender of the enemy, crouching at their feet. Corporal Booth (Co. A) of the 4th Ohio, was the first man inside the works. A stupor of fear and appalled astonishment at the fatality of the Union fire, held Wharton's division in dismayed inactivity close under the shelter of the works at our feet, and remembering the horrors of Shelbyville in 1863, the uninjured, with the slightly wounded, first by scores, then by hundreds, and in a few moments, by regiments, threw down their arms, and amid loud cries of: "We surrender!" "Don't fire any more!" "We are conscripts!" "For God's sake, Yanks, don't butcher us all," etc., they surrendered where they lay, but few attempting to escape. A wild panic now spread from right to left along the enemies' whole line, and all not killed or captured, except those occupying the forts, throwing down their arms, rushed in a disordered mob of frightened fugitives, into the city.

Uptons division now entered the works, mounted, charging into the midst of the throng, following and crowding them into the city, and capturing them almost to a man, while Minty, wheeling his line to the left swept down the line of intrenchments in that direction, the forts along which were not abandoned, capturing the heavy bastions in succession, until he reached the Plantersville road, five like pieces—one of them a thirty pounder Parrot gun—were taken. Besides, eleven pieces of field artillery were captured when the intrenchments were first stormed, and two full batteries taken during the sweep along the line of works.

CHAPTER IV.

1865—*Defeat of General Forrest—Rush for Montgomery.*

Thus was consummated, in the capture of Selma,⁴ an achievement unexampled in the history of the war, and rarely excelled under adverse conditions on any field in the world. The two regiments which as organized bodies first entered the rebel works were the 4th Ohio and 123d Illinois, each holding the right of their respective brigades, to-wit: 4th Ohio of Minty's, and the 123d Illinois of Wilder's. Of the thirty-three officers and six hundred and seventy-one men of Minty's brigade, which made the assault, nine officers and one hundred and fourteen men were killed and wounded. Lieut. Dable, commanding the 4th Ohio, was killed; Gen. Long, commanding the division, was dangerously wounded; Col. Charles C. McCormick of the 7th Pa., shot through the leg and severely wounded, and scarcely a man of the 7th Pennsylvania or 4th Ohio but what was either wounded or received bullet holes through his clothing. More than two hundred carbines were struck by the enemy's missiles and shattered to pieces in the hands of the men. The 7th Pa. lost twentyfive per cent. in killed and wounded of the officers and men, and the 4th Ohio a little over twenty-one per cent. of those engaged in the assault. After a short halt at the works on the Plantersville road, to let Upton's command go through, for Long's division had stormed the works and cleared the line from Summerville to the Plantersville road before Upton charged, all the com-

mand not required for guarding the prisoners advanced rapidly into the city, where the battle was raging from street to street. Major Greeno, 7th Pa., taking command of about fifty men, made the final attack on and captured the last defense of the rebels, a line of cotton-bale breast-works at the depot, after dark. While this terrific assault was being delivered and the enemy thus being routed and torn to atoms around and in the city, a terrible battle was raging in the rear, out along the Summerville and Plantersville roads. Chalmers, Gen. Forrest's best division commander, with a splendid division, numbering nearly 4,000 men, after having been cut off, as before noted, received during the day, an order from Forrest to hasten to Selma and cut his way, if necessary, into the city. He arrived at the outer line of the works at the moment the order for the assault was first given, and, although his horses were blown and his men wearied to the point of exhaustion by over fifty hours of incessant exertion, he hurled his command in repeated, continued, determined assaults on the 4th Michigan, 3d Ohio and the battery guarding the rear. The narrow frontage of the line was however a circumstance in favor of the Union forces, and fully counteracted the numerical superiority of the rebel force. On this account Chalmers was not able to use more than two or three regiments at a time, and though he replaced his defeated front lines with fresh troops, he only succeeded in subjecting his whole command to a useless and prolonged sacrifice. The consuming Spencers of the 3d Ohio and 4th Michigan, with the gastric discharges of canister hurled in double shotted charges from the four guns of the battery, mowed down his lines as fast as he pushed them to the assault and after night had settled on the scene, and the deep pall of silence closed around, announcing the cessation of the conflict in, and consequent fall of the city, he abandoned the contest and leaving his dead and wounded, retreated rapidly from the field. The effect of this battle was so great on his men that from desertion and casualties of the engagement, he joined Forrest the next day with less than 1,000 men.

The following brief account of the assault on Selma is given from the standpoint of the writer. Reid has given a brief but interesting account of this action in the following words: On arriving within six hundred yards of the works

the troops dismounted and formed a skirmish line. Wilder's brigade occupied the right of the 4th Ohio. The entire charging force only amounted to fifteen hundred men, as one-fourth of the original number were holding the horses when the word "forward" was given. The rebels had already opened with shell, and of course war is cruel and war is h——, and when the attacking party appeared in full view it was met with a shower of grape and canister while small arms poured in their still more destructive fire. Five hundred yards of open ground was passed over before the works was reached. The men pulled up or pushed aside the palisades, jumped into the ditch and mounted the works. The enemy fled and our men pursued, crossing a swamp and capturing a two gun lunette. Pressing forward they advanced across a cotton-field as level as a floor, and captured another lunette, mounting five guns. Here the line halted, all opposition having ceased. Fifty men of the 4th, killed and wounded, lay near the enemy's works, with scores of bleeding, dying heroes of other regiments. The dead were buried with military honors. The arsenal and navy yard were destroyed.

The following special and honorable mention of officers and men is taken from Minty's official reports: "Both officer and soldier performed his duty so well and nobly that it is difficult for me to make special mention of any, but when one distinguishes himself above his fellows, he is justly to be regarded as the brave among the brave. The gallant Corporal Booth of the 4th Ohio, was the first man in the enemy's works, but he fell, in the moment of victory, a martyr to his country. Captains Moore and Richardson of the 4th Ohio were among the first to enter the works and acted throughout with conspicuous gallantry."

"Maj. Charles L. Greeno, 7th Pa. Cavalry, acting Assistant Inspector General, was among the first to enter the enemy's works. At about 7 o'clock, with about fifty men, he drove a considerable force of the enemy from, and took possession of the railroad buildings and the cotton-bale defenses surrounding them. Both these officers (Majors Burns and Greeno) have been under my immediate command for nearly three years and have universally performed their duty with energy and zeal, and have distinguished themselves in battle on many occasions."

Every officer of the 7th Pa. and 4th Ohio regiments was complimented by name and received a subsequent "brevet of rank" for distinguished services in the battle and capture of Selma, Alabama, April 2d, 1865.

On the 7th of April, 1865, Maj. General Wilson issued a complimentary order to the second division in which he says: "Selma lay before you surrounded by two lines of intrenchments, the outer one continuous, flanked by impassable swamps, covered by stockades, and defended by seven thousand troops commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Forrest. Like an avalanche the intrepid soldiers of the second division swept over the defenses on the Summerville road, while the fourth division carried those on the Plantersville road. The enemy, astonished and discouraged, broke from their strong works and Selma was fairly won. The enemy under Chalmers, attempted to drive in the Second division picket lines during the battle, and go to the rescue of the rebel garrison, but their efforts were futile and they were compelled to retreat rapidly beyond the Catawba. Soldiers, you have been called upon to perform long marches and endure privations, but your General relied upon you and believed in your capacity and courage to undergo every task imposed upon you, trusting in your valor, discipline, and armament he did not hesitate to attack intrenchments, believed by the rebel leaders to be impregnable and which might well have caused double your numbers of veteran infantry to hesitate. Your achievements will always be considered the most remarkable in the annals of cavalry."

The following graphic description of the assault by Minty, and the scenes inside the rebel lines and city during the assault and capture are here inserted from Jordan and Pryor's "Campaigns of General Forrest."

"As we have mentioned, the Confederate artillery was not provided with sufficient ammunition, and despite all the fire that opened on their adversaries, the advancing Federal lines moved up steadily and handsomely to their work. They were armed with Spencer's carbines and rifles (repeaters) and breech-loaders, and from their massive" (Oh, Lordy! thirty-three officers and six hundred and seventy-one men, remember,) "lines poured out an unceasing stream of leaden hail, to which the return fire of the Confederate line was that of a skirmish to the uproar of a

battle at its climax. Meanwhile the militia began to falter and gradually quit their places behind the breastworks, leaving broad gaps, and Armstrong's right exposed. Roddy was ordered to move over to fill the breach, but before it could be effected, the enemy had reached the exposed deserted section of the lines and mounted it, cutting Roddy and Armstrong asunder. Turning leftward, they opened an enfilading fire upon Armstrong. At this Armstrong was enforced to withdraw his brigade, which, having to do under a heavy fire his loss was very great. In the meantime the militia had thrown away their arms, and were swiftly seeking their horses and divesting themselves while they fled of all that would betray their late connection with the defense of Selma. The scene generally was one of wild confusion. The Confederates, beaten from the breast-works, were rushing towards their horses. In the town, the streets were choked with horses, soldiers and citizens hurrying wildly to and fro. Clouds of dust rose, and it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. From the houses came the wails and lamentations of terrified women and children, about to be left to the tender mercies of a storming enemy.

"The Federals still firing on their routed, fleeing adversaries, further resistance on a field so utterly lost, was worse than useless, but what avenue of escape was left open? For the broad Alabama River effectually closed the way in that quarter, as the enemy did, apparently, on all other sides. Forrest, assembling his staff and escort, sallied forth on the Montgomery road, on which, as yet, no hostile force barred his retreat."

The colored folks informed us, after the battle, that Forrest was seen, together with his staff, flying down the Alabama River, and we were told that he barely escaped capture by the 4th U. S. Regulars.

After the battle of Selma we went into camp near the city, and remained there for about one week. The sorrowful duty now devolved on both the Union and Confederate forces to care for the gallant dead and wounded. The killed on both sides were decently and quietly laid to rest, some were interred in the battle-field, and a portion of the Union dead were laid at rest in the city cemeteries. Anthony Volkers of Co. B, 7th Pa. Cavalry, was killed; Casius R. Sheplar of Co. B, was shot through the left shoulder.

George J. Bird of the same Co., was also wounded. Sergeant Charles Mullen of Co. M, died May 18th, 1865, of wounds received in action at Selma, Ala., April 2d, 1865. Lieut. Jacob Sigmund of Co. E, was killed while gallantly leading his company in the assault on the fortifications. Daniel C. Coverly of Co. A, wounded at Selma, April 2d, 1865. The official list of casualties in the 7th Pa. are reported by Captain J. G. Vale of "Minty and the Cavalry," to be, two officers killed and four officers and forty-seven men wounded.

The city of Selma, Alabama, is the county seat of Dallas County and is finely located on the Alabama River, at the intersection of five different railroads, and contained at the census of 1890, about 8,000 inhabitants.

On April 10th we were ordered to break camp, and get ready to cross the Alabama River on the pontoon bridge over which the entire command crossed, our destination being Montgomery (the State Capitol), and first city of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER V.

April, 1865—Montgomery Surrenders—Capture of West Point, Columbus and Macon.

A separate command was sent to attack and capture Tuscaloosa, which place was taken possession of by the cavalry, April 4th. The city of Montgomery was taken possession of by the Union forces under General Wilson on April 14th, the enemy having abandoned it. From here a detached command marched directly on Columbus, and another on West Point, Georgia, both of which places were assaulted and captured on the 16th. At the former place we got fifteen hundred prisoners and fifty-two field guns, destroyed two gun-boats, the navy yards, foundries, arsenal, many factories, and a vast amount of other public property. At the latter place we got three hundred prisoners, four cannon and destroyed nineteen engines and four hundred cars. On the 20th we took possession of Macon, Georgia, with sixty field guns, after two days of hard fighting, and received the surrender of General Howell Cobb, with over 9,000 troops and its entire garrisons and command complete.

Before we reached Columbus, Georgia, the news was given us that Gen. Robert E. Lee had surrendered his entire army to General Grant at Appomatox, on April 9th. Of course this was the most glorious news we had received since we left Nashville. The boys began to yell and cheer, and were very hopeful that ere long we would be discharged and sent home. Some of our officers had formed the idea

that in thirty days we would have met Sherman's army in North Carolina.

After the fall of Macon, the command went into camp about two miles south of the city, and on the east side of the main traveled road the officers had selected a beautiful tract of woods, and well watered by fine running creeks near by, which afforded plenty of good water for our mules and horses. About one-half mile east was located the Macon City Fair Grounds. Our duties now, after we got settled, were to clean our horses twice a day and to police (clean) our camps. When the bugler sounded water call, every man mounted his horse bare-back and rode him to water at the creek. From the time the command left Eastport, Mississippi, it was a running fight and forced marches day and night, until we reached Macon.

The boys having settled down in their new camps, they were noticed occasionally, in groups, talking over the privations, hardships and exploits of the big cavalry raid of over seven hundred miles, which was undoubtedly the greatest in the annals of the great Civil War. Thomas E. Kean, of Co. B, 7th Pa., told the boys, one day, that one of the finest and most attractive sights he had ever seen during the war was the marching of our division through Montgomery, Alabama. We marched by fours, through the streets of Montgomery, and I must admit myself that it was one of the grandest cavalry displays I had ever seen. At the foot of the Main Street stood the capitol building, from the top of which floated Old Glory in triumphant splendor.

Both men and officers of the command became more cheerful after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and surely felt more happy when they thought of the kindly greeting they would meet with from their sisters, brothers, fathers and mothers, away off in the garden spot of Pennsylvania. The bands soon began to render some good music for the boys, playing, occasionally, the "Red, White and Blue," and "Perri Waltzes." Our band was instructed once in a while by Charles Waltz, formerly of the Fourth U. S. Regulars. He had been the leader of the band in the Fourth Regulars and was subsequently promoted to Second Lieutenant of Co. M, 7th Pa. Lieut. Waltz was a natural born musician.

Well, time passed swiftly and imperceptibly away.

About the middle of April (or a few days after) the startling and awful news reached us that President Lincoln had been killed at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, on the evening of the 14th of April.

One of our regiment received a copy of the New York Times, which confirmed the horrible intelligence, the columns of the paper were fringed with bold face lines in mourning for the great martyred President. Instantly profound silence and sorrow reigned in the camp for a few days. Soldiers were seized with vengeance; at some cities in the North, a few traitors, who upheld the damnable, cowardly crime, were shot by them like dogs.

With the capture of Macon, the fighting days of the brigade ended, but the fortunes of war had reserved for it to enact the last crowning deed, and perform for the nation the last grand service, by capturing the arch traitor, the chief of the original conspirators, the President and commander-in-chief of all the Armies and Navies of the so-called Confederate States of America.

CHAPTER VI.

May, 1865—Capture of Jeff Davis and Party—The Fourth of July at Eufaula.

The camp in which Davis and his party was found was in a thick pine forest, not far from a running brook; it was a healthful retired place, and pleasantly situated. In it were three wall tents in line, parallel with the road; the space between the tents was occupied by the horses. Near by was a camp of the party with the wagons, ambulances, horses, and cavalry equipments. Opposite the tent occupied by Davis, was a fine horse, saddled and bridled, with holsters and a valise, held by a colored man. This was Davis' well trained and fleetest saddle horse, held in readiness at the time, and in all probability at all times, for the escape of the fugitive rebel.

During the march to Macon, no incident of special moment occurred, except that a request was made for Davis to be permitted to sleep in a house one night, which, evidently for the purpose of attempting an escape, was very promptly refused. No indignity was offered and he was but once spoken to by the men of the guard. The horse "ready held for flight" was captured by a soldier, who rode him into Macon. One day, this soldier, approaching Davis, said: "Mr. Davis, you won't need this horse any more, hadn't you better give him to me?" When Col. Johnson of Davis' staff, being near, in much passion, said: "How dare you insult the President in this manner?" "President! Hell!" said the soldier, with contempt; "What's he President of?"

On being informed that he could not keep the horse the soldier got permission to use him one night on picket. The picket was fired on that night and the horse killed.

It would be a pleasure to the writer, as no doubt a satisfaction to the reader, to here insert the report of Colonel Pritchard in full (in regard to the capture of Jefferson Davis and party), but it is impossible in a brief work of this kind, to publish all the good things said, as it is on account of all the good things done, therefore, we content ourselves with the following extracts:

Headquarters 4th Mich. Cavalry Detachment,
Washington, D. C., May 25, 1865.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to report, that in obedience to orders received from General R. H. G. Minty, commanding division, I left Macon Georgia, at 8 P. M., on the 7th inst., for the purpose of capturing Jeff Davis and party, who were reported to have left Washington, Georgia, on the morning of the 4th, traveling southward. After moving to within one and a half miles of their camp, I halted under cover of a slight eminence, dismounted twenty-five men, and sent them under command of Lieut. Purinton, to make the circuit of the camp and gain a position in its rear and thus cut off all possibility of escape, and if an alarm was raised, I would immediately charge the camp. I had not decided, at this time, whether to move upon the camp at once or to wait until daylight, but upon further consideration, decided to delay it as it was now after 2 o'clock in the morning (of May 10th), the moon was getting low, and the shadows of the forest were falling heavily, rendering it easy for persons to escape undiscovered, to the woods and the swamps in the darkness. After awaiting an hour or more, and just as the earliest dawn appeared, I put the column in motion, and was enabled to approach within four or five rods of the camp undiscovered, when a dash was ordered, and in an instant the whole camp, with its inmates, was ours. A chain of mounted guards was immediately thrown around

the camp and dismounted sentries placed at the tents and wagons. As soon as the firing ceased, I returned to camp and took an inventory of our captures, when I ascertained that we had captured Jeff Davis, his wife and four children. Also John H. Reagan, his Postmaster General; Colonels Johnson and Lubbock, aide-de-camp to Davis; Burton W. Harrison, his private secretary; Major Maurand, Captain Moody, Lieut. Hathaway, Jeff D. Howell (midshipman in the rebel navy), and thirteen private soldiers. Upon returning to camp I was accosted by Davis, from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command. Upon answering him that I was, and asking whom I was to call him, he replied that I might call him "what or whoever I pleased;" when I replied that I would call him Mr. Davis, and, after a moment's hesitation, he said that was his name. He suddenly drew himself up in true royal dignity and exclaimed, "I suppose that you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children, but it is theft—it is vandalism." Retaining my independent command, I continued my march to Macon, where I arrived at 3 P. M., on the 13th. While yet on the march and nine miles out of town, I received orders, by courier, to provide myself with a special detail of three officers and twenty men from my regiment and prepare to depart at once for Washington, as special escort for Davis and party. I left Macon, by special train, at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 13th. Arriving at Atlanta at daylight on the 14th, I found a train and guard ready to convey the party to Augusta, where we arrived at sunset the same day, finding carriages and everything ready to convey us to the steamer *Standish*, lying four miles below the city. We arrived on board at 8 o'clock, when I received Alexander H. Stephens and Major General Wheeler and staff, and immediately sailed for Savannah, where we arrived at 10 o'clock on the 16th. Reported to General Burge, and at 4 o'clock A. M. the steamer *Emile* was ordered alongside and the prisoners and guard were transferred on board, when she immediately steamed for Hilton Head. When opposite Fort Jackson, we met the steamer *Colt*, with General Gilmore on board, to whom I reported, and when we reached Savannah, he telegraphed to Hilton Head for the steamer *Clyde* to be got in readiness at once to receive the prisoners and convey them to Washington.

Upon our arrival we found all things in readiness and the transfer from the *Emile* to the *Clyde* took place immediately and at 3 P. M. of the 16th we put to sea, under convoy of the steam sloop-of-war, *Tuscarora*. Arriving at Fortress Monroe at noon, on the 19th, I immediately proceeded to shore, and telegraphed my arrival to the Adjutant General, and received orders in reply to anchor out, and await further orders. On the afternoon of the 22d, the prisoners, Davis and Clay, were transferred, under orders, to the casemates of Fortress Monroe, and turned over to Major General Miles, the Fourth Michigan Cavalry acting as special escort, after which it was temporarily assigned quarters within the fort. On the afternoon of the 23d I received orders from the War Department, through General Miles, directing me to procure the disguise worn by Davis at the time of his capture, and to proceed to Washington, and report to the Secretary of War. Accordingly, I went over to the steamer *Clyde*, and received from Mrs. Davis, a lady's water-proof cloak, or robe, which Mrs. Davis said was worn by Davis as a disguise at the time of his capture, and which was identified by the men who saw him wear it at the time. On the morning following, the balance of the disguise was procured, which consisted of a shawl, which was identified and admitted to be one of Mrs. Davis'. These articles I brought to Washington and turned them over to the Secretary of War. It is indeed hard to individualize when all have done their whole duty, but still I would make special mention of those assigned to special duties, and who performed those duties well; among them are Captain Hathaway, commanding that part of the regiment picketing the rear; Captain Charles T. Hudson, in command of the advance guard of fourteen picked men, and who led the column into camp; Lieut. Silas J. Stauber and Henry S. Boutelle, who were commanding fifty men each, in detachments, the latter of whom was severely wounded, while gallantly leading his men; Lieut. A. B. Purinton, who had charge of the dismounted men, making the circuit of the enemy's camp; Lieuts. Dickinson and Davis, for general duties as aids, and Bennett, commanding rear guard. All the above officers are entitled to the highest praise, and in my judgment, deserve promotion. In conclusion, at the request of the Adjutant General, that I should state in my report to whom,

in my judgment, the reward offered by the government ought to be given. I feel that in no case should the reward be granted to a less number than one hundred and twenty-eight men and eight officers who were actually present at the time of Davis' capture, and I'm inclined to the opinion that it should be distributed to the four hundred and nineteen men and twenty officers comprising the expedition; and when I say this, I believe I utter the wishes of a majority of the officers and men. With these remarks, the whole is respectfully submitted, and I have the honor to subscribe myself,

D. B. PRITCHARD,

Lieut. Col. 4th Mich. Cav.

We neglected to state that on the 6th to 8th day of May, Lieut. Col. Andreas, with the 7th Pa., had been in pursuit of the party, scouting the country east and south of Macon; and on the 6th had overtaken one part of the original party. Crossing the Ocmulgee the regiment pushed on after Davis and his party, making during the night of the 9th, a circuit eastward of Irwinville, Georgia, and planted themselves on the morning of the 10th, on the road southward of that place intending to intercept Davis and his party while on the march; but while waiting for him to come along, learned that Davis had been captured that morning by the 4th Michigan Cavalry, commanded by Col. Pritchard. After the capture of Davis, no further military active duties were required of the command, the regiments, except the detail of the 4th Mich., sent with Davis, remaining in the vicinity of Macon until the morning of May 23d, when the 4th Ohio, 4th Michigan, 123d Illinois and 72d Indiana, left Macon for home, the 7th Pa. and Fourth U. S. Regulars escorting them to the trains, and bidding them good-bye with cheers, handshakes, and good wishes, but without speeches.

About the first of June, the Second Battalion of the 7th Pennsylvania received orders to board the train for Eufaula, Alabama, where it remained until the 13th of August, when it was ordered back to Macon, Georgia.

During the last campaign the brigade had marched from Louisville, Ky., to Macon, Ga., a distance of seven hundred and seventy-eight miles; had captured the cities of Selma and Montgomery, Ala., and West Point, Macon and Columbus, Georgia, after a sharp battle at each of these places

except Montgomery; had been victorious in every engagement, and had closed its most remarkable military record by the capture of the Confederate Chief. And now, with the proud consciousness of a sacred duty well performed, it passed from sight and into history. The following is General Wilson's order, disbanding the cavalry corps:

General Wilson's Order.

General Order No. 39.

Headquarters Cavalry Corps, M. D. M.,
Macon, Ga., July 2d, 1865.

To the officers and men of the Cavalry Corps, Military Division of the Mississippi:

Your corps has ceased to exist. The rebellion has terminated in the re-establishment of your country upon the basis of nationality and perpetual unity. Your deeds have contributed a noble part to the noble result, they have passed into history and need no recital from me. In the nine months during which I have commanded you, I have heard no reproach upon your conduct,—have had no disaster to chronicle. The glowing memories of Franklin, Nashville, West Harpeth, Ebenezer Church, Selma, Montgomery, Columbus, West Point and Macon may well fill your hearts and mine with pride. You have learned to believe yourselves invincible, and contemplating your honorable deeds, may justly cherish that belief. You may be proud of your splendid discipline, no less than your courage, zeal and endurance. The noble impulses which have inspired you in the past will be a source of enduring honor in the future. "Peace has her victories, no less renowned than war." Do not forget that clear heads, honest hearts, and stout arms, guided by pure patriotism, are the surest defense of your country in every peril. Upon them depend the substantial progress of your race and order of civilization, as well as the liberty of all mankind. Let your example in civil life be an incitement to industry, good order and enlightenment, while your deeds in war shall live in the grateful remembrance of your countrymen. Having discharged every military duty

honorably and faithfully, return to your homes with the noble sentiment of your martyr President deeply impressed upon every heart: "With malice against none and charity to all, strive to do the right as God gives you to see the right."

(Signed) JAMES H. WILSON,
Major General.

The Second Battalion of our regiment, 7th Pa. Cavalry, was under the command of Major Benjamin S. Dartt, who was promoted to Major Feb. 13, 1865, on account of faithful and distinguished services. Our company, Co. B, was under Captain Jonas F. Long, who was promoted December 19, 1864, present residence Vallajo, California. Second Lieutenant John M. Rich, who was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company B, February 13, 1865. On our arrival at Eufaula, we were moved into the Confederate barracks, which had been left by the enemy, when they returned home. There were three different buildings, and they made us very comfortable quarters during our residence here. The barracks were finely located on the west bank of the Chattahoochie River. The Hospital was located about ten rods west of the barracks. The town is the county seat of Barbour Co., Alabama, and contained at the census of 1890, about 4,300 people. Our sole duties at this place were the paroling of the Confederates, after they returned to their homes. Their paroles required them to be sworn never to take up arms against the U. S. Government again, until properly exchanged as prisoners of war. Lieut. Rich was promoted Provost Marshal, and after we were promoted to Company Clerk, at Macon, Ga., we were detailed with the Provost Marshal to assist him in drawing up paroles for the prisoners. After visiting their respective homes a short time, the Confederates (both officers and men), came to the Provost Marshal's office in Eufaula to receive their required paroles. After my promotion to Company Clerk of our company, I was detailed with Lieut. J. M. Rich at different times to assist him in his required duty of Provost Marshal of the U. S. Cavalry forces in Alabama. Occasionally I was employed on duty with Sergeant D. J. Quaid, Quartermaster H. J. Marvin, and Captain J. F. Long. Our sole duties as clerk for the above officers of our company was to register

the troops for final payment and discharge, and, eventually, to muster them out of the volunteer service.

In the evening, the camp guards were put on duty, the guns and sabers were polished up and the horses and camps were well brushed and policed. Along during July the watermelon season came in, for which Alabama was conceded to be famous, and for both sweet potatoes and melons she was hard to beat. Whole wagon loads came to town to be retailed out to the Yankee-Federals, and as the boys had been through the mill, of course they got their fill. Frequently the boys took a flounder in the Chattahoochie, which was navigable for steamers as far north as Columbus, Georgia. The river was about the same width as the Pecos at Freeport, Illinois. One day the boys got hold of an old violin. Three of our company, Fred Heichemer, Sergt. H. J. Marvin and John A. Patton, could play the instrument. The violin music at the barracks soon began to attract the attention of a few colored ladies and gentlemen from both town and country.

The boys soon formed the idea that it would be fun and amusement to indulge in a little Alabama hoe-down occasionally, so the boys arranged for a sort of two-step in the barracks, which they frequently applauded and of course the dance elicited the applause of the audience all around.

A substantial covered wagon bridge spanned the river from the Alabama side to the Georgia line. One day we happened to be down on the river bridge exercising around for pastime, when suddenly a man came riding a horse and approached the bridge, dismounted, and was apparently awaiting the arrival of a party of ladies and gentlemen. Soon a buggy appeared on the scene, containing a gentleman and two ladies. The boys soon knew the object of the meeting. The mounted gentleman proved to be a minister and soon the young lady and her soldier lover were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The elderly lady who came with them was the bride's mother. This was the only wedding we ever saw in the south, but the joke was surely on the boys when they got no pie or cake.

Nothing occurred at the barracks or on the banks of the Chattahoochie of any consequence, until the Fourth of July came around. The boys had sent to Fort Valley for a forty-pounder cannon with which to celebrate the glorious Fourth.

The gun was promptly shipped to us a short time before the Fourth, and pulled up from the station by the boys by hand to our quarters at the barracks. Well, the Fourth came in on time and to use a quotation from the colored folks, it also came booming hot weather, a sort of Alaboomer. Probably a dozen or more rounds were fired some twenty-five rods east of the barracks. In the afternoon a strong rope was secured, with which we pulled the gun through town up near College Hill. Here the firing was kept up until the powder was all exhausted, when we pulled the gun back to our camp again. The national salute of about fifty shots attracted the attention of both white and colored folks, and at about 2 o'clock P. M., we had some 300 visitors in town from the surrounding country. The boys were very straight and in good spirits all day and all seemed to enjoy the celebration immensely, after the salvation of the Yankee Eagle.

About the middle of July a detail was made up from the battalion of a number of men to be sent on detached duty to Florida. Lieut. J. H. Summers, who had been promoted to Captain after the battle of Selma, was, I think, ordered to command the detachment. I received a number of letters after we came to Illinois, from Captain Summers, who informed me that he was taken sick after they arrived at Fort Wood, Florida, and for nearly a month he was unconscious, and nearly everything was a blank to him, and he says he was wholly unconscious part of the time.

About the 10th of August we received orders from headquarters at Macon, Georgia, to leave Eufaula and come to Macon, at which place the required preparations for our departure homeward would be made. Accordingly we left Eufaula on the 13th of August and went into camp again at Macon for a short time. We were, ere long all mustered out of the service there, and our discharges were all written up at that city. John A. Patton of our company was detailed also to discharge the duties of an extra clerk, and we were nearly every day with Sergeant Quaid and Captain J. F. Long. Before we were sent to Eufaula, Col D. B. Pritchard and his command which had captured Jefferson Davis and his party, halted on the Macon road about one mile south of our camp. We were informed that if we desired to see Mr. Davis and his lady, his wife's sister, Miss

Harris, and the whole party, we could do so while they were stopping on the Macon road. Mr. Davis was dressed in a good suit of southern home-spun, of a butternut color, with a broad brimmed hat nearly white, and was smooth shaven and looked very intelligent.

CHAPTER VII.

Discharged Aug. 23rd, 1865—Grand Reception at Pittsburg.

About the 1st of September, 1865, we received orders to break camp at Macon, Georgia, march to the railroad station and board the train for Harrisburg, Pa. The 4th U. S. Regulars (cavalry), which gallant regiment had always been on intimate and friendly terms with our regiment, were requested by their Colonel to act as escort, and accompany our regiment to the depot preparatory to our departure for our homes in Pennsylvania. The 4th Regulars formed in line in front of the railroad station, drew their sabers and saluted the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, which command ordered the entire regiment to give three cheers for the 4th U. S. Cavalry. After we boarded the train at Macon, our first run was into Atlanta. The city presented a desolate appearance after the war, but in the course of a few years began to grow and improve rapidly.

In 1904 the city contained 98,700 inhabitants. But probably contains at present (1908) over 100,000. Atlanta is now the state capitol of Georgia, and the most important commercial city in the state.

Our next run was into Chattanooga, Tennessee, which is the county town of Hamilton County, Tennessee, and contained in 1890, 29,000 souls. In 1904, the estimated population was 30,500. The city is located on the Tennessee River, and is the center of a network of important railroads. The principal object of interest in the vicinity is "Lookout

Mountain," three miles south of the city, a fine view of which can be obtained from passing trains of the Nashville & Chattanooga and the St. Louis railroads. Since the war, Lookout Mountain has become one of the best patronized summer resorts in the south. Upon the summit of the mountain, several miles in extent, are numerous hotels and cottages, affording ample accommodations for visitors. From Point Lookout overlooking the city, the battlefield of Missionary Ridge, the National Cemetery, and for many miles the course of the Tennessee River, is obtained one of the grandest views this country affords.

After leaving Chattanooga, the next important place, of which history gives an account, is Murfreesboro, county seat of Rutherford County, Tennessee. Murfreesboro was the capitol of Tennessee from 1817 to 1827. A great battle was fought there January 1st and 3d, 1863. The next important place we passed through was Nashville, the capitol of Tennessee, and is distinguished for its enterprising spirit, literary taste and polished society. The capitol building, 135 by 240 feet, on a commanding eminence, 175 feet above the river, is built of fine limestone, resembling marble and quarried on the spot. Its estimated cost is \$1,000,000, and is considered one of the most noble structures on the continent. In the census of 1900, the city contained 82,700 souls.

On our next run from Nashville we passed through Cave City, which is eight miles east of the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Our next run was into the City of Louisville, Kentucky, at the falls of the Ohio River. It is the largest city in the state. The falls of the Ohio are merely rapids. A canal has been built around them. A substantial iron bridge connects Louisville with Jeffersonville, Indiana. It is one of the most extensive tobacco markets in the world, and is an important river port and railway center. The population of the city, as estimated in 1907, was 245,000. Louisville is a great commercial and manufacturing city, and the county seat of Jefferson County, and one of the largest cities between Pittsburg and St. Louis. In 1895 the National Reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic was held here; Ivan W. Walker of Indiana was elected Commander-in-Chief.

How long we remained at Louisville we have forgotten, but in the course of time we received orders to board the steamer for Cincinnati, Ohio. We all arrived at the latter

city early in the morning. I think about the first of September. Cincinnati was first laid out in 1788, and began to flourish after 1794, since which time its growth in population, wealth and trade has been exceedingly rapid, and it is now one of the largest cities on the Ohio River. The third National Encampment, G. A. R., was held in Cincinnati at which General John A. Logan of Illinois was elected Commander-in-Chief, 1869. Also the 32d and 33d encampments. The 32d was held in 1898 and the 33d the same year. Col. James A. Saxton of Illinois, and Col. W. C. Johnson of Ohio, were elected Commanders-in-Chief.

If our memory serves us correctly we remained in Cincinnati until 11 o'clock A. M., at which time our train being ready for us we were soon wending our way over the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad for Columbus, Ohio. Columbus is the county town of Hamilton County, on the Sciota River, one hundred and nine miles north-east of Cincinnati. It is also the state Capitol of Ohio. January 1st, 1907, the estimated population of the city was 180,000. The 22d National Encampment was held here in 1888, and William Warner (now member of Congress from Missouri) was elected Commander-in-Chief. We arrived in the city about 4 o'clock P. M., but were not allowed to leave the train, and of course could not view the city.

About 6 o'clock P. M. we moved off again and passed Newark and Steubenville on our way to Pittsburg, Pa. The latter city was reached about 4 o'clock P. M., Sept 2d. About twenty or twenty-five miles west of the city we passed a fine mansion, on the north side of the railroad, and before our train appeared opposite the house, a young lady came from the house and walked onto the front porch with a fine flag in her hands, which she began to wave from right to left with the greatest enthusiasm and the 7th Pa. boys smiled their compliments and surely thought she was the girl of the hour.

From August 23d to September 5th, 1865.

When our train pulled into the railroad station at Pittsburg, we were soon ordered to fall in line, and were marched to the Soldiers Home for supper. Two companies at a time were served supper and all felt thankful for the hospitality

and the grand entertainment furnished by the citizens of greater Pittsburg.

Pittsburg is a port of entry and county seat of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. It is situated at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, which here form the Ohio. Pittsburg is 354 miles west of Philadelphia, 313 miles east by northeast from Cincinnati, 468 miles south of east from Chicago, and 223 miles northwest of Washington. Pittsburg is one of the principal manufacturing points in the United States. The most extensive are the iron interest, glass, and manufactories of railroad supplies, etc. The estimated population of the city January 1st, 1907, was 400,000. After supper we marched to the Pennsylvania Central Station, our destination, of course, being Harrisburg. A large crowd of people thronged the streets of Pittsburg to see Wilson's Cavalry on their way home and when we pulled out for Harrisburg we were cheered by the kind and patriotic people of Pittsburg for several miles.

On our next run east we passed through Greensburg, Altoona, Huntington, Tyrone, Mifflin and Lewiston. We reached Bridgeport on the Susquehanna River, opposite Harrisburg, about 4 o'clock P. M., Sept. 3d, 1865. As our train slowed up for the last station we were amused to see the boys jump from the cars and strike out for their homes. About 6 o'clock P. M. our train crossed the river to Harrisburg and pulled in near Camp Curtin. A fine shower of rain set in and most of the men remained on the train until the shower was over. We soon received marching orders, to go into camp again at Camp Curtin. We put up our tents and settled down into camp life again. We were supplied with the large marquee here and they gave us more room and made us more comfortable during our last camp life.

The next day was Sunday and the boys were surely feeling good when they reflected that no camp guards or pickets would be put out to-day, and as Comrade J. A. Patton used to say we were now enjoying the quiet walk of life. Everything being all quiet on the Potomac, a party of the boys drummed up a swimming excursion and enjoyed a lively flounder in the Pennsylvania Canal.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival at Harrisburg—Final Camp Life at Camp Curtin.

On the following Monday those soldiers who had went to their homes from Bridgeport, came back to camp again, to receive the last installment of their wages. On the same day Nathan Baker of Co. B and my father (Henry H. Straub) came down from Muncy to visit our regiment and take in the sights of Harrisburg. Comrade Baker had been home on furlough and was obliged to report to the regiment again. My father seemed to enjoy himself with the men and doubtless the camp life reminded him of the time when he was Orderly Sergeant of the Muncy Dragoons. In the afternoon the Paymaster of the army came out to camp from the city and paid the regiment.

In a short time we realized we should have to bid both men and officers good bye and get ready to leave for our homes. The following named comrades returned to their homes at Muncy, Pennsylvania: Nathan Baker, Pierson Baker, Joseph Hill, William Merrills, Ehrman S. Dykins, Benjamin F. Miller, Benjamin F. Warner and Edward A. Straub. We arrived home September 5th, 1865. Of course we were all thankful and delighted to see our parents, sisters and brothers again. Our particular friends and relatives soon began to visit us. Miss Alice Adlum and her father of Altoona, Pa., visited us at different times. Miss Adlum's father, the Honorable Joseph G. Adlum of Altoona, was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature during the

war. He was a first cousin of my mother, Elizabeth Adlum Straub. He had formerly been a good practical school teacher and subsequently held an important position with the Pennsylvania Central railroad at Altoona.

Sergeant Charles Trudell also came down to Pennsdale from Williamsport, to visit Nathan Baker and his comrades in the vicinity of Pennsdale.

Aaron H. Malaby, who had been taken prisoner March 1st, 1864, in Tennessee, had arrived home. He and a number of others of our regiment were confined in prison at Cahawba, Alabama. He was discharged by general order, Aug. 12th, 1865. Benjamin F. Warner, who was captured at Noonday Creek, Georgia, June 20th, 1864, was at home. Comrade Warner died February 22d, 1896, at Pennsdale, Lycoming County, Pa.

*Roster of Schoolmates of Pennsville and Vicinity, Who
Enlisted for the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865.*

Forrest M. Lentz, Co. B, 84th Pa. Inf., Kingston, Ill.
Wilson Gundrum, Co. B, 84th Pa. Inf., Montoursville, Pa.
Henry Whitacre, 84th Pa. Inf., died at Alexandria, Va.
Sergt. William S. Everingham, Co. B, 84th Pa. Inf.
Erastus Jones, Co. H, 131st Pa. and 2d Pa. Artillery.
John B. Everingham, 2d Pa. Artillery, Cass Co., Mich.
James Duncan, Co. H, 131st Pa. Inf.
Jeremiah Rogers, 2d Pa. Artillery, died in prison.
Norman Green, 2d Pa. Artillery.
Joshua Oyster, 2d Pa. Artillery, Ripon, Wis.
Isaac B. Jones, 8th U. S. Regulars, killed in Alabama.
Alfred Whitacre, Co. F, 50th N. Y. Engineers, P. O. Shan-
non, Ill.
Joseph D. Artley, 87th Pa. Inf., P. O. Picture Rocks, Pa.
John Schick, Pa. Inf., Co. D, 177th Pa. Vol. Inf.
Henry Schick, Pa. Inf., mustered in Oct. 30th, 1862.
Col. Robert A. McCoy, Co. F, 11th Pa. Reserves, 5th Army
Corps.
Charles McCoy, Co. F, 106th Pa. Inf.
Cyrus McCoy, Pa. Inf.
Allen McCoy, Co. F, 61st Pa. Inf.
Henry McCoy, Co. F 106th Pa. Inf., drowned in James River.
John R. McCoy, 1st Kansas Cavalry.

Peter R. McCoy, Co. F, 18th Pa. Cavalry.
Robert A. McCoy, Co. A, 40th Pa. Inf.
Frank Gray, 5th Pa. Cavalry.
Jacob Dietrick, 5th Pa. Cavalry.
Frank Arnold, 5th Pa. Cavalry.
William Steele, Pa. Inf., died in Maryland.
Bert Shipman, Co. H, 131 Pa. Inf.
John Werling, Pa. Inf., Williamsport, Pa.
Charles D. Artley, Pa. Inf.
Henry Getz, 2d Pa. Artillery.
Daniel Mortimer, 8th U. S. Colored Inf.
J. M. McDaniels, 112th Regiment, Battery K, Pennsylvania
Heavy Artillery, Muncy, Pa.
Charley A. Artley, Co. D, 177th Pa. Inf., mustered in Oct.
30th, 1862.

CHAPTER IX.

Father Visits Illinois—Five Families

Emigrate.

In the fall of the year, October, 1866, father began to make preparations for a trip to Illinois. His sole object in visiting this great Western State was to inspect and investigate the country, preparatory to buying for himself and family a new home in Northern Illinois. Before making his visit to the West, he had written to his brother (Uncle George Straub) who then lived in Nipenose Township, Clinton County, Pa., to come down to Muncy and pay us a visit. Accordingly he arrived in a short time and very soon my two uncles, George Straub and Uncle John B. Adlum, began to talk of selling out their entire possessions and property, and emigrating to Illinois. Mother had an uncle, Cornelius Ryneerson, who lived in Peoria County, and four first cousins, James, John, Rebecca and Prof. C. Low Ryneerson, all of whom lived some twenty miles east of Galesburg. The result of the meeting of father and his brother at our home near Muncy was their firm decision to leave ere long for the great Northwest. Father came to Illinois via Erie City, Cleveland and Chicago. At the latter city he took the Chicago and Northwestern railroad for Freeport. He had a brother, the late Jacob Straub, living three miles west of Shannon in Carroll County, whom he had not seen for many years. After he left Freeport to visit his brother, the contemplation of the garden spots in old Carroll County must have been most interesting to him. "Yes, sir," said a Pennsylvania lady, after she had visited Northern Illinois, "Stephenson County, Illinois, that's the place!"

William Shannon, the founder of the town of Shannon, after whom the place was named, remarked to father one day that the society was of the best; the lower classes were moving on west.

Off to Illinois—Four Families Get the Western Fever.

Father, after he had visited his brother Jacob, west of Shannon, was very much pleased with old Carroll County, and he decided to return to Pennsylvania again, make sale, and emigrate to Illinois, in which state he would make his future home. Accordingly he took the train at Shannon, and returned to Freeport, with the intention of visiting mother's relatives in Knox and Peoria Counties, Illinois.

He first visited James Rynearson at Knoxville, which was then the county seat of Knox County; next he visited Prof. C. Low Rynearson and family, John and family, and their father, Cornelius Rynearson, who resided near Elmwood, Illinois. His relatives admitted that they had a fine farming country, coal in abundance, and the fertility of the soil was unsurpassed.

He next visited Peoria City, which in point of population is the second city in Illinois. At the latter city he took the train on the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw railroad, for Fort Wayne, Indiana. At Fort Wayne he boarded a regular train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad for Pittsburg and Altoona Pa. At Altoona, mother had two first cousins, the Hon. Joseph G. Adlum and lady. They had two sons and two daughters, Miss Alice and Katie. A short time before Father arrived at Altoona Katie told her mother of a singular dream she had the night before. She said she dreamed that a stranger visited them, who wore a nice black hat, a fine brown vest and pants to match, and wore a sort of steel gray dress coat. She said her dream came true. Mr. Adlum was employed in a large general store in Altoona, and subsequently was with the Pennsylvania Central.

Off to Illinois—Five Families Contract the Western Fever.

After a very enjoyable visit and kind reception by his relatives at Altoona, father returned via Harrisburg to Muncy, during the latter part of October.

After his arrival home he soon gave a descriptive outline of Illinois, and the wonderful resources, fertility of soil, etc., of the great Western prairies.

Mother's only brother, John B. Adlum, told father that he would soon sell his farm, make sale, and leave for Illinois. Mr. J. C. Forry and family, Uncle Geo. Straub and family, Alfred Whitacre and his brother, Edwin A. Whitacre, all soon decided to accompany the party to Illinois, for the purpose of securing new homes in the great Northwest.

Mother had inherited fifteen acres of land from her father's estate, which she soon sold to Jacob Fry, of Muncy, Pa., for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. Uncle John B. Adlum had received from his father, the late Edward Adlum, fifty-five acres, which he also sold to Mr. Fry.

Accordingly we made sale on the 5th of March, 1867. Everything on the sale bills, agricultural implements, stock, etc., brought a good fair price. I also sold a fine buggy that was made at Millersburg, Pa. Buggy and harness brought me one hundred and eighteen dollars. After settlement and collection of all sale bills, we visited our friends and relatives in and around Pennsdale and Muncy before our departure for the West. Mother's sister, Aunt Ellen, had bought father's house and lots in Pennsdale, which of course afforded her a fine home. Aunt Nellie was a devoted member of St. James Episcopal Church, and a handsome woman.

On Monday, March 18th, 1867, we left Pennsdale, Pa., for Williamsport. We had previously engaged Joseph D. Artley, a first cousin, who had a good spring wagon to convey us to the Pennsylvania Central station at Williamsport. At the latter city the entire party met to take the train on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad for Illinois. Our route was via Erie City, Cleveland, Crestline and Fort Wayne, to Chicago. At the latter city we changed cars for Freeport, and came over the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, arriving at the latter city about 5 o'clock P. M. March 21st, 1867.

At Chicago two of our party, Alfred and Edwin A. Whitacre, changed cars and boarded the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad for Brighton, Iowa. We were informed that they had relatives at Brighton and in the vicinity of Washington, Iowa. Uncle George's family settled at Georgetown, Carroll County, Illinois.

Uncle John B. Adlum remained a few days at Shannon, and subsequently decided to settle in Peorio County, Ill. He afterwards purchased a fine farm of eighty acres, six miles west of Monica, and seven miles northwest of Brimfield. In the fall of 1868 he married Hester Jane Nixon, formerly of Northumberland County, Pa. Our family remained a short time visiting our uncle, the late Jacob Straub, who lived three miles west of Shannon. We then rented a farm of eighty acres four miles east of Shannon, which then was owned by the late Balser Bistline of Co. K, 93d Ill. Infantry. Our crops consisted of potatoes, oats, wheat and corn.

CHAPTER X.

Settled on a Good Farm Purchased in Cherry Grove Township.

During the season of 1867, we remained on Mr. Bistline's farm, four miles east of Shannon, in Ogle County, until fall. In the meantime father bought a small farm containing sixty-two and a half acres, of the late William D. Gemmill, for thirty-two dollars per acre.

While living in Ogle County, we were blessed with splendid good neighbors. Their names were Benjamin and Christian Yordy, formerly of Lancaster County, Pa. Christian had two gallant sons in the Union Army during the great Civil War. John was a member of Company B, 26th Ill. Infantry, and Christian of Co. Mrs. Benjamin Yordy was a sister of Captain Geo. Conrad, formerly of the 77th Pa. Vol. Infantry. Comrade Yordy died in Freeport a few years ago. Christian has been living in Chicago for the past ten years. Amos married Miss Anna Thomas, a fine woman of Lena, and is in the insurance and real estate business in Shannon. Both the Yordy families were kind and excellent neighbors.

In the fall we moved on the farm four miles northwest of Shannon, in Cherry Grove Township, Carrol County. One of our first cousins, Miss Anna Artley, of Pennsville, Pa., had come west to Michigan, to visit her relatives, and in the fall she decided to extend her visit to Illinois. She was an expert housekeeper, and proved to be a valuable auxiliary in the arrangement of our new home. We were now located

seven miles southeast of Pearl City and thirteen miles southwest of Freeport, twenty-eight miles northeast of the Mississippi River. During the holidays, Miss Artley and my only sister Ellen decided to visit Uncle John B. Adlum and the Rynearsons in Peoria and Knox Counties, Ill.

Settled Near Shannon in Our Rural Home.

Their uncle had written them that a wonderful event was to occur sometime during the holidays, provided the river did not get too high nor overflow its banks. Doubtless the contemplation of uncle and aunt's wedding in the sweet bye and bye was one of their future attractions. They reported having visited about all their relatives, and were highly entertained and kindly received by all. They visited William Oakes and family, James Rynearson and family, John and family, Prof. C. Low Rynearson and family, and mother's uncle, Cornelius Rynearson. They returned home over the Illinois Central railroad via Freeport, some time in February, 1868. Miss Artley returned to Michigan early in the spring. She had an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Artley, who lived about eight miles north of White Pigeon in St. Joseph County.

After we had settled down at our new home on the farm, our attention was called to some needed improvements. A new double corn crib and barn were badly needed. John, my youngest brother, who was only twelve years of age when we left Pennsylvania, attended the Spring Valley school. The school was a large one when we settled in Spring Valley. Miss Charlotte Winters was the best practical lady teacher. The other best teachers, who all combined the rudiments of education, and were experts in school management, were, namely, Professors Hayes, Shallenberger, Edward C. Dick, Theron E. Wilkin, and Prof. Francis M. Hicks. Supt. Millard once alleged that Prof. Hicks was one of the most efficient and practical educators he had ever examined in Carroll County.

CHAPTER XI.

Settled in Spring Valley, Carroll Co., 1867-1868.

Visitors from Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1868 a party of gentlemen from Lancaster County, Pa., came west to Illinois, to make us a visit, and their intention was to make themselves useful in the harvest fields. Their names were Henry Straub, Lee Engel, Eli Engel and Christian Nissley. The first one named, Henry K. Straub, was the only son of the late Samuel Straub, a first cousin of the writer, and a nephew of father's. They all proved to be excellent harvest hands. Father bought a new Buckeye dropper and harvester of W. G. Barnes & Co., of Freeport, which cut and laid the barley, oats and wheat, like a row of pins, and in fine shape for binding. It required five men to bind the grain after a dropper, which made a full set of hands. The boys made good work, and seemed to enjoy themselves hugely on the grand prairies. Lee Engel had a good flute with him, and the tunes of Captain Jenks and the Lauterbach waltz seemed to be his favorite airs. Occasionally we gave them Yankee doodle and the Perri waltzes on the fife. The boys remained with us until fall. They also visited Shannon and Freeport occasionally. They thought we had an awful expanse of country. In the fall the boys returned to their homes in Pennsylvania.

We prevailed on Uncle Samuel to sell out and come to Illinois and buy himself a farm, but he wrote us that his wife, Aunt Barbara, refused to leave Pennsylvania. She since died near Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, Pa. From

a letter from Cousin Henry K. Straub, of Elizabethtown, Pa., bearing date of December 23d, 1896, he informs us that his father died from paralysis Dec. 16th, 1896. He was a pious and devoted member of the Mennonite Church.

At Uncle Samuel's funeral, December 19th, 1896, the Rev. Myers conducted the funeral services and lead in prayer at the house. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Martin Root, assisted by Revs. Benjamin Lamv and Daniel Eshelman. The Reverend gentlemen chose as their text the ninth verse of the second chapter of the First Corinthians.

After their father died Anna moved to Elizabethtown and Henry married Miss Carrie Nauman and settled at Harrisburg. We very much regret to announce to our relatives that we received a letter from Mr. Moses N. Straub, of New Cumberland, Cumberland County, Pa., bearing date of April 30th, 1908, informing us that his aunt, Miss Anna E. Straub, died near Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, Pa., November 20th, 1898, aged 52 years and two months.

He also informed us that his dear father died on February 24th, 1905, aged sixty years, eight months and twenty-seven days.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Straub was born four sons, namely, Samuel, the oldest, of New Cumberland, Pa.; he is married and has two children; Charles W., of Harrisburg, Dauphin County, Pa., who is married and has two children; Albert N. Straub, who is also married; next Moses W. Straub, who resides at New Cumberland, Pa., is married and has one child.

In order to carry on the farm work successfully two good teams of horses were purchased, also seed grain, hogs, cattle and agricultural implements. Of course we never calculated to take too much advice how to run the farm; when we thought we were right, we went right ahead, and nine times out of ten we pulled through successfully, and came in all right on the home stretch. Experience compelled us to believe that those who made a chronic habit of giving advice proved it up that they were failures sometimes themselves. Garfield said, "Things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up"

On the eve of a heavy battle during the Civil War, the Ensign, or color bearer, got in advance of his regiment; when his Colonel yelled to him to come back to the regiment

with the colors, the Ensign told the Colonel to bring the regiment up to the flag.

"The secret of success, sticking everlastingly to it."—Montgomery, Ward & Co.

"In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency."—James A. Garfield.

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."—Garfield's Address to the Students of Hiram College.

CHAPTER XII.

An Excursion to Omaha and Kearney—April 20th, 1872.—

Tiller of the Soil,—Book Agent and Railroad Boy.

Having lived in Carroll County, Illinois, since March, 1867, (five years), we conceived the idea that a little trip to Des Moines, Omaha, Fremont, Grand Island and Kearney, Junction would conduce to our health and pleasure during the season. We left Shannon, Illinois, April 20th, 1872, for Omaha, Neb. After arriving at Rock Island, we concluded to take the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway, the western terminus of which road was then Council Bluffs. On arriving at the latter city we transferred across the Missouri River to Omaha, Neb. We then bought a ticket over the Union Pacific railroad for Grand Island, one hundred and fifty-four miles west of Omaha.

Grand Island, where we remained some time, contained in 1876, 1,200 people. The town is one of the divisions of the Union Pacific railroad, is surrounded by a good farming country and numbered at the census of 1900, 7,554 inhabitants. It has been selected since 1872 as the location for the Nebraska Soldiers' Home. Two miles south of the town is Grand Island, near Platte River, after which the town was named.

The corn planting time soon came around and we thought we would strike a job with some of the farmers near town, so we took a stroll down to the Island, and called on one of the pioneer settlers, whose name was Adam Windolph. He told me he was getting ready to plant corn, and in a few

days he would send for me to help him put in his corn crop. In a few days he sent two nice little girls to town after me to go with them and work for him. Off we went to the farm and I had a good home for some time.

An Excursion to Nebraska and Iowa—1872.

After we had finished planting Mr. Windolph's corn crop, we returned to Grand Island again and remained in town a few days. There was a small tribe of Pawnee Indians encamped near town. Some of the men came to the station when the passenger trains came through town, and amused the passengers by shooting at oyster cans for targets with their bows and arrows. The Indians were quite a curiosity to the traveling public and to people who had never seen but very few reds before.

When we arrived in Nebraska, the latter part of April, the farmers had about all hired their hands for the season, therefore, on account of work being slack after planting time, we concluded to leave Nebraska, and run into Iowa. We stopped off at Fremont, forty-seven miles west of Omaha. The town is the county seat of Dodge County, Neb., about three miles from Platte River, and numbered in the year 1876, 3,000 people; at the census of 1,900 over 7,000. The country around Fremont is fine, the soil highly productive, and fishing and hunting most excellent.

Before we departed from Grand Island for Fremont, we formed the acquaintance of General Oliver Wood of Portsmouth, Ohio, who informed us that he was making a prospecting tour of Iowa and Nebraska, with the intention of locating a colony in the western country. A gentleman by the name of Kimball, who was a homesteader living near St. Paul, Howard County, happened in town on Saturday, invited us to accompany him to his home, about twenty-five miles north near Loup River. The General and myself remained at Mr. Kimball's until Monday morning. A few days after we returned to town. Gen. Wood was a fine man, and was in the Civil War.

We remained but a short time in Fremont. We went to a barber shop in the city, had our hair shingled up in nice style, and then called in to talk with one of the leading shoemakers of the town. I told the gentleman I observed

they had a good town here and surrounded by a fine farming country, and inquired what show there was for employment in the city. He informed me that he would see some of the railroad officers and get me a good job in half an hour.

The shoe dealer went out on the street and consulted a foreman of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, who told him a good man was wanted at Modale, Harrison County, Iowa, about eleven miles northwest of Missouri Valley on the Sioux City & Pacific railroad, and seventy-seven miles from Sioux City. About 10 o'clock A. M. a passenger train and pay car pulled out of Fremont for Missouri Valley, the conductor of which gave us a free pass to the foreman's home at Modale.

The section foreman's name was Mike Healey. He only had three men in charge of his section at that time. Their names were Levi Anderson, John Kinney and Matt Healey, a brother of the foreman, Mike Healey. We soon got acquainted with the boys and found they were all jolly good fellows. We all went to work at seven in the morning and quit at six P. M. The boss's mother and sister, Mary, did the cooking and housekeeping. Mr. Anderson lived nearby with his sisters and parents. Mike kept about three good cows and Mary made us nice soda biscuit frequently. Sometimes we helped to milk the cows in the morning and assisted to plant some potatoes.

An Outing into Iowa and Nebraska.

1872 to 1875.

On Sunday mornings our duty required us to run over the section and find out whether the road was all right and in good shape. Very few trains were running on Sundays. We were employed on the section until about the middle of June, about two and one-half months.

A heavy crop of potatoes, hay, oats and wheat were expected in Harrison County that year (1872) and I soon found out that railroading was harder work for me than farming. Accordingly we packed up our valise again and boarded the morning passenger for Missouri Valley, on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, eleven miles southeast of Modale. On our arrival at Missouri Valley we had to

change cars, and bought a ticket for Dunlap, one of the divisions of the Northwestern road, twenty-six miles due east of Missouri Valley. Of course we were sorry to leave the folks at Modale, but we wanted to take in the harvest and haying in the Boyer Valley; the work was no harder and the wages better.

Arriving at Dunlap we put up at McNeil's Hotel, and made ourselves at home there until the haying and harvest came around. We recollect having taken a book agency for a work entitled "Buffalo Land," giving a narrative of the life of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and the exploits of an exploring and hunting party on the Western plains. Having sold a number of books in town and vicinity, we sent in an order for them. They were to be delivered in about two weeks. When coming into town one day a farmer by the name of William T. Preston met me near his home and told me he wanted to hire a man for about three months during haying and harvest. He said he would pay twenty dollars per month and two dollars per day in harvest. After a chat of a half hour I told Mr. Preston I was engaged in selling books until harvest time came in, and after I had delivered my books to my subscribers I would accept his proposition and come and work for him. He was plowing corn when I met him and said he would notify me when he wanted to put up his hay and cut his harvest.

I was never in the habit of carrying a bottle with me, but being in a new country and ague was prevalent along the Missouri bottoms, I bought one bottle of Hostetter's Bitters in Dunlap, which seemed to facilitate the sale of the book in my territory. In the course of some ten days my books came by express and I hustled around to deliver them to my subscribers.

Mr. Preston lived one-half mile west of town; he was farming eighty acres of good land owned by himself. He had one son and one daughter, Nellie. When his harvest was ready we drove into his grain with a Marsh Harvester. I drove his team a part of the time and he paid me two dollars a day, but we first carted up his hay.

The country around Dunlap was called the Boyer Valley. The Boyer River runs through the valley, passing Woodbine, Logan and Missouri Valley, running southwest and emptying into the Missouri River.

Mr. Preston was a native of Connecticut, as was also his wife, who had formerly been a teacher in the public schools. He informed me that he was a graduate of the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Commercial College. Of course they lived well, the New England folks being very fond of dough-nuts and pies; but I soon saw they were very close, but good pay.

After harvest we went from Mr. Preston's to Mr. B. F. Green's, about two miles southwest of Preston's farm to harvest. Mr. Green was on a farm he had rented in the spring, and had a good crop of corn and wheat. He had bought a new harvesting machine (a dropper), which made good work and was easy to bind up by the harvest hands. Five different men were required to bind after a dropper. The hands all made good work and Mr. Green's harvest was soon wound up and shocked in good shape.

Prof. Ostrom of Dunlap and Mr. Bert Tyler, neighbors of Mr. Green's also employed us to put up their harvests. Willie Green saddled a horse and supplied us with plenty of good water and milk to drink in harvest. Mr. Green was also a native of Connecticut and one of the early settlers. After the harvest was over we took in the threshing season and were then employed by Mr. Preston again on the farm during September and October.

While out plowing one day we were caught in a heavy storm, which came in from the northwest and in a couple of days were very lame from catching cold. We were obliged to quit work for a while, and went to town until we recovered again.

Along in the beginning of October, 1872, we left Dunlap, and went to Omaha, where we remained until corn husking time came in for the farmers. On about the 1st of November, we ran into the city of Des Moines (the state capitol of Iowa) and in a few days Captain Hilbert, the manager of the Pacific House, succeeded in getting us a big job of husking about seven miles northwest of the city near Walnut Creek. An old gentleman by the name of Robinson and his son were on a big rented farm of 1,000 acres. Mr. Robinson had about three hundred acres of corn on the farm. We all commenced husking as soon as the corn was fit to crib, but as Mr. Robinson was without cribs for his whole crop, we were obliged to unload the corn in an open

cattle yard. He was feeding at the time probably one hundred and fifty large steers for the market. His son Henry had charge of the cattle.

Our employer had, I think, about eight different hands in the corn field. Each man was given a team and we all husked by the day. The crop of corn that year was heavy and everything else raised on the farms. Along during the middle of December the weather came in very cold, and the boys had to move pretty lively to keep warm enough and keep up a circulation.

One of the Swede boys was a good cobbler and very handy in fixing or patching up our husking gloves. I remember two of the boys' names, John Brenning and Byron Dexter. They were both good shuckers, but Mr. Dexter was the fastest husker on the farm. He told me he was born in Rockford, Illinois.

An old gentleman lived with Mr. Robinson whom the boys called Uncle Daniel. One evening the boys came in from the corn field and Uncle Daniel came out to meet us. He said, "Boys, I want to tell you that it's just going to be stinging to-night." The boys said, "You're right, Uncle."

Well, we all picked on till near Christmas and the fact is we were all compelled to tie up and quit work until after the holidays. I went to Des Moines after my mail and, as the soldier said, I calculated to stop there until I came back. After the holidays I took my departure over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R., via Davenport and Rock Island, for Shannon, Illinois.

CHAPTER XIII.

At Home in Spring Valley, Carroll County, Ill.—A Martial Band Organized—Teacher of a Public School.

We arrived home near the holidays and found the folks all very well. They were indeed glad to see us again. We found the weather stinging cold when we crossed the Father of Waters at Davenport, to Rock Island, Illinois.

Our duties at home during the winter were to assist the boys with the chores, feeding hogs and cattle, keeping up the fires, and mincing at fried cakes and pumpkin pies occasionally. Anything occurring out of the ordinary in entertainments at Shannon and Freeport we were generally on hand to take them in.

When I came home from the war I bought me a pretty good violin and in a short time I learned to get several tunes out of the instrument. After we had lived in Carroll County some ten or fifteen years, I formed the idea that I would buy another violin, so off we went for Freeport, which city is thirteen miles northeast, via Bolton, from our farm. After I struck the Elizabeth road, some three miles north of Van Brocklin, I met a minister, who invited me to ride with him to Freeport. A snow storm set in before I reached the Elizabeth road, but everybody knows that a soldier and a preacher were generally compelled to face the storm—the preacher to expound the scriptures for the salvation of his flock and the soldier to move and march on to save his country.

Well, about 9 o'clock we were in Freeport and before noon we were at one of the music stores and picked out a

pretty good violin, which outfit cost us five dollars. We left the city for home at about 5 o'clock P. M., arriving in Spring Valley at 10 P. M.

Still a Farmer, or Tiller of the Soil.

We now had a fife and violin in the house. My youngest brother, John, practiced on the fife frequently, and soon learned to play a tune on the instrument. Hooker's Human Physiology gave an account of a great German musician's advice to young men. He declared that young folks should practice blowing on wind instruments, as he knew from his own experience that they would greatly strengthen the lungs and prove a preventive against consumption.

Our liesure time during this period was passed in reviewing our studies, arithmetic, grammar, history, physiology, sifting the newspapers, and on Sundays reading religious books and the bible.

The ministers of different denominations would call to see us occasionally, with whom we would have a pleasant talk on general information. At different times I wrote the Hon. James A. Rose, Secretary of State, for state documents, Attorney General's reports, and the Illinois Session Laws. One time he sent me some seventy-five volumes of state reports and requested me to distribute a lot of them to my friends and teachers of the public schools. They consisted of the reports of state institutions, state Normal schools, World's Fair Commission and state superintendents, all very interesting reports. The reports of the State Board of Charities contain some of the most beautiful and eloquent addresses that we ever read. In the meantime we took the agency for some standard books and bibles. We sold Deeds of Daring by Blue and Gray, Cobbin's Bible Commentary, and carried at one time a combination prospectus of one hundred and fifty books on history and biography, from St. Louis.

A Martial Band Organized in Spring Valley.

We having had considerable experience as a fifer for martial bands in Pennsylvania and Illinois, the boys thought we might just as well organize a drum corps, or martial band. One of our neighbor boys, Eli H. Moll, bought the

first snare or kettle drum and soon afterwards Joseph C. Templeman, who married one of Eli's sisters, Susan V. Moll, bought himself a good kettle drum. We now needed a bass drummer. Accordingly Oliver B. Chitty, of Spring Valley, inquired around and heard of a good bass drum, which he bought at a reasonable price. We practiced, giving concerts at our neighbors every week, in Spring Valley, and the boys soon came rapidly to the front as good practical drummers. After the boys could knock off Yankee Doodle and other familiar tunes, we were soon invited to Shannon, Lanark, Mount Carroll, Savanna and Freeport, to play for political meetings and rallies. Of course it seemed considerable fun and amusement for the boys to attend the rallies and they seemed to enjoy them hugely, occasionally. Along after the year 1880, our bass drummer, Benjamin Chitty, packed up his worldly possession, and informed the boys that he was going to emigrate to Tama County, Iowa. We soon found another bass boy, George W. Willfong having bought Mr. Chitty's drum. The band now consisted of two fifers and three drummers. We played at Shannon, at different times, and some of the young men from town and country declared they liked our music better than the brass band. In the course of time the band got scattered and emigrated to Iowa, all except Mr. Eli Moll.

A New Church in Spring Valley.

In the spring of 1884 the Rev. George W. Willfong, formerly of Genesee Grove, Carroll County, Ill., started a movement for the erection of a new church in Spring Valley, Carroll County, Ill. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions from the farmers and from all denominations and friends in Cherry Grove Township who might become interested in the project. After canvassing the township and county considerable funds were promised, enough to guarantee the success of the worthy project and the erection of the church. At first the intention was that the church should be of the United Brethren persuasion. For a number of years school exhibitions and revivals were held at the Valley school house, before the church was completed. In the course of time, after the new church was finished, a minister was appointed to hold regular services every Sabbath. Ser-

vices were held in the forenoon at Shannon and at about 2 o'clock P. M. at Spring Valley. Sunday School services are now held in the forenoon and preaching in the evening.

It seems the United Brethren persuasion, which built and controlled the edifice, became involved financially and eventually were obliged to sell the church property to the Methodist Episcopal denomination, which settled the incumbrance and soon began to make the required improvements on the buildings. The church is well furnished and finely located, four miles northwest of Shannon. The Spring Valley cemetery was located two miles west, adjoining the farm of our excellent neighbor and citizen, Samuel Leonard.

1875 to 1880.

Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia

The year 1876, which closed the first hundred years of our national existence was looked forward to with great hopes, and preparations were made for celebrating it by a great exhibition of the industries of all nations at Philadelphia, where a series of splendid buildings were erected in Fairmount Park. It was formally opened on May 10th, 1876, and was visited by thousands from all parts of the country.

A Teacher of a Public School in Loran, Stephenson Co., Ill.

In the spring of 1876, we made application to the directors of Hershey's school in Loran Township, Stephenson County, Ill., to teach their school during the summer term. The honorable board of directors, Mr. James Barklow, John and Mr. Jacob Penticoff, informed me that if I could procure a certificate from the county superintendent, Hon. Johnson Potter, I could have their school. We said, "All right, gentlemen, we shall soon consult Mr. Potter and stand the examination for a certificate."

We soon visited Mr. Johnson Potter, who then made his home at Davis, Stephenson County. He informed me when the examination would take place at the Court House in the city of Freeport, Illinois. I doubted myself whether I would be qualified to stand the examination and get the certificate, but the superintendent told his intimate friends and farmers

that I was capable and qualified for teaching common schools. The great statesman, James A. Garfield, when a teacher once remarked, that those young men in his school who doubted their ability to master their problems, always became the best and most reliable men. We received two certificates.

Having procured and secured a good boarding house at the home of Mr. Jacob Penticoff and family, who lived about two miles southeast of Hershey's school, we proceeded to take charge of the same about the middle of May, 1876. We had under our charge twenty-two pupils, but our average attendance was ten pupils, boys and girls. The branches taught were reading, spelling, arithmetic, penmanship, grammar and geography. A number of visitors called to see me at different times, among whom was the county superintendent, Hon. Johnson Potter, of Davis, Illinois. Mr. Potter was a graduate of Lawrence University at Appleton, Wisconsin. He was a veteran of Company I of the 74th Illinois Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. He was conceded to be a splendid, good man, kind and obliging to all around him and withal a finely educated gentleman, and his wife seemed to be a most excellent and exemplary lady.

Of course I was particular in my methods of teaching to advance my pupils in the rudiments of a common school education as rapidly as possible. When they did not come regular and sometimes remained at home, I always doubled the recitations and lessons for all others who attended school. I had a splendid, good boarding place; Mr. Penticoff and his lady were kind and good to me, and I was very sorry and much regretted her untimely demise some ten years ago. A few years ago Mr. Penticoff sold his farm and he and his daughter, Rose, a kind, good girl, now make their home in Lanark. High lives in Iowa and Frank, who married Miss Holmes, lives in Freeport, Ill.

The Fourth of July in Freeport, and Robinson's Circus.

In 1876 the Fourth of July came in on Sunday and of course either Saturday or Monday had to be observed for the patriotic demonstration. Having closed our school for the harvest vacation, we decided we would go to Freeport, to

see the big ostrich and wild animals. Well, indeed, the show was up-to-date and the clown, John Holland, was away out of sight. He was funny, comical, sharp and fine looking; of course, something doing all the time. Ladies and gentlemen all around were highly entertained. Two gentlemen came into the show wearing new straw hats. "Here," said the clown, "comes the Fourth of July." We told our friends years afterwards that it was the best practical circus that we had ever seen in the west.

Freeport had no celebration that year, but other surrounding towns and cities observed the great event. We have heard people remark that over ten years ago Freeport got up some big celebrations, but the current opinion prevails that the citizens are becoming very indifferent and unconcerned of late years.

During the fall of 1876 (the Centennial year) a national contest for the Presidency between two rival candidates was pending. R. B. Hayes of Ohio, with his associate, Wm. A. Wheeler, was declared by the Republicans to be elected in a scattering contest. His popular vote was 4,033,950. Samuel J. Tilden (Democrat) received 4,284,885 votes. The disputed vote was settled by an electoral commission, which awarded Hayes one hundred and eighty-five electoral votes and Mr. Tilden one hundred and eighty-four.

CHAPTER XIV.

Illinois State Fair at Freeport, 1877-1878—Trip to Peoria and Knox Counties—Soldiers Reunion at Aurora, Ill.

The Illinois State Agricultural Society resolved to hold the next State Fair at Freeport, in September, to continue for two years, 1877-1878. Black Republicans, Black Democrats, Abolitionists, Prohibitionists and Yankees, all seemed to unite individually and collectively to make the Fair a grand success. Down town everything wore a gala day appearance, stores and houses being decorated with flags and bunting. The Fair was held at Taylor's Park, East Freeport. Complete preparations were made for accommodating an immense crowd. All passenger trains entering the city were immensely crowded, and vast throngs of people from all the adjoining states visited the great Fair. The fine displays of blooded stock, educational exhibits and agricultural implements were unexcelled by any state. Our most intimate friends and relatives all admitted that the State Fair was a grand exhibition and entertainment from start to finish.

One of the most prominent and distinguished men we met on the fair grounds was Gen. Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois. He served as a Lieutenant in the Mexican War, and was in the battles of Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo. He was a State Senator in the Illinois Legislature. On the outbreak of the Civil War he was appointed Colonel of the 8th Illinois Infantry, and subsequently promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and to that of Major General. He was

one of the leading War Governors of Illinois and was U. S. Senator from 1873 to 1879. He commanded the 16th Army Corps from April, 1863, to May, 1864.

Marriage of Ellen A. Straub to Alfred Whitacre.

In the summer of 1877 my sister Ellen was married to Alfred Whitacre, formerly of Muncy Township, Lycoming County, Pa. They were married by the Rev. James Tre-watha of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Shannon, Ill. Mr. Whitacre turned his attention to farming in Illinois, until about 1881, when in the spring of that year, he decided to emigrate to Boone County, Nebraska, and enter a home-
stead claim in that section of the State.

He entered a claim of one hundred and sixty acres about twenty-five miles northwest of Albion (the county town) on which he continued to live for several years. He thinks he made a mistake in settling in that locality, as a portion of the country in the northern part of the state was of a barren and inferoir quality. However, he thought by the cultivation of a good garden and raising vegetation he would be able to pull through and have an honest living.

He had two sons, Henry and John, and one daughter, Bessie, all of whom moved to Nebraska with their parents. Henry was born on the John G. Heisel farm, in Spring Valley, in March, 1878, four miles northwest of Shannon. Bessie was born in Shannon, Jan. 10th, 1880. John was born in Dekalb County, Illinois. In the spring of 1883 they returned to Illinois, and bought a home in Mill Grove, Stephenson County, Illinois, where they continued to live for some three years, after which they sold out their property and moved to Shannon. Bessie married William W. Whitmore of Shannon. They have one son, Claude, and reside in Shannon. They have a fine home of their own, which they purchased several years ago. Mr. Whitmore is a carpenter and joiner and a good practical workman.

An Outing and Visit to Peoria and Knox Counties.

During the second year of the Illinois State Fair at Freeport, we were visiting with our Uncle and Aunt Mrs. Hester J. and John B. Adlum, who lived about three miles north-east of French Grove, Peoria County, Illinois. We took the

train at Shannon and run to Rock Island at which latter city we changed cars on the Peoria & Rock Island Railroad for Wyoming Junction, on the Buda & Rushville branch of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. We then passed through to Brimfield, Peoria County. We then had six miles northwest to go to our uncle's farm and home.

It was eleven years since I had seen my uncle and aunt. When he came west and settled in Peoria County, he bought eighty acres of fine land. The property had on it pretty good fair buildings, house and barn. The county was a good one, great depth of soil and highly productive. The county was considered one of the great hay and corn belts of Illinois. Well, we had an interesting visit and a jolly good time. Occasionally we would mount a good horse, ride to French Grove and get my uncle's mail. Moniea was six miles east and Elmwood about twelve miles southwest. My aunt had a cousin in Brimfield, Mr. John Brisbin, who had a good violin which he loaned me during the winter. My uncle and aunt for pastime would engage in a game of cards and of course I was obliged to keep up an expression and entertain them with a little music alder while. A young lady, Miss Kate Montgomery and Mr. Wm. Brooks lived with them during the winter. They were good company, and in a few years were married and engaged in farming in Peoria Coutny.

When spring came we worked around the country on the farm, both by the day and month. Finally we branched off and went through the haying and harvest season in south of Galva, Henry County. There was a settlement about seven miles southwest of Galva, known as the Collinson Settlement. They were nearly all rich, fine horses, kind and good people, and pretty girls. Well, we got acquainted in the neighborhood with some of the Illinois veterans and we thought we might just as well settle down and make ourselves at home.

In the fall of the year we saw in the papers that a big soldiers' re-union would be held at Amboy in Lee County, Illinois. We thought as the time was set for the meeting to come off after harvest, we would light in on the town and see the demonstration. A fine band from Downers Grove and the Dixon Cornet Band were in attendance, discoursing some patriotic music for the people and ex-soldiers.

A very interesting sham battle was fought, all of which elicited the applause of the visitors. Amboy was surely in holiday attire and her visitors were highly entertained. Gen. John A. Logan was in attendance and made a very able and patriotic address. He seemed to be the hero of the hour, and was royally welcomed by the veterans and Grand Army of the Republic. The re-union lasted three days, and was an all around decided success.

We remained about two days and then returned home to Altoona, Knox County, Illinois.

After we passed out of Peoria County into Knox, we looked around for a job of haying. We met an English gentleman by the name of Charles Dudley. He was exchanging work with a Scotch gentleman by the name of Gilbert McKee. Mr. Dudley only had about one day's haying. He made me a liberal offer to help him wind up his hay crop, which I accepted on the spot, until harvest came on. From Mr. Dudley's we went to Mr. McKee's, and finished up his hay crop. McKee had a job of tiling on hand for which he needed another man to assist him in the construction of the drainage. Ere long harvest came on and Mr. Simeon Collinson wanted more men to help him shock up his grain. He hired two or three extra men during harvest. He had one of his cousins, Samuel Graham, from Indiana, working for him by the month. With Philip Gibbs, one of his neighbors, he had a full set of shockers. After harvest Mr. Collinson had some hay to put up, for which job he hired another good man, Joseph Gibbs, a brother to Philip. Joseph Gibbs was loading on the wagon. One of the pitchers threw onto the hay wagon a big black snake, about six feet long. Joe thrust his fork into him and slammed him down onto the ground, where the pitchers soon killed him on the spot.

After haying and harvesting, the threshing season came on. In order to get hands all around, farmers exchanged work with one another. The weather came in intensely hot and one day four or five men took sick, prostrated with the heat. The machine was compelled to stop running for several hours. The women scolded the threshers, said it was too hot to thresh.

In the course of time the threshing season was completed and the farmers made happy from the facts that they were blessed with good crops of everything on the

farm. The ladies and children stepped into their fine buggies and visited their friends and relatives. The young ladies sounded their organs and pianos, and when they were weary of practicing they were good girls and on the Sabbath attended the village church.

Our next employment was to help Philip Gibbs husk out his corn crop. Mr. Gibbs had good corn that season; indeed there was excellent crops in the whole county. In a few days we were notified that Mr. James McGann, who lived about six miles east of Altoona, Knox County, wanted a reliable man to work for him during the fall. We called to see him, and decided to live with him during the fall and winter 1878-1879. His wife was an interesting daughter of the venerable Simeon Collinson, who was one of the wealthiest farmers in Knox County. Our work consisted in cutting and sawing stove wood, and attending to and feeding hogs and cattle. Here I had one of the best places I ever lived.

Mr. McGann's brother-in-law (Henry Collinson) owned the farm on which he lived, 160 acres. The farm was four miles north of Victoria and seven miles southwest of Galva, Henry Co., Illinois.

The winter (if we recollect correctly) was open and mild, though we had some very good sleighing occasionally. In the spring 1879, Mr. McGann made me a very liberal offer to work for him for five months, or after harvest. I accepted his terms, and went to work. Our first work was seeding and getting ready for corn planting. After we had finished seeding and planting corn, a terrible drouth prevailed, which continued for over a month.

A Farmer in Knox County, Ill.—A Telegram from Home.

Owing to the unexpected drouth, McGann declared he would keep out of the cornfield. He thought ploughing corn during a drouth would do no good, but our opinion is that corn should be cultivated, even in dry weather, as the plowing kills the weeds and is a great help to the growth of the corn crop. Well, some cultivated their corn and moved right along, and in the course of time the weather indicated rain, and indeed, when it came it was thankfully received and the farmers were surely relieved. After fine refreshing

showers, the corn began to brighten up and changed its color to a dark green, and by the middle of September the opinion prevailed that we should have a booming crop. Oats, wheat, rye and potatoes were all a good fair yield.

On the 14th of July, we received a telegram from Shannon that our dear mother was not expected to live. The dispatch was delivered to me by a couple of gentlemen from Altoona. I replied to the telegram that if mother was any better would rather not come. The distance, via Rock Island and Galva, was about one hundred and fifty miles, sothwest. We received a second dispatch, which read, "Your mother is dead, come home immediately." We took the first train at Altoona, on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., for Galva, at which latter place we changed cars onto the Peoria & Rock Island R. R., arriving home eight hours after the funeral. The telegram should have been sent about two days sooner. Mother had been sick for a couple of years. She was up and around and frequently recovered. She contracted a sudden stroke of appoplexy from which recovery seemed to be impossible. She had a large circle of intimate friends in Pennsylvania and Illinois, all of whom greatly regreted her sudden demise.

Great Soldiers' Reunion at Aurora, Illinois.

The second annual encampment of the Soldiers' Reunion Association of the Northwest commenced at Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, August 20, 21 and 22, 1879, and held three days.

The following was the official program for the three days:

Wednesday, Aug. 20th, morning—Reports, organization of camp, equipment of companies and assignment of quarters, 1 P. M. dinner, 2 P. M. national salute, 3 P. M. company and battalion drill, 6 o'clock P. M. dress parade.

Thursday, Aug. 21st, sunrise—Morning gun, 5 A. M. reveille, 6 A. M. breakfast call, 7 A. M. sick call, 8 A. M. guard mount, 8:30 A. M. organization of camp and companies perfected, 9 A. M. rifle shooting for veteran organization, 9:30 A. M. company and battalion drill, 10:30 A. M. address of welcome by Gov. Shelby M. Cullom and response by Hon. John C. Sherwin, member of Congress, 12:30 P. M.

dinner, 1 P. M. national salute, 2 P. M. competitive drills for prizes of silk flags by veteran and militia organizations (veterans not restricted as to tactics, militia restricted to Upton's tactics), 3 P. M. address to soldiers and sailors by Major Gen. John A. Logan, 4 P. M. skirmish fighting and artillery and batallion drill, 5 P. M. our ten exhibition drill, 6 P. M. dress parade.

Friday, Aug 22d, sunrise—Morning gun, 5 A. M. reveille, 6 A. M. breakfast call, 7 A. M. sick call, 8 A. M. guard mount, 9 A. M. rifle shooting by rifle clubs and others, 10 A. M. grand review of all veterans (led by Robert Henry Hendershot, the "Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock," and Fife Major Coolidge) and militia lead by Gov. Cullom and staff, Lieut. Gen. Sheridan and staff and other prominent Military men, in front of the amphitheatres; 12:30 P. M. dinner, 2 P. M. speaking from grand stand, by Generals Oglesby, Farnsworth, Hurlbut, Beveridge, Gen. Edw. Bragg and others, 4 o'clock P. M. grand sham battle and capture of Confederate Fort Wade; Commander of Union forces, Gen. O. L. Mann; Commander of Confederate troops, Gen. T. J. Henderson; Commander of Veteran Brigade, Gen. H. Hiliard; Commander G. A. R., Col. E. D. Swain; Commander of Illinois National Guard, Gen. J. T. Torrence; Camp Richard Yates, Gen. S. B. Shearer.

Everything was prepared for the soldiers on a grand scale. Beside numerous private eating houses and stands, the grand mess hall held 2,000 at one sitting. Here arrangements were made to cook fifty bushels of potatoes at one time, twenty barrels of coffee and ten barrels of tea, every twenty minutes, thirty bushels of beans at one time, and everything else on the same grand scale. For the soldiers' mess hall, 500 bushels of potatoes, 90 beefs, 150 bushes of beans, 10 barrels of pickels and bread by the car load, were on hand. Meals being furnished for the boys in blue, for three days, for seventy-five cents.

Down town everything wore a gala day appearance, stores and houses being decorated with flags and bunting, while in the business portion a dozen arches, trimmed with evergreens and bearing mottoes and welcomes, spanned the streets and bridges.

The reunion was held on the fair grounds, about one and one-half miles south of the city, in a beautiful natural

grove, and was well supplied with water from an artesian well. Complete preparations were made for accommodating an immense crowd. It was reported that 80,000 people attended on Friday, the last day, and probably 40,000 soldiers, including the National Guards, during the three days. The weather was fine, nights warm, and a pleasant refreshing breeze all the time.

The distinguished guests attending the reunion were, Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, his lady and staff, Mrs. Col. Grant, Gen. Logan, Gen. Oglesby, Gov. Cullom, Gen. Bragg, Gen. Farnsworth, Gen. Torrence, Gen. Strong, Gen. Harrison, Gen. Henderson, Robert Henry Hendershot, and Old Abe, of the 8th Wisconsin Infantry, (the Wisconsin War Eagle).

Quite a number of organized veteran companies attended the reunion. Probably about two hundred different regiments from different States were represented.

Every soldier was requested to register his name, giving company and regiment.

William Young, a triple hero, from Decatur, Illinois, also attended the reunion. That gentleman informed us that he would be eighty years of age in March, 1880. Mr. Young was in the war of 1812, the Mexican War and the late Civil War. He was escorted to headquarters where he was viewed with admiration and astonishment by visitors and everybody.

Lieut. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan arrived on the grounds at about two o'clock P. M. on Friday, accompanied by his wife and Col. Fred Grant and lady. He was highly honored by a national salute from a Joliet battery of sixteen guns.

Old Abe, the War Eagle, was a wonder. His keeper and protector, Marks Smith, who lost a leg at the battle of the Wilderness, informed us that he was about eighteen years of age, and the survivor of many battles in which his regiment was engaged and was shot and crippled several times. He is on exhibition at the State War Museum at Madison, Wisconsin, where he died a number of years ago.

CHAPTER XV.

From the Farm to Lombard University, Galesburg—Enumerator on Tenth U. S. Census—On the Jury.

On our return home to Knox County, we took sick with summer complaint, or dysentery. We were seized with violent pains while on the cars. Of course we had no medicine and could get none until we reached Mendota, at the crossing of the Illinois Central and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. But the study of chemistry and medical books for a couple of years, teaches a person and imparts to him a knowledge of plain home common sense. We had no time to consult a doctor, could hardly walk, but we had about five minutes when the train stopped, to drink a glass of good brandy. In less than ten minutes the pain and distress were over. But we were sick after we got home for nearly a week.

We remained with Mr. McGann, on the farm, until about the first of September. Having considerable loose change coming after working during the summer season, we finally thought we might just as well attend college up to near the holidays. Accordingly we packed our trunk and went to Altoona, which town is sixteen miles north of Galesburg on the C. B. and Quincy R. R. I think I had a few standard school books with me, which I had brought from home. I know we had Lossing's Centennial History of the United States. Well, we boarded the train and

run into the City of Galesburg. After the college closed at about four o'clock we consulted the Rev. Nehemiah White, President of the University, and Prof. Parker, teacher of Latin. They asked me what course of studies I desired to take up. I informed them that I wanted to study arithmetic, grammar, reading, elocution and rhetoric. They told me to go to the book store and get Green's Grammar, Robinson's Progressive Higher Arithmetic and Quackenbos' Composition and Rhetoric. I purchased the above books at Knowles' book store.

Mr. McGann had a brother in Galesburg, William McGann., Esq, who had graduated at Lombard in the law department. He advised me to attend that institution, as it was a fine college and not crowded so much as was Knox College. I at first secured a good boarding place about one mile west of the college. I roomed with two other students, one of whom was studying for the medical profession, but in the course of a month I became acquainted with a young student by the name of John H. Miles, who proposed to me that we rent a room together and board ourselves. There was a good substantial brick building between the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and the college, one-half mile southwest, with cellar and two stories high. Well, Mr. Miles and myself rented a good room in the second story. Our board and rent cost us about one dollar and a half each a week. We had a book stand and a good little stove and a good bed. Mr. Miles' parents lived at Henderson, seven miles northwest of the city. On Friday evenings at the close of school he generally went home over Sunday, returning to school Sunday evenings. He always returned with a few extra refreshments, such as good butter, cake and good pie.

After I had supper I was in the habit of walking to town awhile for exercise and provisions. The students had told Mr. Miles and I to watch out, as it had been reported that our brick boarding house was spooked occasionally. On Saturday evening I came home from town and thought I would investigate the cellar. It was probably between 9 and 10 o'clock. I first went into the cellar, then examined the rooms. I heard nothing nor saw nothing. All was quiet on the Potomac. The students called to see me on Sunday afternoons.

Lombard University is located about one mile east by south of the heart of Galesburg. The building is three stories in height and is said to occupy the highest point in the city. The University was organized in 1851 at Galesburg. When we attended, the college was controlled by the Universalists. It is now undenominational (independent).

President or Chairman of Faculty, Lewis B. Fisher, D. D. Number of instructors in 1897, eighteen; number of students, one hundred and fifty-six; number of volumes in library, 8,000. President of College and Faculty and roster of instructors in 1879: Rev. Nehemiah White, D. D., Prof. John V. W. Standish, Prof. Parker, Prof. Theodore Stevens, chemistry and German; Miss Mary J. Claycomb, mathematics and rhetoric; Miss M. J. Boyle, instructor of music.

The city of Galesburg is the county seat of Knox County, Illinois, and contains about It is one of the divisions of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., one hundred and sixty-four miles southwest of Chicago, and forty-three miles east of Burlington, Iowa, and the Mississippi River. The place is frequently called the College City, doubtless deriving its name from its first-class high schools and colleges. The city is also the seat of Knox College, one of the first-class and most flourishing institutions in the state.

We have frequently read in books and newspapers that history repeats itself, and right here we shall prove it. When we were at Lombard College in 1879, Col. William J. Bryan was attending Illinois College at Jacksonville. The opinion now prevails that it is more than admiration the city gives Mr. Bryan. He is remembered in Jacksonville with an ardor of personal loyalty and affection such as few men ever receive.

From Lombard College to the Farm Again.

After the fall term of three months at the college, we returned to the farm again, six miles east of Altona and four miles north of Victoria. James McGann had about twenty-five acres of good corn to husk and crib. Shucking or picking corn gives a man a good appetite, and is an excellent tonic for exercising and strengthening the muscular

system. We have seen the time when we could pick two good loads, but that time is passed.

Now, we wish to advise young men (corn pickers) to remain out of the corn field when a white frost comes. Mr. Fred Kramer used to tell the boys in Spring Valley a good story of a young man and an Irish gentleman, both of whom hitched up a team in south of Shannon and drove into the corn field one white, frosty morning. A white frost is worse than two or three inches of snow on the corn. Mr. Kramer said the two men had husked quite a distance into the corn, when soon their gloves got wet and hands cold. The Irish gentleman picked a big ear and threw it with force against the front end of the wagon, "Here, Jimmy," says he, "take home the horses, I'll perish meself for no man."

When the weather was good we remained in the corn field, early and late, and finished husking McGann's corn crop about the middle of November. We remained with the Scotchman a short time doing chores for our board. One day I said, "James, you will please take me to Galva. I think I shall go home to Carroll County and remain during the winter." He said, "You can live right here if you wish, instead of going home."

President R. B. Hayes held the government reins at that time, and I had formed the idea that I would make application for a position on the tenth U. S. census, about the beginning of January, 1880.

1880 to 1885.

Enumerator on Tenth U. S. Census, Cherry Grove Township.

We left Galva, Illinois, a few days before Thanksgiving Day, 1879, and came to Shannon over the Peoria & Rock Island, and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.. We found our family and all neighbors enjoying their usual health and we know of nothing occurring during the holidays of any consequence. After the holidays we consulted the Hon. David H. Sunderland, in regard to the appointment of census enumerators. Mr. Sunderland acknowledged the receipt of our letter and informed us that no encouragement could be given us just now.

The matter rested until spring. On the approach of spring we went to Freeport and had an interview with Mr. Sunderland in person. My name was soon sent to Gen. Francis Walker at Washington, D. C., who had been appointed General Superintendent of the Tenth U. S. Census. On or about the first of May a commission was sent us, informing us that we had been appointed an enumerator for the Township of Cherry Grove, Carroll County, Illinois. The commission was signed by the supervisor and was approved by the superintendent, authorizing and empowering him to execute and fulfill the duties of an enumerator in accordance with law, and setting forth the boundaries of the subdivision within which such duties were to be performed by him. The supervisor's district, Second Illinois, was composed of twelve counties in Northern Illinois. Having been supplied by the supervisor with complete outfit, report cards, schedules, etc., we proceeded to take the census of Cherry Grove Township, commencing on the first day of June, 1880.

When we commenced work on the census we traveled on foot over our territory, for the simple reason that we could shorten the distance and save expenses. Our board and lodging cost us from twenty-five to fifty cents a night. We started out on Monday morning and worked ten hours per day until Saturday evening, when we returned home, to remain over Sunday. The work was to be completed during the month of June. The U. S. census is taken every decade or ten years.

Comrade William Corry of Co. D, 55th N. Y. Infantry, was appointed enumerator for Shannon in 1880, and Comrade Reuben Connelly was appointed in 1890. They were both members of Holden Putnam Post No. 646, G. A. R., Department of Illinois. Comrade Connelly died at Berwick, Columbia County, Pa., several years ago.

When the work was finished near the beginning of July, the entire outfit, reports and portfolio, were sent to the supervisor, Hon. David H. Sunderland, at Freeport, to be investigated by him, and then forwarded to Washington to the general superintendent, Gen. Francis Walker.

Some time during September we received a government draft for \$54.72 for our services on tenth census. For his services the supervisor received \$500.00 and the superintendent for services and compensation \$5,000.00.

The number of inhabitants of Cherry Grove Township (my own estimation) was 1,105, government count at Washington, 1,101; Shannon, 714; Milledgeville, 446; Lanark, 1,198; Mt. Carroll, 1,836; Savanna, 1,000; Carroll County, 16,976. The state contained in 1880 3,077,871 inhabitants.

On the Jury at Mount Carroll, September, 1881.

In October, 1881, we were served with summons by George P. Sutton, Sheriff of Carroll County Ill., to appear at the County Court House in Mt. Carroll, at the September term, to serve on the petit jury. William Payne and Martin Willfong were also notified to appear at the same time and place.

At that time the Hon. John V. Eustace was Judge of our Judicial Circuit. A criminal suit was brought into court, which was continued for a couple of days. The petit jury disposed of the case, a fine was imposed on the defendant, and other trials on the docket were brought into court. A number of indictments were presented by the Grand Jury.

About the middle of the week the sad intelligence was conveyed to the county hub, Mt. Carroll, that President James A. Garfield had died at Elberan, New Jersey, on September 19th. Upon receipt of the sad news, Judge Eustace immediately adjourned court until after the funeral, which took place at Cleveland, Ohio. In conversation with the Judge, our Congressman, the late lamented Hon. R. M. A. Hawk, of Mt. Carroll, told Judge Eustace that he was going to attend the funeral at Cleveland. Imposing memorial services were also held at the same time throughout the country.

Our country lost a distinguished Congressman, great statesman and diplomat, who was undoubtedly without a peer on the American continent. The lives of Washington, Lincoln and Garfield, as examples of industry, tact, perseverance, application, energy, economy, honesty, purity, devotion to principle, and triumph over obstacles in a successful career, present a profitable study to the youth and young men of this and other nations. Their names will be forever associated with the history of our Republic.

Great Floods in Western States, Feb. 3d.—Railroad Exposition in Chicago, Opened June 18th.—Two Cent Letter Postage Goes into Effect, Oct. 1st, 1883.—A New Dwelling House Erected on Our Farm by Amos Hemig in the Summer of 1884.

During the winter of 1883-1884 we commenced hauling rock and making the required preparations for the erection of a new dwelling house on our farm in Spring Valley. The proposed plans and dimensions of the building were to be for the south wing sixteen by twenty and north wing sixteen by twenty-six, with cellar under the entire dwelling. The contractor, the late Amos Hemig, employed six men in the construction of the house. The entire expenses for cellar and the construction of the new home, cost about fourteen hundred dollars. The structure will compare favorably with any building in either town or country and would be an ornament to Mount Carroll or Savanna. It is finely located on the southeast corner of section two, contains a dug well of excellent water, and surely presents the appearance of the ideal country home.

After the cellar and house were thoroughly cleaned and prepared for occupancy, we moved into the new home just before the holidays. We had a number of callers and visitors during the winter. Nothing transpired during the holidays of any consequence. Of course we were duty bound to keep apples, doughnuts and pumpkin pies from going to waste, keep up the fires, read the papers, attend revivals occasionally and visit our neighboring towns. A few little sociables, parties, and country dances, violin concerts, etc., were called up occasionally, all of which were fun and amusement for the boys and girls.

1885 to 1890.

*An Overland Outing and Big Tour Through Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Iowa—Tiller of the Soil and Railroader—
A Kansas Harvest Hand.*

In the fall of 1886, after the holidays, we concluded we would pay another visit to our aunt and uncle, six miles west of Monica, and three miles northeast of French Grove.

We boarded the train at Shannon, Ill., and went through to Rock Island, where we changed cars and took the Peoria and Rock Island R. R. for Brimfield, Ill. There was five families in the vicinity of French Grove who were first and second cousins of my mother's and all second cousins of mine, so I spent the winter, calling and visiting friends and relatives.

One of my cousins, Miss Ella Oakes, an educated and refined young lady, formerly of Northumberland County, Pa., was married to a Presbyterian minister and settled at Yates City, Knox County, Ill. She had two smart and educated daughters, both of whom were natural born musicians, and made a specialty of the piano. Of course the minister, Rev. James Smith, was very particular to give his daughters, Amy and Nora, a good practical education.

Mrs. Ella B. Smith had a sister, Sadie Oakes Reed, who married James C. Reed, Sept. 8th, 1875. She was also passionately fond of music and of course they all highly entertained my aunt, Mrs. Hester J. Adlum, and myself with the best in music and refreshments that the markets afforded. Mrs. Sarah Oakes Reed and her sister, Mrs. Ella B. Smith, were formerly from White Deer Valley, Union County, Pa. Mrs. Sadie Reed died January 21st, 1886, near French Grove, Ill. Mrs. Ella B. Smith, after the death of her husband, continued to reside at Yates City, Illinois. Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Rebecca Oakes, passed away near French Grove, Illinois.

Having remained with our uncle and relatives until near spring, we formed the idea that we would leave Peoria County and work our way on towards Kansas, and if we liked the new state, we might probably remain there. After passing out of Peoria County into Knox we called to see a few of our friends, Fauntleroy and Thomas Rice, both of whom had been veteran soldiers from Illinois in the Civil War. Comrade Rice owned a good farm about six miles southwest of Galva. When I came to his place he was engaged in making maple syrup. He had living with him a young man by the name of George Collinson. As Mr. Rice had his farm work to attend to he needed an extra hand to supply Mr. Collinson with plenty of good wood to facilitate the manufacture of the maple syrup. We remained with the ex-soldier about a week or ten days and then went to

Altona to see a couple of kind friends, William Kirby, an ex-soldier, formerly of Kansas, and Henry Collinson, who was a brother-in-law of James McGann's. We had a very good time visiting the latter two gentlemen a few days, before our departure for Kansas. Of course recollections of the army service were quite fully discussed. Mr. Kirby had formerly been at the Soldiers' Homes at Leavenworth and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Henry Collinson owned the farm on which Mr. McGann lived, and was living a retired life in Altona, Knox County, Ill. His wife was formerly Miss Jeanette McKee, a Scotch lady, and sister of Gilbert McKee. About the beginning of May, we went to Galesburg, Illinois, remained over night and the next morning pulled out via Monmouth for Burlington, Iowa.

When we arrived at Burlington, we concluded we would remain over night and in the morning inquire around for a position in some of the shops, or on the street railway. One of the conductors on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. had told me to go to headquarters in Burlington, that was the place to secure employment. One of the head men at the round-house rather flattered me and said he thought I would make a d—d good fireman. Well we looked around and called on the street railroad shops, but the street cars had a full set of men and it seemed there was no flush of work in the city.

Burlington is the county seat of Des Moines County, Iowa, on the west bank of the Father of Waters, and is one of the divisions of the C. B. & Q. R. R. The city contained in 1880 19,450 inhabitants. In 1900 nearly 24,000 souls, in 1904 25,300. As most every school boy and girl of ten years of age have a geographical knowledge of Burlington, we shall pass on to Keokuk.

Keokuk, Iowa, is finely located on the west bank of the Mississippi River, and is the county seat of Lee County, and contained in 1904 14,600 people. The city contains one of the National cemeteries, and is known as the Gate City. But in the language of the stump speaker, "But to refer to the subject."

After leaving Keokuk we crossed the river again and went to Camp Point, Adams County, Ill. Here two good jobs were ready for us, the sawing and splitting up of some six cords of fine maple wood. One of the jobs was given

me by one of the merchants, Mr. Frank W. Blood, and the other one was at the Adams House.

Camp Point is at the junction of the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific and C. B. & Q. railways, twenty miles east of Quincy, Ill. We remained in Camp Point probably some thirty days. The town contained about 1,100 people, and was surrounded by a fine farming country. The Wabash railroad from Springfield connected with the C. B. & Q., and ran over the latter road, twenty miles, to Quincy, Ill.

About the first of May we boarded the train again and ran into Quincy. Here we purchased a ticket over the C. B. & Q. for Monroe City, Missouri, forty miles west of Quincy. We arrived in the latter place about 5 o'clock P. M., where we took supper and remained in the town until about 8 o'clock. Monroe City, Monroe County, Mo., contained in 1880 about 1,000 people.

At about 9 o'clock we proceeded to the depot of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R. R. and took the train for Paris, Mo. When we came to this town a band was giving the citizens some good and lively music. The first morning train pulled into town about 8:00 A. M. The agent at the station told the engineer to give us a little war-whoop this morning. The engineer pulled the throttle and imitated an Indian chief nearly to perfection. Paris is the county seat of Monroe County, Mo., and contained in 1880 nearly 1,250 inhabitants.

At Paris we boarded the train for Moberly, Mo., Randolph County, which contained in 1880 7,800 people. Moberly is an important railroad center on the St. Louis, Kansas City & North, Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific and Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroads. Here we secured a position in the railroad yards of the M. K. & T. The surrounding country is very level and flat as a floor, but the city is well built and commands a good trade.

Before we left Moberly we packed our valise and left it at our boarding house, giving instructions to one of the women to hold it until we should order it, after we arrived in Kansas. We now formed the idea, in order to avoid the extreme heat through the day time, that we would travel on foot, anyhow as far as Sedalia. We made about ten or twelve miles before dark, to the first town, Higbee, Randolph County, where the Chicago & Alton crosses the M. K.

& T. At the latter town we took supper and then proceeded on our way towards the Missouri River, passing through the villages of Burtan, Fayette and Franklin, reaching Boonville, Cooper County, on the Missouri River, at about dark. Here we boarded the ferry-boat and crossed the river to the city.

Boonville contained in 1904, estimated, 4,377 people. A battle was fought at this town in 1861 between the union forces under the gallant Gen. Lyon and the Confederates under Gen. Marmaduke, in which the latter was routed and defeated. Indeed we were very tired that night, but after supper we put up or secured a good bed at the Washington House, and slept as sound as a rock. A short time before bed time a fearful hail storm set in from the northwest, which cooled off the air and the next day was fine weather.

We left Boonville about 9 o'clock A. M. and reached Pilot Grove, the next town, about 4 o'clock P. M. Here was a nice little town and good farming country and we concluded we would remain over Sunday and get a job on a farm. On Monday we consulted a gentleman who lived near town and he told me he needed a man to plow his corn near town. His corn was coming on fine, but needed cultivation. He had a little pony plow which was no account in the corn-field. We plowed the man's corn, but with the pony plow it was impossible to make good work.

At the end of two weeks we took leave of Pilot Grove and proceeded on our way for Kansas. One Sunday evening we attended services at the colored church. The first town reached was Pleasant Green, next Clifton and Beaman. At the latter village we took the regular train for Sedalia. Before we reached Beaman we passed a watering station, known as Devil's Glen. The station was surrounded by a dense woods or forest. It was a dismal looking station. Some years after our return to Illinois we read an account in some paper, of a passenger train being held up after night and robbed while taking on water.

We reached Sedalia, the county seat of Pettus County at 4 o'clock P. M. The train remained at the depot about one hour. The State Fair is held annually at Sedalia, and the city was used as a U. S. military station during the Civil War. Shops of the Missouri Pacific and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroads are located here, and there are also

iron works, foundries, beef and pork packing establishments, a distillery, breweries, flour and woolen mills, and manufactories of shoes, carriages, overalls, trousers and shirts. Estimated population in 1906, 15,927.

We left Sedalia at 5:00 P. M. and before reaching Nevada City we passed through the following villages and towns: Camp Branch, Green Ridge, Windsor, Calhoun, Lewis, Clinton, Montrose, Appleton, Rockville, Schell City, Walker's, Nevada and Deerfield. We arrived at Fort Scott, Kansas, at 10 o'clock A. M., Monday, May 24th, 1886, and went to a good restaurant in the city. We remained until 5:00 P. M., when we boarded the train for Walnut, twenty-six miles southwest of Fort Scott.

One of our sole objects in running down to Walnut was to call and see a few particular friends and comrades. Mr. Ambrose Bundy and his family lived at the latter place. Mr. George Bollinger lived in the vicinity of Porterville, also Jacob Brenner and William D. Gemmill. Messrs. Bundy, Brenner and Gemmill were all in the great Civil War.

I think it was Saturday, May 24th, when I went to Walnut, Crawford County, Kansas. We remained over Sunday with Mr. Bundy and his family. I was indeed glad to see all of these folks. They had all removed from Illinois, County of Carroll, to Kansas, over fifteen years ago. Of course I found the folks all reasonably well and prospering. I was also sure when among my friends that they could find me work in a very short time.

CHAPTER XVI.

Tour of Missouri, Kansas and Iowa—1887, Return to Illinois—1888, Election of Harrison.

Walnut was a thriving young town and surrounded by a fine fertile country. The next week Mr. Gemmill happened to be down to Walnut and I returned to Porterville with him, and called to see my other friends. We first went home with Mr. Brenner, who lived near Porterville. He had a fine piece of corn, probably some forty acres, which needed some cleaning out with the hoes, weeding out, etc. After a few days' work with the hoes his corn field began to boom and grow rapidly. But his corn was quite clean and did not require much cultivation. He owned one hundred and sixty acres of good land, was married, and had a fine young daughter about fifteen years of age. Mr. Brenner was County Commissioner and served one term in the Kansas Legislature from Bourbon County. Mr. Brenner has one sister living in Shannon, Mrs. Wm. Gemmill.

We next called to see Mr. George Bollinger and Mr. William D. Gemmill, both of whom owned good farms in Bourbon County. Mr. Bollinger gave me work for about one week, trimming a hedge fence. He lived about one mile south of Porterville.

Soon we were told that a gentleman by the name of Page wanted a man to plow corn for him. He lived about one mile east of Mr. Bollinger's. We shall have to say to our readers that wages were very low in Kansas; the best hands were getting for farm work from ten to fifteen dollars only

per month. But we were in the state, for the present, at that time, and were obliged to work for what we could get until we could do better. Mr. Page had a good team of horses. We hitched them onto the plow and went to work. The corn was about six inches high and seemed to be growing finely. In a couple of days we experienced something we had never observed before, the hot winds coming in from the Rocky Mountains. We stopped the team. The winds lasted some ten minutes, about half a minute apart. The winds were exactly like the old Pennsylvania bake ovens, just before the bread was put into the oven. Some men claim the winds destroy the entire crops in Kansas and Texas.

On about the first of June we settled with Mr. Page and concluded we would leave the state and pass into Iowa, and get better wages. We first called to see Mr. Wm. D. Gemmill. Mr. Gemmill's wife was a sister to Edward Truckenmiller and Robert, of Shannon, and Charles, of Freeport. Mr. Gemmill owned a large farm in Bourbon County. He had been on a visit to Illinois several times before he died, some three years ago. His friends and relatives were very sorry when they received the sad news.

We bade Mr. Brenner and Mr. Gemmill good-bye and started on foot and alone for Lawrence on the Kansas River. We passed through the country probably some four miles west of Fort Scott, crossed the Marmaton River, passed through Union town, Kinkade and into Richmond.

At the latter town we waited for the regular train and purchased a ticket at the Kansas City and Southwestern depot for Ottawa. Pulled into the latter city about 7:00 P. M. and took supper at a good restaurant. We left Ottawa about 9 o'clock P. M. for Lawrence, arriving at the latter city about noon the next day, on Sunday.

We went directly to a good restaurant on one of the Main streets for dinner—we had had no breakfast—and it was high time to have dinner. When crossing the street for dinner, we were followed by two men. We had a small valise with us, in which we carried extra shirts, soap, razor and stockings. The men who followed me were both farmers. One of the men was Wm. Spurgeon, a farmer, who told me he lived six miles west of Lawrence, and was farming a large farm. He informed me that the young man with him had a

crop of wheat in Missouri, which he had to go and harvest immediately. Mr. Spurgeon told me he wanted to hire me through harvest and stacking. As we were none too flush with loose change we made a bargain with him on the spot to work for him until after harvest at going wages. Spurgeon had two good horses with him, both saddled, on which he and his hand had rode to town in the morning. We remained in Lawrence until about 2 o'clock P. M., when we mounted the horses and rode out to the farm. Mr. Spurgeon told me that he had rented the land and that the farm was owned by a man whose name was Sedgewick.

We arrived at Mr. Sedgewick's big farm about three o'clock P. M. One of Spurgeon's neighbors called to see him and they both seemed to be discussing the agricultural situation at length. Having put the horses in the stable, we thought in the language of the soldier, we might just as well enjoy the quiet walk of life. Having been a Rough Rider during the Civil War, we generally made ourselves at home wherever we lived. I found a good place to lie down and rest myself until chore time. Of course the war being over there was no danger of the horses being captured by the Confederates.

Monday morning we sharpened the hoes. Sedgewick and myself went into the big corn-field, our calculation was to pull up and destroy everything but the corn. Well, indeed, we made a good job of it. The corn was clean and nothing else to be seen, and by the first of June both the weather and the corn were booming.

Our next job was the oats harvest, which Mr. Sedgewick, myself and Mr. Spurgeon shocked up in good shape. He had no wheat, rye or barley out. Oats was a good crop. Some parts of Kansas was well adapted to the growth of nearly all kinds of grain and there was cherries and apples in abundance. The surface of the country was rolling and some parts of the country moderately level. There was a section of country just north of Fort Scott, extending east into Missouri and west into Kansas, composed of a strata of solid rock.

Our next job was stacking the oats, and we exchanged work with one of our nearest neighbors, who had a fine orchard of apple trees. After stacking was over we concluded to leave for Southwestern Iowa.

We took leave of our friends, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Sedgewick and family, I think the tenth of July. Mrs. Sedgewick made me a present of a nice handkerchief before I started for Lawrence. William Spurgeon advised me to speak a good word in praise of their adopted State, Kansas. We promised to do so.

We left the farm about eight o'clock A. M. in the morning, arrived in Lawrence about ten o'clock A. M. in the forenoon. We proceeded to the Union Pacific depot, where we purchased a ticket for Leavenworth, Kansas.

Lawrence City is the county seat of Douglas County, Kansas, 41 miles southwest of Kansas City, built on both sides of the Kansas River. The city is well laid out, with wide, well paved streets, and has many attractive buildings. It is the seat of the Kansas State University.

On August 21st, 1863, a body of Confederate raiders under Quantrell, almost destroyed the town, and killed 123 of its citizens. Estimated population in 1906, 12,123, U. S. census report 1900, 10,862.

We reached the city of Leavenworth probably about eleven o'clock A. M. We were bound for Hamburg, Iowa, and therefore, made no extended sojourn in the city. Leavenworth is the county seat of Leavenworth County, Kansas, twenty-six miles northwest of Kansas City on the Missouri River. It contains the State and United States penitentiaries, the Soldiers' Home for disabled volunteer soldiers and sailors, with a membership of 3,700. The city is also the location of Fort Leavenworth, the last one of the most important military posts of the west. It contains a noted infantry and cavalry school and a National cemetery, in which are over 3,000 graves and nearly 1,500 unknown dead. Estimated population in 1905, 20,900.

On our arrival in the city we went directly to the river and boarded a steamer for East Leavenworth, across the river. When we reached the depot at East Leavenworth we were obliged to lay over there until the arrival of our train from Kansas City, which pulled in about five o'clock P. M.

We boarded the Kansas City, Council Bluffs and St. Joseph R. R. for Hamburg, Fremont County, Iowa. On reaching St. Joseph we were delayed again until about 12:30 A. M. In the course of time our train pulled into the depot

behind time. We had our ticket in our pocket and one of the police inquired where I was going, I told him I was going to Council Bluffs. In about a half hour he asked me again where I was bound for; had he inquired the third time I would have told him it was none of his business where I was going.

It has been twenty-two years since I have been in St. Joseph. The conductor notified me before we pulled into the city that I would have to change cars at St. Joseph. Our train reached Hamburg about daylight the next morning, Sunday. We went up town soon for breakfast. After breakfast was over we stepped out of the restaurant on the sidewalk pavement and noticed a sign at the next door which read, John Melchoir, Boot and Shoemaker. Of course, we knew before that Mr. Melchor was in business in Hamburg, Iowa. In about an hour he came down to the shop. He remembered me. We then shook hands and talked of old time friends in and around Shannon, Illinois. After dinner Melchoir came down to the shop again dressed up like the Mayor of a big town, had on a fine white vest from which a nice watch chain swung to and froe in the summer breeze. Now, he said, Mr. Straub, we shall take a stroll around town and see the sights of Hamburg and vicinity.

We visited different points of interest in and around the town until about four o'clock P. M. On the northwest edge of the town was a high bluff from the top of which a fine view of the Missouri River and surrounding country was afforded. At about three o'clock we went on top of the bluff, we could see Nebraska City on the Missouri River, ten miles west. It was claimed by the citizens of Hamburg that Prospect Hill afforded a fine view of the surrounding country and the Missouri River from thirty-five to forty miles north and south. Hamburg contains two railroads, at the junction of the Red Oak and Nebraska City branch of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and on the Kansas City, Council Bluffs & St. Joseph. It contained 2,000 inhabitants at the census of 1900.

On Monday, July 12th, we left Hamburg for Shenandoah, Page County, Iowa, which town was twenty miles east of Hamburg on the C. B. and Q. R. R. Here is one of the garden spots of Southwestern Iowa. After we arrived at Shenandoah, we were told of a farmer who wanted hands to

help him put up his harvest. He lived some four miles east of town. We were told where he lived and went directly to his farm. The next day we were in the harvest from start to finish. I have forgotten his name. We were paid the regular going wages then prevailing in the country. We helped another farmer in the vicinity afterwards to wind up his crop.

After harvest we met a young man named John Dinsmore, who wanted me to work for him by the month at twenty dollars per month. He exchanged work with a neighbor, George Wood, formerly of Rockford, Illinois. After we had finished harvesting, a terrible drouth came on, which lasted probably a month or more. Mr. Dinsmore wanted his plowing done, but the work was like chasing rabbits up hill in a drouth.

We formed the idea that if it was too dry to plow we would pass into Montgomery County and call to see an intimate friend and formerly a veteran in the Civil War, Mr. James H. Hart, formerly of Stephenson County, Illinois. Mr. Hart lived thirteen miles northeast of Red Oak at that time and owned two big farms in Montgomery County. When we came to Red Oak we met Mr. Hart and lady in town and they invited me to go home with them. It was nearly dark till we got to his place. He had some hay to put up yet, on which job we gave him a lift, a second crop, I think, and very good. While I was at Mr. Hart's place, Mr. Askey, who married a sister of Clark Byington, came over, he used to live at Ridoff, Illinois. But from the fact that it had been some six months since we left that state, I could not give them much late news from their old homes. Mr. Hart and his lady used to be neighbors of ours, and lived near Lost Creek, Loran Township, about one-half mile south of Clark Byington's farm. Of course, they were very sociable and good and kind neighbors. Their first child and daughter Alice, died in Montgomery County, Iowa, after they removed from Illinois. Mr. Hart had a family of eight children when I visited him in Iowa, six girls and two boys.

In consequence of the drouth in the southwestern section of the State, Mr. Hart advised us to go to Omaha, Nebraska. The papers reported a big building boom in the city and any amount of men were required for all kinds of work all over the city. Mrs. Hart was a first-class butter maker and sold

her butter in Red Oak at a good price. When I decided to leave for Omaha, Mrs. Hart and her eldest daughter Cora, had to market their butter in Red Oak. I went with them to town, deciding to proceed immediately to Omaha. I decided to go via Atlantic, the county seat of Cass County, Iowa. The distance between Red Oak and Atlantic was, by railroad, just 33 miles. Atlantic was on the main line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad, 63 miles from Omaha. Right here we wish to inform our dear readers that Atlantic is one of the finest and best built cities in the state of Iowa. It contains a \$50,000 court house, and is surrounded by a highly fertile and beautiful country.

We reached Council Bluffs about nine o'clock in the morning, along about the 1st of September, 1886. We remained in the city until after dinner, when we proceeded to the Union Pacific depot, about one mile from the river, and crossed the Missouri River over to Omaha, Nebraska. We went up Tenth Street and then moved on into Farnam. From Farnam Street we went north and struck Twentieth Street, on which we found a large gang of men and teams working and grading on a new cable line of street railway, of two miles in length. The foreman, whose name I have forgotten was from Blair, a thriving town up the Missouri River in Nebraska. The boss was a fine looking man and carried a fine yellow silk handkerchief in his hip pocket. I inquired of him if he needed any more men on the job. He said certainly we can handle more hands. You will have to furnish your own shovel, said he, and keep it clean. I told the boss I would get a new shovel tonight at the hardware store and commence work in the morning.

The next morning we were on hand and went to work. The teams were engaged in hauling out a deep cut on the grading, which the boss wanted taken out as soon as possible. One young man was employed in carrying drinking water for the men, another man was engaged on the job who had a list, or roster, giving every man's name and exact number of days he worked. Well, the work was crowded right along, the men talking, laughing, joking and occasionally singing a familiar song. Our boarding house was on Twentieth St., a short distance south of the new cable line. We were furnished with good substantial board at \$4.00 per week. Three Norwegian ladies were the managers of the house and we

soon found out that they could cook anything that came into the house, from practical experience. After grading was completed, a force of skillful track layers were put on the line in order to get the road ready for the passenger coaches.

Our next employment was with a gang of hands tearing up the sidewalks and pavements, grading and widening the streets. A new City Hall was under construction on the north side of Farnam St., just opposite the Court House. Our work on this large edifice was preparing the new foundation for the massive structure soon to be erected for the city. Orders were soon issued to contractors for the grading and beautifying of the Court House yards and repairing the street railway system. New dwelling houses were being built in every direction by the dozen all over the city. Wages run from \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 per day, cash in hand every Saturday night. Surely Omaha was on a big boom.

The work of repairing, grading and building was continued until the middle of November, at which time a fearful snow storm set in which lasted a couple of days, completely blockading the principal streets. The boys were then called on again to clear up the sidewalks at reasonable wages. On Sundays, when the weather was favorable, the employes dressed up in their best clothes and took in the sights of the city. Some went to the parks, some to South Omaha, and others went occasionally to Fort Omaha to see the Second U. S. Infantry appear on dress parade. One of the greatest amusements to be seen in the city was the Panorama of the battle of Gettysburg. A large eight square building was constructed for the display of the great battle scene, which extended three hundred feet around the massive building. Men, horses and everything indispensable in the art of war were displayed, all life size. A veteran soldier who participated in the great battle himself gave free lectures to visitors and everybody who called to see the great curiosity.

The City of Omaha, the county seat of Douglas County, Neb., is finely located on the west bank of the Missouri river, directly opposite Council Bluffs, Iowa. In 1880 it contained 30,518 inhabitants. In 1890, 102,000. It was formerly the state capital, and was named in honor of the Omaha tribe of Indians. She once claimed that the city was the eastern

terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, but the Judge of the U. S. District Court at Council Bluffs decided adversely, in favor of the latter city, therefore, the Union Pacific depot was erected at Council Bluffs.

After the big snow storm in November there was no work of any account in Omaha and very little demand for hands in the city. It was reported that there was considerable work in the south and western states on proposed routes for new railroads. Therefore, in consequence, we left the city about the 20th of November and went to Shenandoah, Southwestern Iowa. We remained in the vicinity of the latter place until after the holidays, when we decided to go via Creston and Winterset to Des Moines, the capital of Iowa.

We reached the latter city on or about the first of Feb., 1886. We knew of an intimate friend at Ankeny, eleven miles north of Des Moines, who lived about one mile east of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, and two miles north-east of Ankeny, Joseph B. Blue, formerly of Spring Valley, Carroll County, Illinois.

Mr. Blue owned a good farm of eighty acres, well stocked up with fine hogs, cattle and horses. We were glad to see and visit our friend and family whom we had not seen for some five years. His father was the late venerable William Blue, one of the pioneer settlers of Carroll Co. Mr. Blue was born in Wheeling, West Virginia. His wife was Miss Rachel Stonebraker, formerly of Ohio. They lived near Delaware, Ohio, before removing to Illinois. Mr. Blue and his family were all excellent neighbors. Joseph and his lady lived at Corning, Iowa, several years.

We remained with Mr. J. B. Blue choring and visiting for some three days when we bade our friends good bye. Went to Sheldahl Junction and took the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad and returned home to Cherry Grove Township, Carroll County, Illinois, along the beginning of February, 1887.

As our youngest brother, John, was living in Alta, Iowa, and vicinity, Buena Vista Co., we lived at home during the summer of 1887, and were engaged in helping Wilson to farm the homestead. John had went to Alta with Martin Grove and family in March, 1884. Mr. Grove lived about six miles southwest of the latter town, and had rented one

hundred and sixty acres. He was married to Miss Phebe Willfong, of Spring Valley. John also lived on the farm with David C. Forney, whose farm was located about one mile west of Alta.

During our stay and labors at home this year nothing transpired of any consequence. We were on business in our neighboring towns and attended at Memorial services nearly every year.

In the spring of 1883 we joined Shiloh Post No. 85, G. A. R., at Lanark. They received their charter September 23d, 1880. I belonged to this Post five years, from 1883 until 1888, when I received a transfer to Col. Holden Putnam Post No. 646, Shannon, Department of Illinois. The Shannon Post was chartered November 17, 1887. The Post meets the first and third Saturday evenings of each month. The Women's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, meets at two o'clock P. M. in G. A. R. Hall, Shannon. A brief sketch of the lives of the members of Holden Putnam Post will be written up for the Memoirs.

Joined Holden Post No. 646, G. A. R., at Shannon.

In the spring of 1883 we hired on the farm which was rented by my uncle, George Straub. The farm belonged to Mr. Snow. It was a part of the land on which the town of Chadwick now stands. We worked on the farm with our uncle until near harvest. Along the beginning of September we hired with the late Emanuel Spielman, who then owned a part of the townsite on which Chadwick is now built. Mr. Spielman departed this life over ten years ago. He was a first-class, practical farmer, and owned a large farm near Chadwick. Of course, in the language of Capt. Cal. Feezer, when advertising the Mt. Carroll fair, "there was something doing all the time." His wife was an excellent housekeeper and one of the most exemplary ladies in Carroll County. She still lives near Chadwick. We worked for other gentlemen from three to five miles east of Chadwick, namely, Frank Ray, John C. Forry, John Swigart and Mr. John Curtice. During the threshing season the above farmers generally exchanged work with their neighbors, and of course, were obliged to hire hands to help them through.

In June, 1888, the Republican National Convention con-

vened in the City of Chicago. Benjamin Harrison received on the first ballot 83 votes. On the eighth and last ballot he received 544 votes. There was but one ballot taken for a Vice-Presidential candidate, Hon. Levi P. Morton received 591 votes.

The Democratic National Convention convened at St. Louis in June, 1888. Hon. Stephen G. Cleveland was re-nominated by acclamation for President and Hon. Allen G. Thurman of Ohio, was nominated for Vice-President on the first ballot.

Presidential Campaign, 1888—Election of Harrison.

In November 1888, the contest for President of the United States was hotly contested, and great enthusiasm was manifested on both sides. During the campaign we picked up a Freeport newspaper in which we read an article written up by a patriotic minister of Stephenson County. Of course great praise was bestowed upon the Republican nominees, and in conclusion said, the sensible divine, Messrs. Harrison and Morton are going to the White House. After we read the preacher's prediction we had no doubt about the general result.

In 1860, Benjamin Harrison raised the 70th Indiana volunteer infantry and was appointed its Colonel, and by his valuable services rendered his country was promoted to be Brigadier General in the army. At the election in November following he carried every northern state except New Jersey and Connecticut, receiving 233 electoral votes against Mr. Cleveland's 168. President Harrison was inaugurated March 4th, 1889, and in a drenching rain delivered a long inaugural address.

In the spring of 1888, we were elected School Director in Spring Valley, Carroll Co., to serve three years. I was appointed Clerk of the Board of Directors. Mr. John Woessner, who was killed at Shannon in March, 1894, was President of the Board. Mr. Woessner and myself went to Lanark to consult Hon. John H. Grossman in regard to the selection of a desirable teacher for our school. He advised us to employ Mr. Theron E. Wilkin, of Cherry Grove Township. We paid him forty dollars per month. He proved to be one of the best practical instructors in Carroll County.

CHAPTER XVII.

*National Encampment at Milwaukee, September, 1889—
General Sherman visits Soldiers Home.*

During the spring and summer of 1889 we remained at home working on the farm, nothing happening of any consequence that we recollect of worth mentioning.

Joseph W. Fifer was inaugurated Governor of Illinois January 14th, 1889, to serve until January 10th, 1893. He was born at Staunton, Va., October 28th, 1842, and served in the Civil War as a member of the 33d Illinois Vol. Infantry.

The 23d National Reunion convened at Milwaukee, Wis., August 20th, 21st and 22d, 1889. Holden Putnam Post No. 646 of Shannon nearly all attended the Reunion. Those who attended from Shannon and vicinity were Commander Jacob Kehm, 93d Illinois Inf., R. B. Straw, 15th Ill. Inf., David Payne, 26th Ill. Inf., Jacob Sturdevant, 26th Ill. Inf., Benjamin F. Kramer, 26th Ill. Inf., Thomas Sizer, 17th Ill. Cavalry, Russell Hayes, 11th Ill. Inf., Balser Bistline, 93d Ill. Inf., David L. Humbert, 15th Ill. Inf., George C. Byers, Co. K, 15th Ill. Inf., Edw. A. Straub, Co. B, 7th Pa. Cavalry, Aaron H. Machamer, Co. D, 46th Ill. Inf., Daniel Galpin, 46th Ill. Inf., George Lashell, 93d Ill. Inf., John A. Leonard, Co. I, 49th Ohio Inf., Robert W. Healy, 15th Ill. Inf., Christian Co. K, 92d Ill. Inf., Jacob Fry, Co. B, 15th Ill. Inf., Christian Fry, 15th Ill. Inf., Edward Flora, Co. D, 81st Pa., John Dunman, 15th Ill. Inf., Robert Cheeseman, 15th Ill. Inf., Reuben Connelly, Henry Burket, Co. D, 14th U. S. Regulars, Alfred

Whitacre, Co. F, 50th N. Y. Engineers, John R. Hayes, Co. A, 11th Ill. Inf., John A. Straub, Peter W. Straub, Barney Spangler, Amos W. Babb, Joseph Sturdevant, David Moll, James Payne, William Payne.

Milwaukee was in holiday attire, flags flying on all the public buildings and dense crowds of visitors from the whole Middle West. The vast throng of visitors took in the sights of the city, some viewing Lake Michigan, some visiting the fine parks, and others the National Military Home for disabled volunteer soldiers. On Thursday evening there was a great naval sham battle on Lake Michigan.

General William T. Sherman was conceded to be the lion of the hour. His brother the Hon. John Sherman, at that time was United States Senator from Ohio. They rode together in a fine carriage, through the principal streets and were much admired and highly honored by the G. A. R. and everybody in attendance. Gen. Sherman died at his home in New York City at 1:50 P. M., February 14th, 1891.

The G. A. R. parade occurred on Wednesday, August 22d; it was estimated that there were 35,000 men in line. They marched east on Grand Avenue and were reviewed at the Plankinton Hotel, by Gen. Sherman and other prominent military men.

We remained in Milwaukee until Friday, when we returned to Shannon, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. When we got home we enjoyed the quiet walk of life again. Of course we missed the bands and choice music at the Reunion, but occasionally we play a few familiar airs on the piccolo and violin, and then we realize the fact that the ball is over at Milwaukee. Our attention and labors are next engaged in getting our fall work done, and corn and potatoe crops stored away.

Enumerator on Eleventh U. S. Census, June 1890

During the winter we formed the idea that we would make application once more for the position of enumerator on the eleventh census for Cherry Grove Township. We first consulted Col. R. R. Hitt, our member of Congress. He informed me that the Hon. C. C. Jones of Rockford would be supervisor. We therefore made application for the position to Hon. C. C. Jones, who sent our request to the

Hon. Robert P. Porter at Washington, Mr. Porter having been appointed Superintendent of the U. S. Census for the entire country at a salary of \$5,000.00.

Near the approach of spring we were advised that we were appointed enumerator on the eleventh census for Cherry Grove Township, Carroll County, Illinois. Our work was to commence on the first day of June, 1890, the job to be completed in thirty days. Right here, before we forget it, we remark that we noticed an article in the Freeport Weekly Journal that the Supervisor, Hon. C. C. Jones, of Rockford, remarked, after we had sent in our complete returns and reports from our subdivision (Cherry Grove), that we were slow and behind time in forwarding our reports to Rockford.

We shall now inform the radical Journal, that we had some corrections to make in the returns and we recollect that we copied some extracts and information to be kept for future reference. A delay of a couple of days amounted to nothing, as the reports were not published until nearly a year.

The Hon. David H. Sunderland, who was supervisor on the tenth census and who controlled the twelve counties adjoining Freeport, told me I had made a good average report and compared favorably with any work performed in his supervisor's district. I was very particular to write up all information and returns very correctly. We received a number of letters from Washington making inquiry in regard to mortgaged property, all of which we answered, giving the information required, and never received any complaint from the Census Department.

A Visit to Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

Along the beginning of September, 1890, we received a letter from Captain George F. Steahlin of Orwigsburg, Pa., who was Secretary of the 7th Pa. Veteran Vol. Cavalry Association, informing me that the next Annual Reunion of our regiment, the 7th Pa. Cavalry, would come off at Muncy, Lycoming County, Pa., on October 25th and 26th, 1890.

We had removed from Pennsylvania on March 18th, 1867, therefore it had been twenty-three years since we left Williamsport, Pa. We talked with a few of our comrades

at Shannon and told them of our reunion to occur in Pennsylvania. Our Commander, Jacob Kehm, who now resides at Canton, South Dakota, advised me to go and attend the reunion.

We soon decided that we would take it in and have a jolly good time with the boys, our first meeting since the war. We started September 8th, 1890, went to Shannon, and made the first run to Freeport. We remained at the latter city until about 3:00 P. M. Monday, when we purchased a through ticket for Pittsburg, Pa., at thirteen dollars. We arrived in the city of Chicago about 7:00 P. M. We first took a hearty supper and were then transferred to the Baltimore and Ohio depot and were soon wending our way via Akron to Columbus, Ohio, arrived at the latter city about noon Tuesday, September 9th. After a short stop here we soon proceeded on our way for Pittsburg, arriving in the big city on Wednesday at 4:00 P. M. We went directly to a good boarding house and rested up until morning.

During the forenoon we went to the Baltimore & Ohio depot and requested the price of a through ticket to Washington. The ticket agent at Pittsburg informed me that the fare to Washington was \$7.00. Our train left the city at 3:00 P. M. Wednesday, via, McKeesport, Cumberland and Harper's Ferry, for Washington. Before we left Pittsburg we called to see an intimate friend of our father's, the Hon. Charles W. Robb, a prominent lawyer, whom we found in a fine office on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Robb was born and raised at Muncy, Pa. We had never seen him since he left Muncy and located in Pittsburg.

After a social chat of a couple of hours, we bade Mr. Robb good-bye about 2:30 P. M., went to the depot, and were soon wending our way to Washington, the National Capitol. We crossed the Potomac River at Cumberland, Md., and at Harper's Ferry, Va., and on Thursday morning, at sunrise, we were in Washington. We went directly to a good hotel, engaged comfortable quarters and after breakfast we were at liberty to view the sights of the great city. The first great attraction we visited was the Washington Monument, which is said to be the highest masonry structure in the world. Its entire height is 555 feet. The interior con-

tains an elevator and a winding iron stairway of 900 steps. The entire structure was built of Maryland marble.

Our next attraction and wonder was the National Museum. Here (said the showman) are to be seen the natural curiosities of which history gives an account. Nearly all kinds of animals, stuffed and mounted, gorillas and deer, and the inanimate wonder of the continent. Within a beautiful showcase was displayed George Washington's uniform, which he wore during the Revolutionary War.

The next day, Friday, we visited Congress, which was in session in the National Capitol building. Only the U. S. Senate was in session, the lower house having adjourned. Certain features of important bills were being discussed, and taken into consideration by the Senate. We did not see President Harrison as he was at Cresson Springs, Pa., a celebrated summer resort.

After we viewed the great Capitol building we boarded the street cars and went out to see the National Military Home for disabled U. S. Regular soldiers. We concede it to be the finest Military Home on the American continent. One of the regulars showed me a beautiful summer house, where he said Abraham Lincoln called and passed a portion of his leisure moments, in order to get away from numerous office-seekers.

We met a former comrade of the 4th U. S. Regular Cavalry and he gave me important information about the Home. He told me where I could see the tomb or vault which contained the remains of the late lamented Gen. John A. Logan, of Illinois. After a very social chat with comrades of different regiments, we boarded a car and returned to the city.

Now, my dear readers and Christian friends, we would advise you all to visit Washington City at least once during your life time; the distance is only 790 miles southeast of Chicago and we know you would never regret the wonderful trip.

On Saturday, September 13th, we purchased a ticket for Philadelphia, in which city we had relatives, whom we had not seen for over twenty years. We reached the City of Brotherly Love (so-called) about 12 o'clock noon, consulted a city directory and soon found our relatives.

We had two first cousins living on Callowhill Street, northwest of Ridge Avenue. We boarded a street car and

in half an hour we found our cousins' residence, and Mrs. Daniel Straub at home. In the evening the rest of the family came home and of course were surprised to see a relative from Illinois. Mr. Straub's daughter, Lizzie, was married and lived in the historic town of Germantown, which now forms a part of the city. William and Samuel were both married, but I have forgotten the names of the streets on which they resided.

One son, the youngest, Andrew J. Straub, lived at home. He was learning the printing trade in the city. Andrew was very familiar with all the principal streets of Philadelphia, and knew the exact location of all the prominent parks, public buildings, attractions, etc., and was therefore, instructed by his parents to escort the Rough Rider, formerly of Kilpatrick's Cavalry, over the beautiful city.

"Now, sir," said Andy, "we shall proceed to Independence Hall and view the old historic Liberty Bell, which once proclaimed liberty and independence to all the inhabitants of the country from Maine to California." Those who visit that historic building will find the glorious old bell suspended and swinging near the top of a flight of stairs in the hall.

Now, dear readers, don't get in a hurry, but take a seat under some of the large trees in the park, and see Independence Hall from the south side, and surroundings.

We are now obliged to go to dinner, after which we cross the Delaware River, and pass into the Zoological Park, or garden, and see nearly all the animals, birds and fowls of the world. "Yes, sir," said the Frenchman at Niagara Falls, "suparb, magnifique; by goll, she comes down first-rate."

On our way to the Zoo Garden, we passed through a part of Fairmount Park, which is said to be the city's greatest pleasure park. The Schuylkill River divides it into East Park, with over 633 acres, and West Park, with 1,323 acres. The city park system includes about 4,000 acres.

We next boarded a steamer at the landing and crossed the Delaware River to Camden, New Jersey. We here bought a round trip ticket for Atlantic City, New Jersey, our center of attraction being the world-wide wonder, the Atlantic Ocean. We passed over the Philadelphia and Read-

ing R. R. (double track), the distance from Camden being fifty-nine miles, railroad fare \$1.50.

We arrived at the sea coast about 10:00 A. M. and remained until about 5:00 P. M. The weather, September 17th, 1890, was fine, clear as a bell, the sun shone brightly, and the wild waves and everything in nature seemed to smile all the while. A beautiful merry-go-round (in Pennsylvania, Flying-ginnie,) was pouring forth the sweet strains of the old familiar army song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

My cousin thought surely, the ladies and gentlemen were enjoying the quiet walk of life on the sea coast to-day. A substantial sidewalk extended north and south along the sea coast, nearly the entire length of the city. It was elevated on strong piles like a railroad bridge. I asked a photographer how far we could see on the ocean. He replied, "About thirty miles."

The surface of the country between Camden and Atlantic City is moderately level. The people are extensively engaged in raising vegetation, and the cultivation of large market gardens. The city contained in 1903, latest estimate, 33,272 inhabitants.

At 5 o'clock P. M. Andrew and myself took the regular train for Philadelphia, reaching home about 8 o'clock P. M.

The next morning we told our relatives that we would have to take leave of them and visit our uncle and family at Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, Pa. We bade our cousins good-bye and invited them all to come to Illinois and visit us.

Philadelphia is a great manufacturing city. In some respects it excels Chicago. The sanitary conditions for cleanliness are better; it contains purer and better water, and contains the largest parks of any city in the United States. The city contained at the latest estimation in 1906, 1,441,735 inhabitants.

Andrew Straub and an intimate friend of his went with us to the Pennsylvania Central depot to see us off before our departure for Elizabethtown. We left the city about 11:00 o'clock and arrived at the latter place about 4:00 P. M. Our Uncle Samuel Straub lived three miles southeast of town and ten miles west of Lancaster City. We met a comrade in town, of the G. A. R., William Nauman, who in-

vited me to remain all night with him, and in the morning he would take me out to my uncle's home.

We found the folks all very well. Uncle Samuel was engaged in getting out his potato crop. He had out about two acres, and they were a fine quality. We threw off our coat and helped him to store away several wagon loads in the cellar. Mr. Nauman remained a short time at uncle's place, and then returned home. My cousin Annie was at home and kept house for her father. She cooked too much and set a bountiful table. I enjoyed my visit very well. I went out several times to gather chestnuts, but the orchards in that vicinity at that time were a failure, destroyed by a fearful hail storm.

On Monday Uncle Samuel accompanied me to the Pennsylvania Central depot at Elizabethtown. We bade each other good-bye with reluctance. My train was due about 5 P. M., which I boarded and proceeded to Harrisburg, the State Capitol of Pennsylvania. I had two first cousins living in town, namely, Henry K. Straub, and his wife, who was a sister of William Naumans of Elizabethtown. Henry's family was all at home. He had four boys, whose names were: Samuel, the eldest, Moses, Albert and Charles. Samuel was a clerk in a large store in the city.

After my arrival at Henry's home I received a letter from Major George F. Steahlin, of Orvigsburg, who informed me that our Annual Reunion would occur at Muncy, October 25th and 26th. He stated, "don't fail to be present."

Henry was a member of the City Fire Department and was very kind and obliging in showing me around the city. One evening we crossed the Susquehanna River to Bridgeport, where I met Corporal John Kintz of Co. I of my regiment. We had an old familiar chat together, and were both delighted to see each other. Mr. Kintz died at Mechanicsburg, Cumberland County, Pa., November 26th, 1896.

We made a visit to the U. S. Arsenal about two miles east of town. Ex-soldiers were requested to register their names, company and regiment, and give their present Post Office address.

Our next center of attraction was a trip through the Capitol grounds and an inspection of the State Capitol buildings. Here we saw all our company and regimental

flags. In the Capitol Park were to be seen a number of large cannon, mounted. We were informed that one of the guns had been through the Mexican War.

We were invited to call and visit different friends in the city, but the time for our Reunion was approaching and we had numerous relatives and friends in and around Muncy, Hughesville and Williamsport, whom we had to visit. On Saturday morning we took leave of our friends and relatives in Harrisburg and went over the Northern Central R. R. to Milton, Northumberland County. A number of my company and regiment lived in the latter town. I called to see Mr. John C. Mervine, who formerly belonged to Co. B, 7th Pa. Cavalry. I remained over Sunday with my friend and family. I had not seen Mr. Mervine since the war, twenty-three years. We attended church services together on Sunday and I was very glad to see and visit him and his family.

Monday morning I met another one of my company on the street, William H. Trego. He was the last bass-drummer of our regimental band in the war. He was a good singer, and frequently sang some old familiar songs for the boys. He had three brothers who were members of our company.

About 10 o'clock A. M. I went to the Philadelphia & Reading depot and bought a ticket for Danville, Montour County, Pa., where a number of my regiment lived. Mr. Trego also went to Danville, via Sunbury. Here we met Mr. John Albeck, formerly of our company. We then went to one of the leading hotels and had an old familiar chat on recollections of war times. Mr. Albeck had a brother in our regiment, Sergeant William Albeck. He was a nice man and a dutiful officer. He died at Danville, Pa., over fifteen years ago. The city contained in 1906 (local estimate), 10,000 souls.

We had a first cousin living about two miles west of Exchange, Montour Co., Penna., whose name was Joseph D. Artley. His mother, the late Mrs. Katy Artley, was an aunt of mine and sister of my mother. I met with the mail carrier who was on the route between Exchange and Danville and rode to Exchange with him. The people in the village told me where Mr. Artley lived. I think I remained in the village over night and went out to Mr. Artley's in the morning. I found him out in the corn field cutting up corn. My cousin did not know me. I asked him if he needed a

hand on this job; he thought he would have to get along without a hand, so I finally told him who I was and where I hailed from, Carroll County, Illinois. About eleven o'clock we went to the house and talked over old times and our school boy days. In the language of Col. Ingersoll, the past rose before us, and ere long a good Pennsylvania dinner was set before us.

The next day Mr. Joseph Fullmer came down from Muncy, his wife, Mrs. Tillie, was a sister of Mr. Artley. Along in the afternoon we were seized with a violent headache and were obliged to lie down on the lounge a couple hours and keep cool and quiet. Grandma remarked, no wonder Edward you get such a headache, you have to answer so many questions. After a good sleep during the night we were all right again in the morning.

Joseph was the proud possessor of a pair of twin girls whose names were Maud and Blanche. They were about fifteen years of age. My visit being over, Joseph and myself departed over the Muncy Hills, on the Danville road for Muncy, Lycoming Co., Penna.

We reached Muncy about nine o'clock A. M., and called on Mr. Buffington and family, who were old time friends of Mr. Artley. We made a short halt at Samuel Gundrum's residence, a half mile east of town on the Danville road. Mr. Gundrum told us to be sure and call to see them. He was also the proud possessor of a pair of twin boys, William and Ellis. A number of people could never distinguish one from the other. They have grown to manhood and are now two of Muncy's leading citizens. Mr. Gundrum's oldest son, Wilson, resides in Montoursville, Penna. He was a dutiful member of Co. B, 84th Penna. Infantry, and also a member of Co. H, 131st Penna. Vol. Infantry. His father, who was one of the most highly respected and practical farmers in Lycoming County, Penna., died at Muncy over fifteen years ago.

We were now in our native town after an absence of twenty-three years, and of course, we naturally looked around to notice changes, improvements and renew old acquaintances. The most of my friends knew me, others failed to recognize me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Reunion of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry at Muncy, Pa.— The Hughsville Fair.

My mother had a first cousin in town, Miss Mary Huckell, who had been a teacher in the public schools for many years. She was delighted to meet me. She resembled very much Gen. George B. McClellan's lady in her personal appearance. I handed her a five dollar gold coin, which of course, created an attractive smile, and for which she thanked me ever so much. She had many highly esteemed friends in Muncy and vicinity. In the course of a couple days we went out to visit Joseph Fulmer and family, who lived about two miles north of Muncy. We found the folks all reasonably well and enjoying the quiet walk of life. Mr. Fulmer lived on and had rented the old homestead where his father, the late Anthony Fulmer, used to live. The old farm was about one-half mile east of the Pennsylvania Canal and the Susquehanna River. Two young sons, Otto and Frank, and one daughter, Miss Minnie, remained at home with their father to help him do the farm work. Of course Mr. Fulmer was soon actively engaged in husking out his corn crop and storing it away in the crib. As I was reared on the farm myself I helped him to husk out a shock occasionally. When the weather was bad and changeable, Joseph and I went into the fields and picked up the chestnuts.

Our Annual Reunion occurred on the 25th and 26th of October. We had a grand Camp Fire on Wednesday. The

Muncy band furnished music for the occasion and the address of welcome was delivered by the late Hon. Henry Johnson of Muncy, Penna. Headquarters were established at the Post Hall of J. D. Musser Post No. 66, G. A. R., Department of Pennsylvania. The Secretary, Major G. F. Steahlin, requested all of the members of our regiment present to register their names, company and regiment, they then received a fine badge and were ready to appear in the street parade.

The following members of Co. B were present: Capt. John H. Summers, Monroeton, Penna.; Oliver Helfinger, Covington, Penna.; A. E. Williams, Edw. A. Straub, Shannon, Ill.; Lafayette Dimmick, Williamsport; Peter Paulhamus, Benjamin F. Warner, Pennsdale; Jos. Hill, Hughesville, Penna., and Edw. R. Warberton, Campbellville, Penn.

At the close of our reunion at Muncy, I met a number of my old time friends, comrades and school mates, nearly all of whom invited me to visit them at their respective homes. I went from Muncy to Cousin Joseph Fulmer's home. In the course of a couple days, Mr. Fulmer took me to Picture Rock, two miles north of Hughesville, on the Williamsport and North Branch R. R. At Picture Rock I had numerous friends and relatives. My first visit was at Mr. J. D. Musgrove's, who had married Miss Jane A. Artley, a sister of Joseph and Mrs. Tillie Fulmer. Mr. Musgrove and his wife conducted a boarding house and village store. He was also appointed Post Master at Picture Rock by President Harrison. He was conceded to be one of the best practical business men in the town. I am told he now manages a responsible position at Hall's Station at the Junction of the Williamsport and North Branch R. R., with the Philadelphia and Reading.

Our next visit was at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold's. Mr. Arnold was absent at Eagles Mere, a prominent summer resort, situated near Lewis' Lake, Sullivan Co. He was a good practical brick layer and was employed at the summer resort in the construction of some fine dwellings and hotels. Mr. Arnold returned home on Saturday evening. Mrs. Amelia Tallman, widow of the late Mathew Tallman, was visiting Mrs. Arnold at the same time. The venerable lady was much interested in the picturesque appearance and natural scenery of the surrounding hills. The leaves on the

trees began to turn green, yellow and red in October, and presented a beautiful aspect. Of course we had an enjoyable outing at Picture Rock. The village is surrounded by dense woods and Muncy Creek passes the east side of the town, north and south.

During October the Hughesville Fair opened up, which afforded us ample opportunity to converse and meet with numerous acquaintances and intimate relatives, the majority of whom cordially invited us to visit them. There was quite a large attendance at the fair and all the exhibits first-class stock, and agricultural implements were indeed very creditable.

Prior to the commencement of the fair, we were invited to visit a member of our company, at Pennsdale, over Sunday, the late Benjamin F. Warner. After the war Mr. Warner worked at the blacksmith trade in the latter village, and as he and I tented together on the old camp ground in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia, I was in the same boat, naturally, with the monster elephant, which boarded the train safely and trumpeted his satisfaction.

On Monday morning we went to Muncy where we had business transactions with one of the Justices of the Peace and Notary Public. We called around town on different friends until five o'clock P. M., at which time we went out to Muncy Creek to visit one of our former neighbors, Mr. Pierson Butler, who lived about three miles east of Muncy on a fine farm, in Muncy Creek Township. Mr. Butler's wife was formerly Miss Mary A. Gortner, sister of William and Charles Gortner. They lived near Pennsdale a number of years. Mr. Butler was a good practical farmer and a good citizen. He was formerly the Orderly Sergeant of the Muncy Dragoons, an efficient cavalry troop, organized in Muncy before the war.

When at the Hughesville Fair, we had a number of invitations from friends and relatives to call around and see them.

After we took leave of Mr. Butler's folks, we called at the Emanuel Lutheran Cemetery to view the resting places of intimate friends. After we had visited the silent city of the dead and observed the last resting places of friends, aunts and uncles, we called to visit William Winner and family,

who lived about two miles northeast of Pennsdale on a fine farm, known as the William Robb homestead. Mr. Winner was also a good carpenter and was absent until night when he returned home. His family, two daughters and one son remained at home with their father to help him carry on the farm work. He used to live in Pennsdale where he was in partnership with Henry Apker, both of whom conducted a shop for a number of years.

In the morning, about eight o'clock, we passed through the village of Rabbittown on our way to Joseph Rynearson's. The village extended about one mile on the east and west banks of a small branch (or creek) and was bounded on the east and west by a range of hills, running north and south. A public school house was located in the center of the village where church services were held on Sundays during the summer. The village also contained two excellent springs of splendid water.

We reached Joseph Rynearson's farm about ten o'clock. When we came near his home we met one of our former school mates, Mrs. Tice Fague, formerly Miss Catharine Artley, and sister of Charles A. Artley. She was on her way to visit Rynearson's. We found the folks all very well in their fine country home. Miss Barbara, her two brothers, Harlan and Lloyd, were at home to carry on the farm. The young lady could drum the organ and kindly amused her friends with some choice music. About ten miles northeast of the Rynearson farm was a lofty range of mountains called North Mountain.

In a few days we were invited to visit Joseph's brother, John Rynearson, who was a first cousin of my mother. He lived about one mile east of Cousin Joseph's farm. He had two sons, Henry and James, who farmed the place.

Pennsylvania is especially noted for being naturally adapted to raising good crops of buckwheat, and it has been formerly a great fruit country, especially for peaches and apples. In the fall of the year the farmers all around are very fond of their buckwheat cakes and honey for breakfast. In the cellars they keep barreled up and in bins an abundance of apples and also make plenty of good apple butter.

Well, at Mr. Rynearson's we were well treated to buckwheat cakes and honey, and their housekeeper, Miss Gortner, knew how to make them too. John was a good practical

teacher and surveyor by profession, and one of the best posted men in Lycoming Co., Pa.

Having promised Mrs. Tice Fague to call around and see them, I was obliged to return to Joseph's again. I bade my relatives good-bye and was taken by Joseph to Mr. Tice Fague's home, in the morning. We found the folks all very well, kind, sociable and talkative

Mr. Fague was Clerk of the Board of Directors of Muncy Township. The Board consisted of three members. He was paid ten dollars a year for his services. If the people of Illinois would manifest more interest to promote the efficiency of their common school system they should pay every director not less than five dollars a year. County and state officers are no more deserving of big wages than school directors.

We were sorry to leave our friends, but we were obliged to return to Pennsdale where we had to make other calls on intimate friends. We took the direct road to the latter village, passing on the way Rogers' Brothers country store and farm, two miles north of Pennsdale. Our first call after passing Rogers' farm was at Ellis Artley's home, one mile north of Pennsdale.

Mr. Artley was one of our old school mates and one of the whole-souled citizens of Muncy Township. As a tiller of the soil and horseman and stockman, he had no superior in Lycoming Co. We were the guest of Mr. Artley over Sunday. About half a mile northeast of his farm was a lofty elevation known as Artley's Hill. "Ellis," said I, "come on, we are going on the tip-top of the big hill." He picked up a strong cane and remarked to me that he was ready to ascend with me to the top of the Prospect Hill. From the top of that great high eminence we had a delightful view of Hughesville, White Deer, the Susquehanna River, Montoursville and South Williamsport, and Muncy, were all sleeping in the distance. The boys used to ascend the hill on Sunday mornings to eat huckel berries and enjoy a little outing. When we came down from the hill it was nearly dinner time.

Mr. Artley was married and had one intelligent daughter. His wife was absent on a visit to Philadelphia. About five years ago Mr. Artley met with a fatal accident on his farm. He was coming home with a load of bark and fell off the wagon, between the wheels, and was killed. The account of

the sorrowful accident was seen in the Muncy (Penna.) Luminary.

After reaching Pennsdale, our first call was to see one of the late Martha Holmes' daughters, Miss Emma. She was married, but I have forgotten her husband's name. She and her sister Anna and Sadie were schoolmates of mine before we came to Illinois. After dinner I called to see Sadie and her mother, Mrs. Martha Holmes. She told me her son Joshua was living at Ripon, Wisconsin.

Our next call was to see Miss Julia Butler on West Main Street. She had two intelligent nieces living with her, Miss Susan Soule and Miss Jane Eves. Miss Butler was the sister of Mr. I. Pierson Butler, Mrs. Amanda Ortt, Miss Mary A. Butler and Mrs. Catharine Soule. They were all excellent housekeepers, handsome ladies and superb neighbors. Miss Julia and her young niece, Miss Soule, both visited Washington, D. C. during the Civil War. The lady had heard so much adverse criticism and abuse of Abraham Lincoln, the President, in the papers and around home, that she decided she would call to see Mr. Lincoln during one of his public receptions. When she and her niece returned home she informed our family and others that she had shook hands with the President and considered him one of the best and most friendly men she had ever seen. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once declared, after he had visited Mr. Lincoln at Washington, that he was one of the most perfect gentlemen he had ever met.

We were invited by Miss Butler to call again but had to decline, as there were other friends and relatives whom we had not yet seen. We next called on Miss Mary Whitacre and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Whitacre, who lived on West Main Street in Pennsdale. Miss Whitacre is a sister of Alfred Whitacre, Mrs. Horace Good, Mrs. Reece Whitacre, of New Jersey, Mr. Edwin A. Whitacre, of Kansas, and Prof. R. H. Whitacre, of Nebraska. Mrs. Joseph Whitacre was the daughter of the late James Warner, a highly respected citizen of Muncy Township and a devoted member of the Friends Church near Pennsdale. Her husband, the late Joseph Whitacre, was accidentally killed at Pottstown, Pa., over ten years ago. He was a good practical teacher by profession and good farmer. Of course we were kindly treated and well entertained.

While we were visiting Mr. B. F. Warner in Pennsdale, we met Prof. George H. Good, who invited us to be sure and call to see him and his family. He lived about two miles northwest of town, and had bought his father's beautiful farm from his sisters and brothers. George was one of my esteemed schoolmates and had married Miss Sadie Bonine of Muncy Township.

Mr. Good and Prof. R. Harlan Whitacre, of Pennsdale, attended the Northern Pennsylvania State Normal School at Mansfield. They both qualified for the profession of teaching and soon became, in theory and practice, leading educators of their native state, Pennsylvania. One of George's brothers, Prof. Daniel F. Good, of Lock Haven, Pa., also attended one of the Pennsylvania State Normal Schools at Millersville, Lancaster Co., Penn. He became a good practical instructor and taught school in Pennsdale and Muncy. Subsequently, he engaged in the insurance business at Lock Haven and Philadelphia.

George had two sisters, namely, Mrs. Jennie Keller, of Muncy, and Miss Harriet E. Good, of Williamsport, and four brothers, John Horace, William and Daniel, of whom only two are living, Daniel and William. Harriet died at Williamsport, Penn., over twenty years ago. The lady was a fine penman and well educated. The Good farm in Muncy Township contained a good cider mill and large orchard which attracted the boys on Sundays. The farmers in the neighborhood hauled their apples there and made cider and then made plenty of good apple butter.

Of course we were well entertained by Mr. Good and his lady and enjoyed our visit ever so much. He had one son and one daughter. George passed away over fifteen years ago.

From Mr. Good's home we went out to see Thomas A. Warner and family. He lived near Carpenters Run, one mile northwest of Pennsdale on his father's old homestead.

Thomas Warner was a merchant in Pennsdale over thirty years ago. He lost his store and mercantile stock by fire and afterwards engaged in farming. He was a staunch Republican, well posted and good business man. He was a brother of Henry E. Warner of Williamsport. He was married to Miss Willetts of Muncy Creek Township, Lycoming Co.

From the fact that we had numerous friends and relatives

in Williamsport we were obliged, reluctantly, to take our leave of Pennsdale and return to Joseph Fulmer's home preparatory to leaving for Williamsport. Mrs. Rebecca Arnold was visiting at Fulmer's when I came back. She and Mrs. Tillie Fulmer were sisters.

During the latter part of October I informed my cousins that I should have to bid them all good-bye and proceed to Hall's Station, on the Pihladelphia and Reading R. R. Tillie said, If I must go Miss Minnie would take me to the depot, distance one mile. Miss Minnie was Mr. Fulmer's only daughter, by marriage she is now Mrs. Enos Evenson of Sunbury, Penn.

We reached Williamsport about four o'clock, P. M., boarded a street car and went directly to Cousin John Wood's home, out on Erie Avenue. We found the folks all reasonably well and enjoying the quiet walk of life. The next day the Williamsport Republican announced that Mr. E. A. Straub, of Shannon, Ill., was visiting his cousin, Mrs. Lizzie, Wood, on Erie Avenue. The Hughesville Mail stated that Mr. Straub, of Illinois, who has been absent for twenty-three years, is visiting his old time friends and relatives in Pennsylvania. He will also attend the annual reunion of his regiment, the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, at Muncy, Oct. 25th and 26th, 1890.

Our cousin, Mr. Wood, was a market-gardener, in the city, by occupation, and owned a fine home on Erie Avenue. His eldest son William was a carpenter by trade and was married. Two daughters and one son, Mahlon, remained at home with their parents.

We were indeed surprised at the great growth of Williamsport since 1867, the year we left Pennsylvania for Illinois. In 1860 the city contained 7,561 inhabitants; in 1870, 16,000; in 1880, 18,900; in 1890, 27,132. Estimate of N. Y. World Almanac, 35,000.

Through the kindness of our cousin, Mahlon Wood and Thomas P. Warner, eldest son of Henry E. Warner, Esq., we were shown over the principal part of the city. Prof. Percival Warner was teaching one of the high schools at a salary of seventy-five dollars per month, but occasionally, during evenings, he found time to be with us. Prof. Warner was Secretary of the Fisk Cornet Band Association, and he took great pleasure in showing us through their spacious quar-

ters and Band Hall. He remarked to me that they had visited Elmira, N. Y., and other prominent cities and were conceded to be one of the best practical bands in Northern Pennsylvania. The Repass Brass Band and Fred Stopper's celebrated Cornet Band always held an enviable reputation north of Pittsburg and Philadelphia. I heard in Pennsylvania that Stopper's band once contained eight brothers.

We were told that one of our former schoolmates was a member of the city police force. We found him on East Third Street, his name was William Wallace and he invited us to call around on Washington Street to see them and make ourselves at home. Mr. Wallace's folks formerly owned a large farm midway between Pennsdale and Hughesville. He had one sister and one brother, Susan and Pierson, who lived in the vicinity of Hughesville, Lycoming Co., Penna.

We next called to see Prof. Warner's father, Henry E. Warner. Mr. Warner was appointed U. S. Enrolling Officer for Lycoming County. During the Civil War all persons capable of bearing arms in defense of the country were obliged to be enrolled, or registered. If they claimed exemption, they were subject to a medical examination by military surgeons, and if fractured, deformed, subject to fits, or rheumatism, they were rejected and sent home.

Henry married Miss Ann Neece, daughter of the late John Neece, formerly a merchant of Pennsdale. He had two daughters, Mrs. M. E. Shopbell of Williamsport, Mrs. George S. Booker of Baltimore, Md., and one son, Prof T. P. Warner of Williamsport. Mrs. Warner departed this life at Pennsdale a number of years ago, aged 69 years, ten months and six days. Mr. and Mrs. Warner were constant attendants at Friends Church, near Pennsdale, at which regular services were held Wednesdays and Sundays of each week. She was a most estimable woman and had a large circle of friends in Lycoming County. Mrs. Warner had two brothers, Joseph and Thomas of Williamsport, and four sisters, namely, Mrs. Pierce Koontz, Mrs. Joseph Edler, Mrs. Sarah Courson, and Mrs. Emma J. Courson, of Lycoming Co.

We were next invited by Thomas V. B. Neece to call and visit them at their home on the southwest side of the city. Here we were pleasantly entertained by choice music, piano, clarionet and violin. Mr. Neece's two daughters performed

on the piano, Lewis, his son, operated the clarionet, and his father, a good violinist, was director of the orchestra. . The instruments in harmony and unison, chorded naturally and were skillfully played by the young ladies and their father.

Thomes M. Neece was formerly a good practical teacher in the common schools of Muncy Township and managed the Post Office at Pennsdale a number of years for his father. Before the war he attended the Iron City Commercial College at Pittsburg, Penna., pursuing a regular business course in that famous institution. He was conceded to be one of the best practical penman and mathematicians in Northern Pennsylvania. His wife's name before their marriage was Miss Joanna Hayes. She was one of the kindest, most sociable and refined ladies in Lycoming County. Her daughters are accomplished musicians.

On taking leave of our intimate friends, we proceeded to the residence of Mr. Joseph M. Neece, who was one of our schoolmates at Friends school and Pennsdale. Mr. Neece owned and controlled a grocery store on East Third Street, and was doing a thriving business. He was also a practical and efficient teacher in the common schools of Lycoming County many years ago. After the war Mrs. John Neece sold her property in Pennsdale and the remainder of the family moved to Williamsport. Joseph married Miss Jennie Soars of Lycoming County. They had, when I visited them, one daughter and one son, whose names I have forgotten. I informed Mr. Neece that I should like to see his youngest sister, Mrs. Alice A. Koontz. He said, my son may go with you to her home in the city. Mrs. Daniel Courson was on a visit to Alice from Picture Rock. Of course we had a very pleasant call. Her husband, Pierson Koontz, was a merchant and was doing a prosperous business. The lady was a fine singer and was one of my favorite schoolmates. The late Mrs. Ocy Coder, Hagar and Mrs. Tillie Fulmer were also two very intimate and refined ladies.

On Sunday morning we returned to Mr. John Wood on Erie Avenue where we remained until about ten o'clock, after which we went up to Newberry, which town was annexed to Williamsport over ten years ago. Here we visited two first cousins, Mrs. Mary and Charles Baker Straub, who used to live at the Summit, a small village in the Cogan Valley, Lycoming County, Penna. They owned a fine home

at Newberry and all seemed to be happy and in a prosperous condition and circumstances. One of their daughters was teaching school, the other, Miss Myrtle, was attending high school down in the city. There was a range of hills on the north side of the city, running east and west, which Chas. and I ascended, from the top of which we had a delightful view of Williamsport and the surrounding country. Charles and his wife, Mary, are of commanding appearance, kind, sociable, liberal and charitable and enjoy the respect and are highly esteemed by a large circle of friends in Lycoming Co.

The city of Williamsport is finely located on the east side of the west branch of the Susquehanna river, on the New York Central, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Northern Central and the Pennsylvania Central railroads. There are four parks, Brandon and Vallamont, within the city limits, and Starr Island and Sylvan Dell, within easy reach by trolley and steamboat service. The manufactories of productive industry include clothing factories, foundries and machine shops, tanneries, furniture factories, dye works, silk mills, and manufactories of boilers and engines, lumber, steel, rubber goods, boots and shoes, mirrors, sandpaper, wire rope, building, paving and fire brick, stacks, tanks, band instruments, nails, radiators, wood working machinery, sewing machines, woolen goods, heaters, gas and gasoline engines, pumps, etc.

The city is a farming, manufacturing and mining trade center for Northern Pennsylvania. Founded in 1795 by Micheal Ross, Williamsport became the county seat in the same year, and was incorporated as a borough in 1806, and as a city in 1866. It is bounded on the west by the Pennsylvania Canal, Susquehanna River and the Bald Eagle Mountain, on the east by a beautiful farming and agricultural region, and the surrounding scenery is very attractive and unexcelled.

We now regret to bid our friends and relatives good-bye and proceed to the Northern Central depot, preparatory to leaving for our home in Illinois. When we came to the depot we met our intimate friend, Henry E. Warner, Esq., who came to pay his respects before our departure for Niagara Falls.

We purchased a ticket for Buffalo, N. Y., fare just \$7.00, via Elmira and Rochester. We left Williamsport about 2:00

P. M., arrived at Elmira 10:00 P. M., Rochester 11:00 P. M. and Buffalo about 12:00 P. M. Here we retired for the night; rose about 7:00 A. M. and took breakfast at a good restaurant.

Our first walk was to the Michigan Central depot, to ascertain at what time the regular passenger train left for Chicago. The city agent informed me that my train would leave the city for Detroit and Chicago at 2:30 P. M. We proceeded to South Main Street, where we caught a car for the north side section of the city. On our return we went down to the steamboat landing to see Lake Erie. Next we went directly to Lafayette Square, to view the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. The principal public monuments are the McKinley in Niagara Square and one in memory of Millard Fillmore in Forest Lawn Cemetery.

CHAPTER XIX.

Return to Illinois via Buffalo and Niagara Falls—

A Country Store Keeper.

Buffalo is the county seat of Erie County, New York, and is finely located at the east end of Lake Erie, twenty miles southeast of Niagara Falls, 540 miles east of Chicago, and 410 miles by rail northwest of New York. The city contained in 1905, local estimate, 376,587. For fuller details and complete description, statistical and historical, see the New International Encyclopedia and Goodrich's Life of Stephen Grover Cleveland.

Promptly at 12:30 P. M. our train pulled out of Buffalo for Niagara Falls, Canada and Detroit. We passed through the City of Lockport, and passed the Falls on the American side. When we reached the Falls on the Canada side, a short halt was made, about fifty rods from the cataract, to enable passengers to step from the train and see the sublime and picturesque American wonder and curiosity, of which history gives a complete account. The engine bell rings all aboard, soon we are wending our way through Canada, and at midnight we cross the Detroit River into the city of Detroit, Michigan. We make a brief stop and ere long are speeding through the cities of Ann Arbor, Jackson and Kalamazoo into Chicago, which latter city we reach at 8:00 A. M. in the morning.

We put up at the Hotel Royal, ate a hearty breakfast, and decided to run out to Lincoln Park on the lake front to see the wild animals and big elephant. Chicago surely contains some beautiful and attractive parks, and is only ex-

celled in the number of acres by three great American cities, namely, Kansas City, St. Louis and Philadelphia, all of which contain larger parks.

A Country Store Keeper in Spring Valley, Carroll Co.

At 3:00 P. M., November 8th, 1890, we boarded the regular train on the Illinois Central railroad for Freeport, and arrived at the latter city about 7:00 P. M. We engaged quarters at the New York House, until morning, and departed for home in Spring Valley at about 9:00 A. M. We met a former friend and neighbor near Van Brocklin, Mr. John F. Willfong, who now lives near Taylor Avenue, Freeport, Ill. Mr. Willfong was the manager of a milk-route in Loran Township, and of course we were fortunate in getting a ride to within one-half mile of home.

In the language of the Buckeye showman at Freeport, over ten years ago, when we got home, "We must talk, we had to talk, and it was in our nature to talk," of our visit to Pennsylvania. We found everything all quiet on Lost Creek, and our neighbors as well as usual.

Thanksgiving Day, the last Thursday in November, was approaching and the children were lively and happy, to think of the rapid approach of the holidays, when Santa Claus would surely call, loaded down with candies, pea-nuts and rubber balls, and your dads said, "Pull in your freight, put on the brakes, and load her up with cookies and fried cakes."

After the holidays we decided to open up a country store at our home in Spring Valley. We ordered groceries, Yankee notions, and a quantity of dry goods, from Butler Brothers, Sprague, Warner & Co., and Montgomery, Ward & Co., Chicago. We stocked up with a line of candies, also cigars and tobaccos, and enjoyed a lively and prosperous trade with our neighbors and relatives. In the spring we took in eggs in exchange for Yankee notions and groceries.

When spring came in and seeding time opened up our trade constantly increased. Strangers passing on both the Pearl City and Freeport roads called on me for pipes, cigars and tobacco, both smoking and chewing; and sometimes we entertained the same thoughts as the Irish gentleman, and took a little smoke meself occasionally. During the spring and summer we were school director, store-keeper and tiller

of the soil, and sometimes took a fishing excursion to Yellow Creek, three miles north in Loran Township.

One day, some ten years ago, I thought I would enjoy a little fishing-trip to Yellow Creek. My father had a bamboo pole about fifteen feet long. Off we went to Waterman's Ford. When we reached the ford, we decided to proceed around the creek and locate ourselves just north of Waterman's residence. We had two hooks on our line and put on a big wad of angle worms.

Our line was as long as our pole. Soon we cast our hooks away out into the middle of the creek. In the course of half an hour our cork, or float, began to move off towards the other side of the stream. We left the float move about three feet, when we suddenly raised our pole and brought a large fish of the red horse species to the top of the water. The fish was heavy; we dropped our pole and grasping the line over-handed, we kept the fish in the water and soon landed it on the bank of the creek. We had a cat-fish on one hook and the big red-horse on the other.

When I got home I had some ten pounds of fish. The big one measured just twenty inches, the cat-fish eight inches. Benjamin Dorthy and my youngest brother, Johnnie, caught a nine pound carp one day in Yellow Creek near the ford.

A Big Four Year Tour and Outing in Iowa.

During the winter of 1891, we formed the idea that we had better go back to Iowa again, hunt up a good town, in which we would have no opposition, and carry on a racket store. Accordingly in the spring of 1892, we packed our goods and decided to emigrate to Bedford, Taylor County, Iowa, via Savanna, Des Moines and Creston.

Benjamin Kramer, formerly of Co. B, 26th Ill. Inf., took us to Shannon, where we boarded the early morning train for Des Moines. At the latter city we changed cars and stepped on the regular train on the Chicago, Great Western R. R. for Creston, Iowa. At the latter place we took the Creston & Southwestern branch of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, arriving at Bedford about 11:00 A. M. After dinner we canvassed the town and soon found out that there was a good racket store at Bedford.

We knew there were other good towns in which we would have no competition. We remained at the county seat about three days, examined our state map, and concluded to locate at Melbourne, Marshall Co., Iowa. The latter village was at the junction of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. with the Chicago and Great Western.

There was quite a colony in the town and vicinity from Carroll County, Illinois, with a number of whom we were well acquainted. Indeed the surrounding country was one of the garden spots of Iowa. We met one of our former friends, William Wulke, formerly of Carroll County, and engaged to live with him during our stay in Melbourne. There was in the village one vacant store room, owned by Comrade William Wenzel, formerly of Pennsylvania.

In the meantime we rented the store-room of Mr. Wenzel and ordered our goods to be sent to Melbourne. Our store was cleaned up, goods unpacked and an extra display and side line put down in the show windows facing Main Street. On the south side of the store we put down five and ten cent counters, on which were displayed to good advantage, Yankee notions, tinware and wooden ware. On the north side we had on display novels, toilet and laundry soaps, cigars, tobaccos and dry goods. The village of Melbourne contained in the spring of 1892, one drug store, one bank, one furniture store, one farming implement store, two hotels, and two general stores, and one High school.

The store adjoining me on the south, commanded a good trade and I soon found out that they were awful afraid I would stock up with a line of groceries in competition with them. Indeed, I think I overheard the managers of the adjoining store talking with their friends against my store, in order to injure my trade and advise their customers against me.

Well, we ran the store until about the first of September, settled with Mr. Wulke for our board bill and concluded to pack our goods, leave the town, and hunt up a new and better location. We should have had a good fair trade but for the ingratitude of the citizens. The young men in town and country wanted me to remain and start a tobacco store. We have never been inside the village since we left, sixteen years ago. Wm. Wulke, whose wife was formerly Miss Anna

Bast of Carroll County, Ill., was a straight and honest man and good citizen.

We ordered our goods shipped to Cedar Falls, Iowa. On or about the first of September, we went direct to Marshalltown, Marshall County, Iowa, and remained there until the next day after dinner.

One of our well-to-do farmers, Mr. Walker, who lived about four miles west of Melbourne, gave me before I left, a deed which he wanted me to have recorded for him at the County Clerk's office, in Marshalltown. I became acquainted with Mr. Walker while helping him to put up his harvest. He was formerly from Pennsylvania. After dinner we left town and came via the Chicago and Great Western to Hudson, Black Hawk County, Iowa, in the vicinity of which town, we secured a job of shocking oats and threshing, for nearly a week, after which we left town for Waterloo, Iowa.

We were with a threshing outfit of farmers about seven miles southwest of Waterloo, where we met an old-time friend, Mr. John Mattingly, and one of his sons, formerly of Shannon, Ill. Mr. Mattingly owned a fine farm seven miles southwest of Waterloo, near Black Hawk River. He formerly had two brothers living in Shannon, George, now of Chicago, and Thomas, of Shannon, who is now a prominent member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Comrade John Mattingly was in the Civil War and fought in defense of American institutions and the nullification of the States Rights Doctrine.

We remained in and around Waterloo probably ten days or more, when we departed for Cedar Falls, Iowa. The city of Waterloo is the county seat of Black Hawk County, Iowa, and is divided by the Red Cedar River into East and West Waterloo. The city contained in 1906 18,800 inhabitants.

We reached Cedar Falls, on Cedar River, in Black Hawk County, and remained in town a few days to canvass the city and view the Iowa State Normal School buildings. Cedar Falls is a thriving and enterprising town, well built, and surrounded by a beautiful farming country. It is ninety miles west of Dubuque, on the Illinois Central and Chicago and Great Western railroads, and contained at the census of 1890, 5,300 inhabitants.

In the course of a few days we took our departure for

Ackley, Hardin County, Iowa, at the crossing of the Iowa and Illinois Central railways. We stopped in town until morning, when we proceeded into the country about seven miles southwest of town, where we struck a good job of haying with Henry Fossler, formerly of Adeline, Illinois. Mr. Fossler was managing a large farm, a part of which was owned by his father, who resided and made his home in Ackley. His wife, who was a most estimable woman, was formerly Miss Mogle, a prominent school teacher, years ago, in Stephenson County, Illinois. He was a good man to work for, and a good practical farmer.

After we wound up his hay crop, nearly two weeks' work, I told Mr. Fossler if he would take me to Ackley, I thought I would take the train for Storm Lake, Buena Vista County, Iowa. I reached the latter town about 5:00 P. M., and left for Alta in the same county about 6:00 P. M. My youngest brother John, who made his home with James M. Willfong and family, who lived near Alta, happened to be in town. Of course my brother was surprised, and we were indeed pleased to meet each other again.

After a social chat with my brother for a half hour, we went together and called on James M. Willfong and family, with whom he made his home. Mr. Willfong lived about one mile north of Alta, Buena Vista County, Iowa. We remained here about a week, found the folks all very well, and they were very much pleased with the country. James' youngest son, Thomas, had a good position at the Alta Elevator Company, William had rented a farm about three miles southwest of town, Martin bought a farm two miles northwest of Alta, containing one hundred and twenty acres, and George was farming a large farm which he had bought, about six miles east of Mason City, Iowa. Mr. Willfong was engaged in the cultivation of a large market garden, raising musk melons, water melons, potatoes and other vegetation.

We were aware years ago that there was quite a colony in the vicinity of Storm Lake, Alta and Aurelia from Carroll County, Illinois. We were invited to visit the following old-time friends in Buena Vista, County: Elias Forney and family, David C. Forney, Joseph Templeman, Martin Grove and family, Daniel Kline and family, and James Templeman and family. We found our friends all well and prospering.

In about one week we concluded to run into Sioux City,

to find employment, and work at any thing by which we could make an honest living. On looking over the signs advertising for men in the city, we noticed men were wanted for all kinds of work all over town. We secured work with a foreman from Omaha. We had a number of jobs on West Seventh and Jackson Streets, putting down ornamental work in fire-places and inside of doors and corridors. Our work was to mix cement, wash the variegated blocks, and tend the foreman.

After the completion of our work at a number of fine private residences in the city, we accompanied our foreman to the depot and he returned to his home at Omaha. We looked around the city again and hired with a large dairy firm, about one mile east of town. Our work was the feeding and milking of seventy-five cows. The milk was sold in the city by one of the managers, who made regular trips every day with the milk wagon into Sioux City. We received twenty dollars per month for our services in the dairy, all the milk to drink we required, and good substantial board (three square meals a day).

Before we take leave of Sioux City, we shall take the liberty and reserve the right to scatter a few bouquets over the city, in grateful remembrance of past favors bestowed upon us by the business citizens of the prosperous city on the Missouri River. Sioux City is the county seat of Woodbury County, Iowa, is finely located on the Missouri River, and on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, Chicago & Northwestern, Sioux City & Northern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Illinois Central and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroads. Sioux City is situated in an extensive corn-growing and stock-raising region. There are flouring and grist mills, foundries, machine shops, meat packing establishments, saddlery and harness manufactories, and a brewery. A feature of historical interest is the Floyd Monument, which is erected in memory of a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, who died and was buried here. When we lived in the city we were struck with the sympathetic kindness and whole-souled hospitality of its citizens. If a man wanted work, he was supplied, at good wages, in less than twenty-four hours.

A dairy in the fall and winter is no snap position, and milking is a cold job. During the severity of cold weather

many a man and woman has frozen their fingers and feet. We settled with the managers and returned to the city, stopped over night, purchased a ticket at the Illinois Central depot, and returned via LeMars and Cherokee, to Alta. We made our home a portion of the time with Comrade James M. Willfong, who was a sergeant in Co. H, 15th Ill. Infantry during the close of the Civil War.

His son, Martin, received the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean, which excellent paper he loaned us to read occasionally. Thomas took the Alta Advertizer and Storm Lake Tribune, and through the kindness of the editors at Alta we were supplied with numerous exchanges from time to time. Mr. John Straub, my youngest brother, took the Sioux City Daily Journal, which has been conceded by other Iowa papers to be the greatest, newsiest and most up-to-date daily paper in the state.

We continued to make our home in the vicinity of Alta during the fall of 1892. We were engaged in working for our neighbors on the farms, threshing and husking corn, up to the middle of November, though some farmers, who had big crops, did not get done until late in December.

One day, in December, we met Mr. Elias Forney, who lived near the northwest edge of town. He told me he would like to have me live with him during the winter. He said he and Mrs. Forney desired to visit old friends and relatives during the holidays. He had a good buggy team of white horses he wanted me to take charge of, and keep up the fires in the house, and save the flowers from freezing. I think we went to live with them about the middle of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Forney made their first visit to their son, Peter, who lived down in Woodbury County, some twenty-five miles east of Sioux City. They were gone about two weeks and seemed to enjoy their outing very much. They both belonged to the Dunkard or German Baptist Church. Their next visit was to Canton, South Dakota, in which town and Lincoln County they had numerous friends and relatives. David C. Forney's eldest daughter, Ethel, was with them on this outing into South Dakota.

During their visit we had a number of callers, who came to pay their respects and have a social chat with us about

Iowa and Illinois, from which latter state they had emigrated.

The weather in Northern Iowa sometimes is very severe and cold, but we had a good base burner and sometimes had a good fire in the kitchen stove, which made our home very comfortable. We had books, newspapers, and our violin, with which to pass the time.

There were a number of very severe blizzards, while we were living with Mr. Forney; they were sometimes preceded by lightning and thunder, and frequently blockaded the railroads for several days. The snow drifted around the barn from ten to twelve feet high.

Mr. Forney's son, David, was one of the best horsemen in the County. He always made it a habit to give his teams plenty of time to eat their meals and rest after dinner, sometimes one hour and a half. He was a good practical farmer and took the best care of all his stock. His wife was formerly Miss Ida Grove, a sister to Martin Grove, of Lyon County, Minn. They had four children, Hazel, Ethel and Charles and another whose name is unknown to us. Mr. Forney died in Iowa, I think, over ten years ago. His father and mother died in Buena Vista County.

Soon after the holidays my brother returned to Freeport, Illinois, and finally came on to Spring Valley, Carroll Co., to help his brother Wilson carry on the farm work. We remained with Mr. Forney until near the 4th of July. In connection with his town property he owned forty acres of good land, the most of which was in pasture, and he had an orchard of about four acres. When spring came in we planted about two acres of potatoes and in addition cultivated a truck patch of about two acres. We planted beets, cabbage, sweet corn, radishes, tomatoes, peas, beans, muskmelons and watermelons. We had a good crop of everything we planted and before the Fourth of July the whole garden was in bloom and on the boom, and the quality hard to beat in the vicinity of Alta and surrounding country.

After we finished the cultivation of the garden we decided to take a little outing to Maurice, Sioux Co., Iowa. On the evening of the 3d of July we took the regular train at Alta, on the Illinois Central Railroad and went to Le Mars, Plymouth County., where on the following day we took in the celebration of the 4th of July. The program for the

Fourth was a good one, a fine parade was carried out which consisted of a grand display of agricultural machinery and other interesting amusements and entertainments, all of which elicited the applause of the patriotic crowd in town. About five o'clock we went to the depot of the Sioux City and Northern R. R. and took the train for Maurice, at which town a celebration of the Fourth had occurred the same day. The sole object of our call at the latter town was to pay a visit the next day to Comrade Pierson Baker, who lived about three miles north of Maurice, in Sioux County, Iowa.

It so happened that Mr. Baker and his family were all in town attending the celebration, and in the course of an hour we met him on the street, but as we had not met each other for about fifteen years, he hardly knew us right away, but in conversation soon recognized us. He said they had had a fine time in Maurice to-day. A fine street parade, a big attendance, and all who attended had enjoyed themselves and expressed themselves well satisfied with the Fourth of July outing and demonstration. We remained in town until morning, and about ten A. M. we went out to Mr. Baker's farm and found the folks all very well and they seemed to be much pleased with their new home and Sioux County. He had bought ninety acres three miles north of Maurice and six miles west of the county seat, Orange City. His two sons, Frank and Preston, carried on the farm work, and they informed me that they had an excellent crop of everything they had put out. He had a gang of men engaged in raising and repairing his house.

Comrade Baker when he left Penna, moved on a farm six miles north of Ashton, Illinois. He then afterwards emigrated to Sac County, Iowa, where he lived a number of years. He next moved into Sioux County, Iowa, thirty-six miles north of Sioux City, where he bought a fine farm. His wife was formerly Miss Malinda Ling, of Dekalb Co., Ills. She is a fine housekeeper, a very kind and most estimable lady. They had, when I last visited them, six daughters and two sons. Of course we had a big social chat about our school days together and recollections of the late Civil War.

We took a little outing to Maurice and Orange City and could see two miles east the town of Alton, Sioux County, Iowa.

CHAPTER XX.

In the Harvest Fields of Iowa—County Fair at Alta.

Our next employment was shocking and harvesting about three miles southwest of Manilla, where we remained until after harvest. We soon formed the acquaintance of a young man by the name of William Mitchell who wanted a hand and driver to help him run a corn sheller in the vicinity of Astor and other neighboring towns in the county. We took no fancy to the job, but as hands were scarce in that section of the country, we engaged with Mitchell to run or drive his horse power during the shelling season.

Our first shelling was at Astor, on the Chicago, Savanna and Council Bluffs railroad. We next moved west to Bell City, which village was also located on the C., M. and St. Paul railroad. Here we struck a big job of some two weeks shelling. I think we shelled over thirteen thousand bushels. When trains passed us near by, we were obliged to hold our teams to keep them from running off and smashing the horse power. Sometimes we got tired standing on the power and exchanged work with the shovelers, and of course, inside the crib we were in the shade, and not exposed to the scorching rays of the August sun. But Mitchell and some of the hands said I was the best driver on the job and was requested by Mitchell to mount the power again, increase the speed, and of course, facilitate the transaction.

One day, about two P. M., two foreigners appeared on the railroad track coming from the west, with a large cinnamon

colored bear. The men stopped in the village about an hour and gave a free exhibition with old bruin, singing, dancing and wrestling being on the program, all of which elicited the applause of the shellers and citizens. After the side show the men and bear left for the next town, Dow City, Crawford Co.

While we were visiting with Mr. Baker his home papers gave an account of the terrible cyclone, which came in from the southwest, passing Le Mars, Aurelia, Alta and Storm Lake, Iowa. It also passed Fonda, Pomeroy and Manson. Farm houses, barns, and school houses were destroyed. A good many people saved their lives by taking shelter in the storm caves. My two cousins, Sarah and Wilson G. Straub, who lived six miles southwest of Manson, had bought a book which gave a correct account of the horrible storm twister. The town of Pomeroy, Calhoun Co., was nearly all destroyed. I was at the latter town about one month after the storm and was told by the citizens that two cyclones had met each other here, one from the southwest and the other from the northwest. I talked with a survivor and citizen, who told me he had been picked up by the twister and carried into the air some forty or fifty feet and landed on the street again without being killed. But he told me he was sprained and sore yet from his awful ascension. We have forgotten the number injured and the loss of life. The path of the storm presented a ghastly appearance, large trees were torn up by the roots, clothing and farming implements scattered and torn to pieces.

We took leave of our friends on Saturday morning. Mr. Baker took us to Le Mars, from which city we departed for Manilla, Crawford County, Iowa. Our intention of passing into the above county was to take in the haying, harvesting and corn shelling. We reached Manilla on our birthday, July 14th, 1893, and were told in the afternoon that a farmer north of town was in need of harvest hands and hay makers. One job advertised another and we had steady work right along.

After the wind up of the big shelling job at Bell City, about the middle of August, we loaded up the horse power again and pulled off for home near Astor. We reached Buck Grove the first day but were compelled to remain near the village over night on account of a heavy thunder shower

occurring during the night. Mitchell wanted to start for home after the shower, but we told him it would be impossible for our teams to pull the power and sheller up the muddy hills on the road.

We started for home the next morning, and before we got home the next day, in the language of the Pennsylvania democrat, on the civil war, it proved to be a big breakfast job. Mitchell made his home with his brother-in-law, which place we reached about sundown, two miles southwest of Astor. We stopped with the folks a few days resting up and choring around, and soon decided that we would return to Alta again via Dennison, Logan and Onawa.

We packed our valise again, and about nine o'clock A. M. left for Dennison, the county seat of Crawford Co., Iowa, at which place we arrived about five o'clock P. M. Here we took supper and then traveled on for Woodbine and Logan, which latter town is the county seat of Harrison Co. On reaching the latter town we put up at one of the best hotels, took supper, and after viewing the town awhile for exercise, we retired for the night.

Logan is the county seat of Harrison County, on the Boyer River and on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, eight miles east of Mo. Valley and thirty-one miles northeast, by railroad, from Council Bluffs. The town is finely located on a rising elevation, surrounded by a fine section of country and contained, at the census of 1900, nearly fourteen hundred people.

After remaining in Logan a few days, and finding work scarce, we resolved to travel through to Onawa, Monona Co., via Magnolia, the old county seat. We reached the latter town shortly before noon, which was formerly the only county seat in the State, (1893), without a railroad. The town is pleasantly located on a rising elevation and rolling prairie, and contained at that time, I judge, about five hundred people.

Remaining in the town over night, we caught a chance in the morning to ride with a party of hay makers for about ten miles northwest towards Onawa. When night came on we called at a comfortable farm house, and as we still wore the old bronze button, the boss and owner of the farm said we could ride with him and his family to Blencoe, as they had to go shopping to that town. On reaching the latter

town, we walked into the hotel and asked the proprietor if we could stop with him over night. His partner soon came in, to whom he remarked, "Yes, Tom, he is all right, we shall find a good room for him, you see he wears the old bronze button."

In the morning we moved on for Onawa, seven miles by railroad from Blencoe. We remained at the county seat, Onawa, until about two o'clock P. M. We bought a stock of Yankee notions at the racket store, and our intention was to peddle through the country eastward until we struck a job of haying or threshing. At about two P. M. we left town and reached Turin, on the Chicago and Northwestern, about five P. M., in which village we put up at a private boarding house over Sunday.

Monday morning we moved on northeastward through Castana, Danbury, Battle Creek, Mapleton and thence into Ida Grove, the county seat of Ida Co., on Maple River. Here we halted to see the town.

When one passes into a good town and good county he is in no particular hurry to leave that section of country until he makes inquiry if there has been any demand for men in haying or harvest time. On the contrary, if work is scarce and no demand for hands a man soon moves on into another county. We have heard men remark, that some farmers won't hire a stranger. Right here we shall contradict that opinion and claim that if a farmer needs hands he don't hesitate to hire strangers in five minutes. I have engaged with farmers and railroad men to work for them and had never met them before.

Ida Grove is a good and well built town on Maple River. There is a beautiful grove about two miles northwest of town from which the place doubtless derives its name. It contained at the census of 1900 about 2,000 inhabitants. We rode out of town with a gentleman at about ten o'clock A. M., our destination being Sac City, Sac County, Iowa. When we had traveled about some fifteen miles northeast of town we began to halt and stop right there and look around to admire one of the most beautiful sections of rolling prairie we had ever seen in the state. The scope of country to which we refer was, I think, some twenty miles south and west of Alta and Storm Lake, Iowa.

We stopped at a nice home about ten miles northeast of

the county seat and took dinner with a kind young married couple, both of whom entertained me in a concert with violin and organ.

About six miles south of Schaller we met a farmer who was hunting up hands to help him do his threshing. He told me the county fair was coming at Alta. We went home with the farmer, who lived about six miles south of Schaller and stopped over night with him. The threshing machine pulled in also after we came, but as they were not sure of getting enough hands to commence work in the morning they did not set up the machine. After sundown the farmer came home and informed the threshers that his hands and neighbors refused to come and help him thresh out his crop until the county fair at Alta was over. Of course we needed work and money, but I reckon the fair took in the most loose change.

I formed the idea that I would move on to Sac City with the hope of getting a job of haying. Some ten miles west of the latter town I met one of the business men of the city and rode into the county seat with him. We remained in town until about two o'clock P. M., ate a few muskmelons and then moved on for the Twin Lakes, a summer resort, about twelve miles southwest of Manson, Calhoun County.

When we were some fifteen miles northeast of Sac City, near sundown, we stopped at a farm house for supper. The young lady of the house, who said she was formerly a Wisconsin school teacher, informed me that I could have supper. Her husband was threshing at one of their neighbors. The intelligent young lady told me I could remain over night with them, but I thanked her, and told her I had two cousins six miles east of the Twin Lakes and that I preferred to go through during the night in order to avoid the intense heat in the day time. Before I reached the Lakes I became sleepy and dropped down a couple of times on the edge of a hay pile and probably slept a couple of hours.

On the approach of daylight we noticed the Lakes looming up about two miles off to the eastward, and when the sun rose they presented a dazzling and luminous appearance. About six o'clock we were at Twin Lakes. There is a number of substantial buildings, a tobacco and Yankee notion store and a fine hotel. Numerous species of fish abound in

the Lakes, and fishing is said to be a favorite amusement during the summer season.

At about nine o'clock A. M. we started for our cousins' home, six miles east of the summer resort, and got through at about twelve o'clock, noon. One of my sousins, the late Wilson G. Straub, was absent from home threshing for one of his neighbors, but returned home about two P. M. My other cousin, Miss Sarah, was at home and knew me immediately. We informed them that we had been down in Crawford Co. taking in the haying and harvest. We found the folks reasonably well and enjoying the quiet walk of life. They owned a quarter section of good land, had lots of hay and good crops of oats and corn. Wilson had a lot of hay cut and piled up ready to haul in and stack, and of course, he was glad to get help for a few days to get his hay crop all stacked.

In Iowa the farmers had a new plan of carting hay; a team of horses was hitched to a heavy pole and the driver stood on the center and drove to the end of a win-row, and when he had mopped up all the team could pull he drove for the hay stack. The new way was called bucking hay in the field and on the prairies. My cousin remarked that he liked to work in the hay when he had a man to help him until he was done.

Remaining over Sunday with Mr. W. G. Straub, we made up our mind we would return to Alta, via Pomeroy and Storm Lake. We pulled into Pomeroy about one o'clock P. M. and laid over in town probably two hours, viewing the wreck of destruction caused by the horrible cyclone, which had nearly destroyed the whole town on July 6th, 1893.

On our way to Storm Lake we were very fortunate in getting several rides with strangers and others. On reaching the latter town and summer resort about eight P. M., we met with another gentleman, who lived between Storm Lake and Alta, and rode with him to within about two miles of Alta. We arrived at the latter town about nine o'clock P. M. and called on our friends, James M. Willfong and family, with whom we lived until the beginning of December.

Nothing occurred of any consequence before the holidays except now and then a rabbit hunt and visit the neighboring towns occasionally.

Along in December we received word that our friend Joseph Templeman, who lived on the William Parker farm, about three miles southeast of Alta, wanted a man to live with him during the winter, choring, milking and watering stock.

Mr. Templeman had bought a farm about seven miles northeast of Sioux Rapids and his eldest son Bert and mother, Mrs. Della Templeman, had moved on the new home early in the fall. Frank desired to attend the district school south of Alta, and Bert to go to school near their new home in Clay Co., Iowa. We had some good books with us, our fife and violin, and after Mr. Templeman butchered and killed a fine beef, the winter passed swiftly and imperceptibly away.

The winter of 1894 was at intervals rough, severe and cold, good sleighing at different times, and everybody happy at the approach of the holidays. We had callers and visitors every week, fife and violin music, and were all close observers of the Shannon Weekly Express and Sioux City Semi-Weekly Journal. Frank was passing his evenings reading a large book entitled, *Earth, Sea and Sky*.

Along the beginning of March Mr. Templeman began making preparations for moving to his new home, which he had bought in Clay County, some twenty miles or more northeast of Alta. He made several trips in the fall and during February, hauling coal and machinery. When he shipped his stock he secured the services of an able and experienced driver, Mr. Paul Munn, at which time they removed all the cattle to their farm in one drove.

After Frank and his father moved to their farm, I moved back to Mr. Willfong's country home again. Of course we all had to wait until spring came before we could get any work to do. In the meantime, I was a newsboy between times and sold the Chicago Record, Des Moines Daily News and St. Louis Globe-Democrat. There was a Camp of the Sons of Veterans and a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Alta, and when Memorial Day came around we always attended the beautiful services at the cemetery near town.

When my birthday, the 14th of July, came in, I took a fishing trip to Storm Lake. The day was warm and pleasant, but rather windy in the afternoon. I caught a small mess

of fish and about five o'clock returned to Alta again. The lake abounded with different species of fish, perch, catfish, pike and pickerel.

When we got back home to Alta, Comrade Daniel Kline, Sr., called to see us and told me that his son Daniel wanted me to come out to his farm in the morning and help him put up his harvest and stack his grain. Mr. Kline told me he would take me out to the farm in the morning. I said all right I'm with you.

His son lived about six miles northeast of Alta on a rented farm of one hundred and sixty acres. His crop consisted of hay, barley and oats and was a good fair yield all around. Our first job after we reached Mr. Kline's farm was to dig a new well about one-half mile east of his house and barn. We sunk the well down about twelve feet, struck a gravelly bottom and before night we had come onto a vein of pure running water, enough for family use and all the stock on the farm. We immediately set to work cribbing up the well and in the morning were rewarded with about, I think, four feet of excellent water.

Our next job on the program was stacking about ten acres of barley, after which we put up the hay crop, and when his oats crop was fit and ripe enough to cut we proceeded to wind up his harvest and put it all up on shock. Mr. Kline was a good man to work for, and he and his father were both good practical cigarmakers, formerly in Alta.

Daniel Kline, Jr., had a smart looking baby, a son, probably about nine months or a year old. He named the child after Gov. Wm. McKinley, of Ohio. One day when we were at the house together, I suggested to him that we ought to write a letter to Gov. McKinley, who was then governor of Ohio, and give him a formal introduction to Wm. McKinley Kline, of Buena Vist Co., Iowa. Mr. Kline remarked that if I wished to inform the governor that he had named his son after him I could do so. The letter was soon written up by us and directed to Gov. Wm. McKinley, Columbus, Ohio. We informed Mr. McKinley that the boy's grandfather, Daniel Kline, Sr., was formerly a member of the 70th Ohio Infantry in the Civil War, and was born at Cincinnati, Hamilton Co., Ohio. We told him the child's mother was formerly Miss Orton of Michigan, and was a very kind and highly esteemed

woman, with a large circle of friends in Michigan and Iowa, that his grandmother was a refined English lady and most estimable woman with hosts of friends. We advised the governor to address his letter to Daniel Kline Jr., Alta, Buena Vista Co., Iowa.

In the course of about two weeks, Mr. Kline received a letter postmarked Columbus, Ohio, in which the governor acknowledged the receipt of the Communication and thanked Mr. Kline ever so much for naming his youngest son after him. He expressed the wish that his son would have a strenuous and successful career, a bright and prosperous future. Both Mr. Kline and his son Daniel were ardent admirers of President McKinley. Mr. Kline handed the letter to me to read and told me no silver dollar would buy it and that he would keep it for a future souvenir.

We returned to Alta and made our home at that town until about the middle of August, 1894. On account of a prevailing drouth in the county, work in that section was scarce. We therefore formed the idea that we would pull out of the county and strike for the big hay fields in Kossuth County, Northern Iowa. Things never turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up, (J. A. Garfield). We packed our best valise with good substantial clothing. After dinner we left Alta and traveled in a northwest direction, passing Storm Lake to the west about four miles. Of course, after that, via Pocahontas, Rolfe, Algona, and Bancroft to Ledyard and Germania. On our way there was no demand for men in the hay fields. We traveled for a few days, day and night, in order to get through as soon as possible and avoid the excessive heat during the daytime.

On the last day's march, we met a gentleman from Dallas County, Iowa, about ten miles north of Algona, he had a good spring wagon and good team of horses. We haulted on the roadside, fed the team and had our dinner together. He said we had about twenty miles yet to Ledyard and would get through to that town about sundown. He told me he was going to rent a farm west of Ledyard and leave Dallas County. It was very near night when we reached the latter town. After thanking my companion for the big welcome ride we separated. It was Saturday night and the next thing on the program was to engage a boarding house and remain over Sunday.

CHAPTER XXI.

Return to Illinois—Farmer and Country Merchant—

At Illinois and Wisconsin State Fairs.

The haying season was about half through with, but after that the hay presses would be under headway. We found good boarding and lodging in town, and on Monday we struck a big job of haying for nearly six weeks. We met a big firm from Germania whose names were Jacob Rink, Charles Schultz and Charles Knapp. I told Mr. Knapp that I expected a letter at Ledyard and would return in the evening to Germania. He said if you can get two more good hands, send them on. When I got to Ledyard I hired another man, Ray Estill, from Traver, Tama County, Iowa. We both reached Germania about eight o'clock in the evening and took supper at Charles Knapp's boarding house and home.

The haying firm now had a working force of six men. One good team was constantly engaged in bucking the hay to the stack, two men pitching from the ground and two stacking all the time. We had about four miles northeast to the hay fields from town, and when we went home to Germania at night, we generally hauled two loads of hay with us to town. Of course we always took our dinners with us to the hay fields.

The town of Germania is located on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, ninety miles northwest of Iowa Falls and thirty-nine miles east of Estherville, in Kossuth Co.

Another branch road now connects the town with Albert Lea, Minn. The country seems to be well adapted to the raising of flax, corn, oats and wheat, but the main business of both town and country, is the bailing and shipping of wild prairie hay to different sections of the country.

About the middle of September the haying season was nearly over and the hay presses were soon running in full blast. We had some extreme hot spells of weather in September, and near the middle of the month the men were nearly all sick with summer complaint for a few days.

Along the latter part of the month we decided to return via Bancroft, Goldfield and Iowa Falls to Storm Lake. On reaching Iowa Falls we became sick with malaria fever and were obliged to remain there nearly a week until we felt much better. We attributed the change of water as the cause of our sickness.

During the beginning of October a political campaign was approaching for the election of a governor in Iowa and a big rally was announced to come off at Carters Grove. The principal speakers announced to expound the political issues of the day were, the Hon. David B. Henderson, member of Congress, and William A. Allison, U. S. Senator, of Dubuque, Iowa, both of whom made unanswerable addresses, and elicited the applause of the entire audience at the meeting.

The Hon. D. B. Henderson enlisted as a private in 1861 in the Twelfth Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry, was elected and commissioned 1st lieutenant of Company C, and served until discharged, Feb. 26th, 1863, owing to the loss of a leg at the battle of Corinth. From May, 1863, to June, 1864, he was commissioner of the board of enrollment of the Third Iowa District, and then re-entered the army as Col. of the 46th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, in which rank he served to the close of the war. In 1899, at the organization of the Fifty-sixth Congress he was elected to succeed the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, resigned, as Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives.

At the close of the big rally we returned to Iowa Falls and after we recovered from our recent illness we returned to Alta, Buena Vista Co., Iowa.

When the beginning of October came around we inquired among the farmers for employment in the corn field and other work. We soon met a gentleman, a good practical

farmer, who lived on a large farm two miles southeast of Cherokee, Iowa, whose name was William Posten. He had a fine patch of potatoes he wanted stored in the cellar and some threshing with his neighbors, exchanging work, etc. In a short time his potatoes were extracted from the ground and conveyed to the cellar for home consumption. We next succeeded in threshing out our neighbors, all of whom, at night, retreated to their homes unharmed. Our neighbors all had fine crops of oats, potatoes, corn, etc.

Along the beginning of October we were given a good team with instructions to go into the corn field and husk corn at three cents a bushel until all the crop was all in the crib. Mr. Posten, I think, had about two hundred acres of good corn. In a couple of weeks two young men came down from North Dakota, in which State they had been employed during the threshing season. They were furnished immediately with good teams and wagons and sent into the corn field to husk at the rate of three cents per bushel, to weigh and crib the same until further orders. One of the boys, William Beeler, was an engineer from Michigan. They were both good huskers and all hands meant business.

Mr. Posten was a good honest man to work for and sure pay. His wife, formerly a resident of near Mason City, Iowa, was a fine practical housekeeper and excellent teacher of Cerro Gordo County, Iowa. They had two nice children, a boy and girl. Their nearest neighbors were formerly from Pennsylvania. When Thanksgiving day came around the lady served us a fine dinner, and of course, the best was none too good for industrious farm hands. Before husking was wound up we also laid off Mr. Posten's fall plowing about one mile southeast of Cherokee.

On the approach of the State election we were prompted by both duty and patriotism, to attend the election at Alta and vote for the Republican candidate, the Hon. Frank D. Jackson, for governor, whose election we predicted as a certainty, but both parties declared he would be defeated.

We remained with Mr. Posten until he was nearly done husking, and on account of the severity of the weather, and as we were subject to the unutterable tortures of rheumatism, we pleaded the privilege to pack our valise and return to Illinois.

From William Posten's home we returned to James Willfong's residence near Alta, where we remained with our friends a few days, before our departure for Freeport, Ill. When December came we packed our trunk and bidding our friends and neighbors farewell for the present, we were conveyed to the Illinois Central depot at Alta by Martin Willfong, the eldest son of the late James M. Willfong, formerly of Carroll County, Illinois.

Our train was due, I think, about 1:00 P. M., and passed through Storm Lake, Fort Dodge, Iowa Falls, Waterloo and Independence, reaching Dubuque about midnight. When we crossed the Father of Waters (Mississippi River) we observed that there had been a heavy fall of snow in Illinois, which made excellent sleighing between Dubuque and Freeport. We arrived at the latter city about 3:00 o'clock A. M., December 7th, 1895, having been absent from Illinois nearly four years.

At Freeport we purchased a supply of tobacco, cigars, smoking and chewing, and opened up our little country store in Spring Valley again. For a small country store we had a brisk, continual trade through the holidays, and our old time neighbors, friends and relatives seemed to be pleased to meet us again.

Our employment during the year consisted in helping my brothers with the farm work, keeping house and running my little country store. During the year of 1896 we recollect of nothing of any consequence except the arrival of our sister's eldest son, Henry A. Whitacre, from California. Henry and his cousin, William Whitacre, went through to the Coast over the Northern Pacific railroad, to Seattle and Portland, Oregon. They attended the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, and viewed the sights and scenes of the cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco, California. William was an experienced telegraph operator and held a paying position at Portland, Oregon. Henry found employment in a restaurant, and was a clerk in one of the principal hotels nearly all winter. William held his position as railroad operator at Portland and Henry returned home to Shannon, Illinois, in October, 1896. According to the young men's story they surely learned something in theory and practice, and undoubtedly profited by experience.

1895 to 1900.

From Iowa to Illinois—Farmer and Country Merchant.

About the beginning of December, 1896, my father was stricken with paralysis. He had been sick for some two years before that time. The late Dr. John I. Smith, who was our family physician, was summoned, and by skillful treatment relieved him from time to time. During the holidays he was up and around occasionally, but after that he became worse and gradually became weaker. Along the first of February numerous visitors, neighbors and relatives called to see him and expressed much sorrow for the venerable gentleman. He lingered along until the 20th. of February, 1897, becoming unconscious for nearly a day before he expired. He died at 4 o'clock A. M., Saturday morning, February 20th, 1897. Had he lived until the 11th of March, he would have been 79 years of age.

The funeral services were conducted at the M. E. Church by Rev. George Gable, on Monday, February 22d. A quartet composed of Rev. Geo. Gable, Clayton Good and Misses Bird Leonard and Della Cook, with Mrs. George E. Ward as accompanist, sweetly rendered some of the old Methodist hymns that were dear to the heart of the deceased, who, as long as his health permitted, always attended divine worship. He left to mourn their loss at that time three sons, Wilson, Edward and John, of Spring Valley, and one daughter, Mrs. Ellen Whitacre of Shannon, Illinois. The remains were quietly laid to rest in Shelley's Cemetery, one mile east of Shannon.

School Director, Country Merchant and Farmer.

During 1898 the thirty-second National Encampment came off at Cincinnati, Ohio, at which Col. James A. Sexton of Chicago was elected Commander-in-Chief. The next year (1899) the thirty-third convened at Philadelphia and Col. Albert D. Shaw of New York was elected Commander.

In 1900 the thirty-fourth convened at Chicago, Illinois. Col. Putnam Post No. 646, G. A. R., attended in a body, and were satisfied with the entire program and grand reception by the metropolis of the great Middle West. We are firmly of the opinion that the great city formed the idea that the best was none too good for the ex-soldier boys.

Our regiment, the 7th Penn. Cavalry, held a grand reunion at the Court House on Thursday, which was attended by nearly all who were in the city. Brig. Gen. Robert H. G. Minty, of Ogden, Utah, who commanded the First Brigade, Second Division of Gen. Wilson's Cavalry, was present, and entertained the boys with a fine address.

Brig. Gen. Benjamin F. Pritchard, of Michigan, who was at the head of the command which captured Jefferson Davis and party at Irwinville, Ga., May 10th, 1865, was also present, and talked very kindly to the boys for half an hour. The boys were highly entertained at the Coliseum and other places of amusement.

We met one of our company, Sergeant Wm. McNeal, of Akron, Ohio. We had supper together at a fine restaurant on Van Buren Street and surely enjoyed the quiet walk of life for nearly half a day.

The most prominent and interesting feature of the grand re-union was the great parade of the Grand Army of the Republic on Wednesday. The parade marched north on Michigan Avenue, thence west to State Street, thence south and east to Michigan Avenue, on which street they were reviewed by Col. A. D. Shaw, Commander-in-Chief, and Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Regular Army.

Farmer and Merchant.

During 1901 and 1902 we recollect of nothing of any consequence, except the nomination of Hon. Wm. McKinley by the Republican Party, and Hon. Wm. J. Bryan by the Democratic Party, for President, at Chicago.

In June, 1903, President Roosevelt returned from an extended outing and tour on the Pacific Coast, to Freeport, Ill., at which city he dedicated a monument in commemoration of the Lincoln and Douglas debates, which occurred August 27th, 1858. The President spoke in front of the Court House to a large concourse of his fellow citizens and delivered a remarkable oration on the historical occasion. At 10 o'clock he left for Rockford and made a fine address to the vast crowd of people at Memorial Hall, at which place we saw the President for the first time in our life. We have

seen the following Presidents, namely, Benjamin Harrison, Rutherford B. Hayes, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

We have heard men of both the Republican and Democratic parties declare that both James G. Blaine and Samuel J. Tilden were squarely elected President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and Theodore Roosevelt were undoubtedly the greatest statesmen and ablest men ever elected President of the United States. When able men, of sincere and honest convictions, have been elected to a responsible office and through some damnable sleight of hand and preconcerted collusion are cheated out of the same it is a disgrace to Old Abe, the war eagle, and the American Constitution. We would be in favor of the enactment of a law which would render government officials ineligible as delegates to National conventions. Doctors, farmers, lawyers and merchants are just as competent as some legislators to nominate a good and honest man to supervise the business affairs of the American nation. If the above gentlemen cannot be trusted at conventions, they ought not to be trusted at elections.

1900 to 1905.

At Illinois State Fair, Sept., 1902.—At Wisconsin State Fair.

As we had never visited Springfield, the State Capitol of Illinois, we resolved to attend the State Fair, view some of the sights and scenes of the beautiful city, visit Oak Ridge Cemetery and the Lincoln Monument. We went to Freeport the latter part of September, took the regular train on the Illinois Central railroad at 3:00 A. M., and at 11:00 A. M. we were in the city of Springfield.

We did not attend the Fair the first day after our arrival in town, as we desired to see some of the prominent attractions of the Capitol city. The next day, Wednesday, we boarded a street car and proceeded to the fair grounds. The program on the grounds was very attractive and interesting. Side shows, trotting, merry-go-rounds, making cider, and the display and exhibition of blooded stock, about as fine as we ever witnessed. In the language of the Buckeye showman, at Freeport, "What the eye sees, the heart must believe."

Springfield is also the county seat of Sangamon County,

located about two miles south of the Sangamon River, and is a thriving and rapidly growing city. The latest estimate puts the population of the town at 60,000.

In September, 1904, we visited the Wisconsin State Fair at Milwaukee. The exhibits and display of blooded stock was just as good as at Springfield, and in some respects the Milwaukee Fair excelled the Illinois, especially in musical facilities. Eleven excellent bands discoursed up-to-date music during the entire fair. The display of fine buggies and agricultural implements, and beautiful ladies, was unsurpassed.

We called to see our old time intimate friend, Mr. John Cowley, who holds a responsible position with Browning, King & Co. Mr. Cowley has one sister, Miss Jennie, and two brothers, Frank and Joseph, all of whom are good business men and reside in Chicago.

Our Sister, Mrs. Ellen A. Whitacre, Passes Away, Sept. 24th,

1904.

In about two weeks after we returned from Milwaukee, my sister, Mrs. Ellen A. Whitacre, of Shannon, Ill., became very sick and was reported in a dangerous condition. A telephone dispatch was sent from Shannon to the home of Mr. Fred Brinkmier and was promptly delivered by his son Frank to us in Spring Valley, informing us that our dear sister, Ellen, died at 9:00 o'clock P. M. in Shannon. Mrs. Whitacre had been sick for several years prior to her death and the opinion prevails that she was afflicted with nervous prostration.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Whitacre were the parents of six children, two of whom died in infancy. The husband, four children, viz.: Mrs. Bessie Whitmore, Henry, James and John D. Whitacre, and two brothers still live to mourn their deep loss in this their sad hour of affliction.

For several years Mrs. Whitacre had been a devoted member of the Methodist Church of Shannon, but of late years poor health prevented her attendance. Funeral services were conducted at the M. E. Church on Tuesday, September 27th, 1904, by the Rev. J. C. Spaulding, who now resides in Elgin, Illinois. The pall-bearers were Command-

er Straw, Henry Burkett, Abraham Diehl, Henry Hoy, David Humbert, David Payne, all ex-soldiers in the Civil War.

Mrs. Whitacre was a lady who was very much attached to her home and family, and enjoyed the love and friendship of a large circle of friends and relatives in the states of Nebraska, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

*At Wisconsin State Fair, September, 1906, and a Visit to the
State Capital of Wisconsin, Madison.*

In September, 1906, we went to the Wisconsin State Fair again at Milwaukee, and we must say that the entire program was well rendered and very interesting to the large crowd from all the adjoining states. We think the fair beat its record this time, and nearly the entire fair grounds was a sea of human faces at all the sights and attractions. We would advise our intimate friends and relatives to visit the State Fair occasionally, all of which are interesting and highly attractive to everybody.

None of the county fairs are as good as they used to be fifteen or twenty years ago, though some of them are very good. The opinion prevails that carelessness and indifference are the prime causes and reason. We saw it stated a few years ago in a Freeport paper that one of the most highly attractive and up-to-date fairs held in the great Middle West was the Walworth County Fair at Elkhorn, Wis. I made inquiry of gentlemen on the train, whether the statement was true, and they informed me that such were the facts.

In May, 1902, we took in the State Encampment and Reunion, which convened at Rock Island, Illinois, on the 20th, 21st and 22d. There was a large attendance present from over the state, and also from the adjoining states. The program was a good one, and was carried out to the letter. The grand parade on Wednesday was very attractive. Gov. Richard Yates, of Illinois, Gov. Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, and Gov. Van Sant, of Minnesota, were conspicuous attractions in the grand review on the occasion. In company with David C. Payne, Officer of the Day, of Col. Putnam Post, Shannon, we visited the Government Arsenal on Rock Island and took in the military display.

In Memoriam.

John A. Straub was born at Pennsdale, Lycoming County, Pa., Feb. 12th, 1855; died in Spring Valley, Carroll County, Illinois, Feb. 24th, 1907. On March 18th, 1867, he moved with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Straub, to Cherry Grove Township, Carroll County, Ill., in which township his father bought a farm of sixty-two and one-half acres of the late Wm. D. Gemmil of Kansas, which John and his brother Wilson have farmed for the past fifteen years. In March, 1884, he removed with Martin Grove and family (formerly of Pennsylvania) to Alta, Iowa. He lived in the vicinity of Alta and Storm Lake for about seven years. John visited the celebrated Corn Palace at Sioux City and also the great World's Fair in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Straub was a kind, good man, agreeable, sociable, liberal and charitable, and one of the noblest works of God, an honest man. He leaves to mourn their loss two brothers, Wilson and Edward, one brother-in-law, Alfred Whitacre, of Shannon, two uncles, George Straub, Sr., of Chadwick, Ill., and Dr. John Straub, of Wilmington, Delaware. John was highly respected and esteemed by a large circle of friends in Pennsylvania, Iowa and Illinois, all of whom sorrowfully regret his sudden demise.

Funeral services were conducted in Shannon, at the Methodist Church at 10:30 A. M. on Wednesday, February 27th, the Rev. Seth Baker officiating, assisted by the Rev. Yeakel of the Evangelical Church, and the remains were quietly laid to rest in Shelley's Cemetery near Shannon.

The pall-bearers were Robert Willey, John Mattes, August Kuhlemeier, Clark Byington, Captains Robert D. Cheeseman and James Rubendall.

The Troy (N. Y.) Press prints the following letter, not heretofore published, from President Lincoln to the parents of Col. Ellsworth. The letter bears Mr. Lincoln's frank, and is post marked "Washington, May 27th, 1861."

"Washington, D. C., May 25, 1861.

"To the Father and Mother of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth.

"My Dear Sir and Madam: In the untimely loss of your noble son, our affliction here is scarcely less than your own. So much of promised usefulness to one's country, and

of bright hopes for one's self and friends, have never been so suddenly dashed as in this fall. In size, in years, and in youthful appearance a boy only, his power to command men was surpassingly great. This power, combined with a fine intellect and indomitable energy, and a taste altogether military, constituted in him, as seemed to me, the best matured talent in that department I ever knew. And yet he was singularly modest and deferential in social intercourse. My acquaintance with him began less than two years ago; yet through the latter half of the intervening period, it was as intense as the disparity of our ages and my engrossing engagements would permit. To me he appeared to have no indulgences or pastimes, and I never heard him utter a profane or an intemperate word. What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents.

"The honors he labored for so laudably, and, in the sad end, so gallantly gave his life, he meant for them no less than for himself. In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address you this tribute to the memory of my young friend, and your brave and early fallen son.

"May God give you the consolation which is beyond all earthly power. Sincerely your friend in a common affliction.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

CHAPTER XXII.

A Business Outing, June to September, 1900, to Stockton and Warren—Iowa State Encampment.

In the morning we were informed that Mr. Gray was after men to help him put up the remainder of his hay, and put up his harvest on the shock in good shape. He had, when I hired with him, fifteen acres of good barley, about eighty acres of good hay to stack, and seventy-five acres of good oats. Mr. Gray had three men during haying, harvesting and stacking. One of his hands, William Woodford, a relative, was working for him by the month, and he was a good steady and faithful hand. Mr. Gray was a good man to work for, good pay, and we were told that his parents were formerly from Pennsylvania.

All hands remained with him until his entire harvest was stacked. The stacking was a big breakfast job for him, and his wife told me he was nearly tuckered out before the job was completed.

We liked Wisconsin very well and the country around Warren is fine and lovely. After Mr. Gray and myself settled, I returned to Warren, to see my friends again. My brothers, John and Wilson, being without a cook and housekeeper, I thought I had better return to Freeport and home again.

Early in the spring we had ordered Webster's Unabridged Dictionary of Messrs. Brown and Dolliver, of Freeport, and when we returned there the books had arrived from the publishers, Messrs. G. C. Merriam & Co., Spring-

field, Mass. We had ordered the two volume series and as the Chicago firm did not have them in stock, they were ordered from the publishers.

1905 to 1908.

At the Wisconsin State Capital, Madison.

On Saturday morning, near the close of the State Fair at Milwaukee, we resolved that we would take the regular train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. and return home via Madison. The train left Milwaukee shortly after noon and passed some beautiful lakes on the way, also the city of Watertown. The distance from Milwaukee to Madison is just eighty-two miles. We reached the city about 4 o'clock P. M., put up at a good reasonable hotel and made up our mind that we would remain in the city until Sunday evening in order to see the wonderful beautiful lakes and the State University buildings.

Madison is the county seat of Dane County, Wisconsin, and the capital of the state, eighty-two miles west of Milwaukee, on the Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Illinois Central railroads. It is a widely known educational town and summer resort. It lies in the attractive lake country, between Lakes Mendota, Monona and Wingra, and near Lakes Waubesa and Kegonsa. A new capitol, in form of a cross, is now in process of erection. Madison also contains the State Hospital for the Insane, and the State fish hatchery is in the suburbs.

The city has manufactories of agricultural implements, machinery, tools, boots and shoes, carriages and wagons; there are also a beet sugar plant and several large printing houses. Population in 1905, 24,300; at present, December, 1908, we judge about 30,000 people.

A Business Outing to Pearl City, Kent, Stockton and Warren.

On the 9th of January, 1900, our nearest neighbors, Aug. Kuhlemeier and family were very unfortunate in losing their dwelling house, and the largest part of their household goods. Mrs. Kuhlemeier informs us that their youngest son, Bertie, had been upstairs in the afternoon with matches, and she thinks the fire started in a northwest room, upstairs.

The alarm was given immediately by ringing the dinner bell, and in less than half an hour their nearest neighbors came from every direction to save their property.

Benjamin Doty, our nearest neighbor, Pete Straub and myself were the first ones at the fire. We carried out the base burner, clothing and furniture. Our kind neighbors had a large quantity of canned fruit stored away in the cellar, all of which we succeeded in saving for them. Our neighbor's property was covered by insurance, which was a great help to them in the building of a new house.

We always had good neighbors in Spring Valley. My mother once remarked that the late Mrs. Lizzie Willfong was one of the best and kindest ladies she ever associated with. She was indeed a splendid neighbor. She passed away to the great beyond at Alta, Iowa, about eight years ago. Her kind husband, the late James Willfong, died at the same place over five years past.

June to September, 1900.

After the loss of Mr. Kuhlemeier's house by fire, we consented to their removal to our home. The outbuildings and barn were saved. Our neighbor had considerable stock to feed and care for, therefore, out of extreme kindness by our family, it was considered very convenient and handy for them to move in with us.

Meanwhile, for the sole benefit of our health, and in order to earn a little loose change, we packed our valise and started for Pearl City, Kent and Stockton. On June 4th, at about 5:00 P. M., we put up at the Hotel Pearl, and remained over night in town. Monday morning we proceeded via the Black Hawk Monument to Kent and reached the latter village in the afternoon.

About 5:00 P. M. we started to call on an intimate friend and comrade, Henry Niemeier, who lived about three miles northwest of Kent, on a large farm, which he owned and cultivated himself. Our friend had considerable work on his hands, re-planting corn, haying, and the cultivation of his corn crop. Our first work was planting corn over, in order to have a full stand and complete crop. When haying time came around Mr. Niemeier hired an extra good hand, Mr. George Cole, who was one of his nearest neighbors. His hay crop was soon mowed and put away in his big barn,

and his corn crop cultivated and laid off for the season. On account of his oats crop not being ready to harvest we requested George Cole to take us to Stockton, where we remained over night.

There being no demand yet for harvest hands we decided to move on to Warren and take in the haying and harvest in that vicinity. We stopped at a large farm house some four miles south of Warren. The owner of the farm, Mr. Hicks, was in need of harvest hands. He had haying, oats and barley, to put up on the shock, and we agreed to remain with him until further orders. We worked for him through harvest and found him to be one of the best men we ever lived with, and he had a fine, intelligent family.

Having an intimate friend at Warren, we decided to call and see him. We arrived in the latter town at about 4:00 P. M. and found our friend, Mr. David G. Moll, at his old stand in the boot and shoe line, who was enjoying an active and prosperous business. This was the first time we had ever visited Warren and of course we were satisfied that we would not be out of employment very long. Our friend had married the intelligent daughter of Comrade R. B. Straw, Miss Norena, and we were respectfully invited to accompany him home and remain with him until morning. After supper Mr. Moll was obliged to return to his store and attend to his evening trade.

During the evening a gentleman, who lived two miles north of Warren, in Lafayette County, Wisconsin, whose name was Mr. John Gray, came to town and was inquiring for hands in the haying and harvest. Mr. Moll told him he would get him a harvest hand.

Outing to Rock Ford, Belvidere, Kingston and Genoa, July 4th, 1906.

When we returned to Freeport Sept 1st, we met Director August Kuhlemeier, who happened to be in the city, and returned home with him to Spring Valley. August and his family are good neighbors, they are kind and sociable. His wife is a member of the Spring Valley Methodist Church, and she frequently sends us a few cookies, pies, sausage, and other presents, all of which are thankfully acceptable. Oscar is considered one of the best farm hands in Spring

Valley. He is passionately fond of music and the girls and likes to play the violin. Mrs. Kuhlemeier's sisters are Mary, Augusta, Hattie, Annie, Sofia, Charlotte and Minnie Nie-meier, all of whom have the reputation of being kind, sociable and lovely women and excellent housekeepers.

Our first neighbors, who lived near us when we moved from Ogle County into Carroll, were James M. Willfong and family. Mr. Willfong's daughters and sons are Mrs. Mary Byington of Loran Township, Mrs. Phebe Grove of Lyon Co., Minn., and Mrs. Rinnie Moll of Aurelia, Iowa, Martin of Alta, Iowa, George of Mason City, Iowa, William, who married Miss Ora Ely of Alta and Thomas of Lyon Co., Minn. Martin married Miss Mary E. Willey of Spring Valley. George married Miss Netta Hofacre of Shannon and Thomas married Miss Dessie Hofacre, formerly of Shannon. The boys are all good workers and industrious men and their wives most excellent, amiable and estimable women.

July 4th, 1906, we formed the idea that we would celebrate the 4th of July in Freeport and Rockford and also visit a few particular friends in Kingston and Genoa. At ten o'clock A. M. we took the interurban car at Freeport and reached Rockford at twelve o'clock A. M. We first proceeded to a first-class restaurant where we ate a good square meal and were then in good walking condition to see the attractions and investigate the program on the patriotic occasion. There was a fine display of yachting and pleasure boats on Rock River, all of which had Old Glory flung to the breeze. The city was finely decorated with bunting and flags and presented a gala-day appearance. But after dinner we were informed that the most important attractions and complete program would be carried out at Harlem Park.

We soon stepped aboard a street car and in a short time were landed at the park. An immense crowd were in attendance. Merry-go-rounds, theaters and a variety of entertainments were under head way. Surely, young ladies and young gentlemen and children were enjoying the quiet walk of life. After seeing nearly the whole program we returned at four o'clock to the Illinois Central depot intending to take the first train for Belvidere, but missed it by nearly half an hour. We immediately took the interurban for Belvidere. When we reached the latter town we had fifteen minutes until train time for Henrietta and Sycamore. Of course the

4th of July is always contagious and Belvidere was nearly full of handsome young ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were neatly dressed in holiday attire.

We having a few intimate comrades and schoolmates at Kingston and Genoa whom we had not seen for the past fifteen years, we decided to buy a ticket for Henrietta, Dekalb Co., Illinois. Arriving at the latter village we had two miles to walk to get to Kingston. We were in the latter town about sundown and put up at the Hotel Burke until morning. In the meantime a celebration was in full blast at Genoa and about one-half of Kingston were there taking in the great and glorious 4th of July.

The next morning we arose at the usual time and prepared for breakfast. During the day we met a number of our old time friends, none of whom knew us at first sight.

In 1883 we had visited Kingston, Pierson Ortt's father, Mr. John Ortt, was living at that time and we visited in the town about three or four days. Mr. Ortt was one of our nearest and best neighbors, whose family lived near Pennsdale, Lycoming County, Penna. At that time we went from Kingston to Rockford and Pierson's father went with us about one mile. When we reached Rockford we secured employment with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R.

We met Comrades Martin Lentz, James Mackey and Wm. Reynolds, who were members of Barnes Post at Kingston. We were cordially invited to call and see them and visit them at their own homes.

Mrs. James Mackey is a sister of Pierson Baker's, of Maurice, Sioux Co., Iowa, and formerly a schoolmate of ours in Pennsylvania. Her father was the late Nathan Baker, a member of Company B, 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, who died at Kingston, Illinois, over ten years ago. Her husband, Comrade Mackey, was a member of Company H, 131st Pennsylvania Vol. Infantry. We were much delighted to meet Mr. and Mrs. Mackey, both of whom are highly esteemed in their home town and enjoy the acquaintance of a large circle of friends in Pennsylvania and Illinois. When we gazed at the pictures in the photograph albums of our numerous friends, we were of course affected. We were introduced to Mr. Mackey's only daughter, and a friendly lady, Mrs. Thomas Holmes. Mrs. Mackey's mother, Mrs. Catharine Baker, died at the home of her son William Baker, near Kingston, about

one year ago. She was a good kind mother, much devoted to her family and had hosts of kind friends in Pennsylvania and Illinois. Two of her sons, Samuel and Thomas, died at Kingston over ten years ago. She leaves three daughters, Phebe and Maggie of Nebraska, and three sons to mourn her loss; Pierson of Iowa, Ambrose (Poe) of Genoa and William of Belvidere.

Our next call in Kingston was at the beautiful home of Martin Lentz and family. Mr. Lentz was a member of Co. B, 48th Pennsylvania Vol. Infantry, Colonels William G. Murry and S. B. Bowman commanding the regiment during the Civil War. Mr. Lentz was once Commander of Barnes Post No. 395, at Kingston, chartered Feb. 1st, 1884, of 12th Cong. District, Dekalb Co., Ill. Our conversation was chiefly occupied in recollections of boyhood days and a brief summary of reminiscences of the late American conflict. He had one brother, Frank, in the Union Army whom, we are informed, died during the war. One brother, John, resides in Warren County, Illinois, and was elected Sheriff of that County. We have been told that Mr. Lentz is now Deputy Sheriff of Dekalb Co. His wife was formerly Miss Reichard of Muncy, Penna., and she has numerous friends and relatives in Illinois and Pennsylvania, and is a very intelligent and estimable lady.

On Thursday evening we called to see the drummer boy of the Kingston Band, John Pierson Ortt. Mr. Ortt has been Road Commissioner in Kingston Township for several years. His son Ralf is also coming to the front as an amateur drummer, and receives invitations frequently from neighboring towns. Pierce came with his parents from Lycoming Co., Penna., to Illinois in the spring of 1868. He has one sister, Mrs. Ellis Jones and family who live near Winthrop, Buchanan Co., Iowa, and Theodore Hill Ortt who is married and lives at Waterloo, Iowa. Pierson was married to Miss Ollie Miller over twenty years ago. They have three daughters, Mrs. Jennie of Belvidere, Bertha who attends the Rockford Business College at Rockford, and Beatrice, eight years of age. Miss Bertha has been a good practical teacher in the common schools of Dekalb Co. for several years. She was a student at the Northern Illinois State Normal School at Dekalb, and pursued a special course in the art and science of teaching (pedagogics).

Mr. Ortt owns a fine home in Kingston and is fond of hunting and fishing. Beatrice, who is a cute and intelligent girl for her age, begins to know how to entertain her friends and likes candy and bananas. .

We were informed this week, through the Muncy, Penn., Luminary, that one of Pierson's first cousins, Mr. John F. Ortt, passed away at his farm residence, about three miles northeast of Muncy, aged 76 years, 6 months and thirteen days. He leaves one brother, James, of Williamsport, and one sister, Mrs. Sarah Jane Stauffer, of Muncy, Penn. We also regret to state, on information from the same paper, that Mrs. Mary Baker Hess, of Muncy, died at that town Dec. 7th of heart disease, aged 59 years, 2 months and 18 days. She leaves her husband, Mr. Fred Hess, and five children, Margaret, wife of Thomas Stohler, Thomas S., Cora, wife of Thomas Walizer, Nathan B. and Sarah, wife of Dell Rager, to mourn the loss of a loving and devoted wife and mother. Pierson's mother, the late Mary Long Ortt, departed this life at Kingston, Illinois, over twenty years ago. She was an excellent neighbor and very kind woman.

Outing to Iowa State Encampment at Dubuque, in June 1907.

In June, 1907, we happened to be in Mt. Carroll on business, in connection with the sale of our farm in Spring Valley, we formed the idea that we might just as well take in the Iowa State Encampment and enjoy the quiet walk of life again. We were chatting with the Hon. A. F. Wingart, who ought to be in the State Legislature, two terms, and then sent to Congress. We remarked to the honest and able attorney that on account of disagreeable and wet weather we should like to be in Dubuque to-day. "Why, surely, Mr. Straub," remarked the lawyer, "you might just as well be with the big crowd as the rest of the boys."

We soon proceeded to the Milwaukee depot and caught the first train for Savanna; we then proceeded to the Burlington depot, and pulled out of the latter city at about 1:00 o'clock, reaching Dubuque about 3:00 P. M.

The train was nearly full of visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, all seemingly proud they would cross the Father of Waters, and be royally entertained in the City of Du-

buque. Main Street was finely decorated with bunting and flags and Old Glory was flung to the breeze on all prominent buildings.

The Sons of Veterans, Spanish War Veterans and G. A. R. had headquarters on Main Street, where the soldiers could rest themselves and talk with their comrades and friends. Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show was given permission to make the first parade, after which the Sons of Veterans, Spanish War Veterans and Grand Army of the Republic fell in line and made a grand parade on Main Street from south to north. At G. A. R. Headquarters on Main Street all visiting comrades were requested to register their names, company and regiment.

A grand camp-fire was held on Thursday Evening, which was largely attended. The program consisted of singing the Star Spangled Banner, solos and choice selections of music on the violin. A very patriotic address was made by the Hon. George D. Perkins, formerly a member of Congress from Sioux City, Iowa.

The ex-soldiers all expressed themselves as well pleased with the entire program, and thought the big State Reunion was a grand success.

About seven years ago we attended Memorial Day services at Dubuque. The program and procession was very impressive, nearly all secret societies of the city were in line. The address on the occasion was a good one and was delivered by the Hon. Charles McKenzie of Des Moines.

Comrade Daniel G. Glasser, of the D. G. Glasser Tobacco Company, was in attendance. Mr. Glasser is a brother of Jerry's and Mrs. R. B. Straw, of Cherry Grove Township. We have forgotten what regiment he served in during the war, but after we visited him at his wholesale house, we found him to be a whole-souled gentleman and splendid business man. Of course he is an honorary member of the G. A. R. and one of the highly esteemed citizens of Dubuque.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sons of Veterans Camp Organized at Shannon—Women's Relief Corps—Roster of Ex-Soldiers.

During January, 1907, we received letters from Past Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans, William G. Dustin, of Dwight, Illinois, who respectfully requested us to proceed in the noble project and patriotic enterprise of organizing a Camp of the Sons of Veterans at Shannon, Ill. We sent Col. Dustin a list of twenty-six names, to all of whom he mailed printed circulars, urging the immediate action and patriotic necessity for organizing a camp at Shannon. We requested him to forward us the required documents and application blanks, preliminary to canvassing the town and vicinity.

In the meantime Col. Dustin wrote to Richard F. Locke, attorney at law, Messrs. C. J. Mather and Wilson, of John A. Logan Camp, No. 26, Ill. Division, Rockford, requesting their immediate assistance in the noble work. Messrs. Locke, Mather and Wilson, of Rockford, and Comrade W. W. Rawleigh of Freeport, soon came on to Shannon, and secured enough names, twenty-five or thirty, to guarantee the success of the organization. During the middle of April the above gentlemen came back and mustered in the Camp.

Comrade Alfred S. Babb, Post Master, moved that the camp be named after one of the members of Holden Putnam Post, No. 646, of Shannon, Ill. A vote was cast, which resulted in the selection of David Payne. The camp was then named David Payne Camp, Sons of Veterans.

Roster and list of members of David Payne Camp, Sons of Veterans: Harvey Rubendall, Commander, George Truckenmiller, Senior Vice Commander, Grover C. Truckenmiller, Junior Vice Commander, Freeman A. Cook, Chaplain, Daniel S. Hoy, Secretary-Adjutant, Charles Sturdevant, Color Sergeant, John C. Parker, Sergeant of Guard, James Payne, Picket, Alvin F. Kramer, Treasurer, George Sturdevant, Corporal of the Guard, George H. Parker, 4th U. S. Regular Infantry, Fred Cheesman, Edward Truckenmiller, Robert L. Miller, Henry A. Whitacre, William Straw, Charles Truckenmiller, Bell Everett Boyle, Editor of Times-Reporter, Charles W. Hoy, Charles Stewart, Joseph Sturdevant, John Sturdevant, Albert Sturdevant, Arthur Rubendall, George C. Ewing.

Women's Relief Corps Organized at Shannon, Illinois.

Our indispensable auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corps, continues to do beneficial work. They encourage many of the Posts, some of which would have disbanded but for their assistance and encouragement. Their charity is broad and the organized efforts of the faithful members of the association in teaching patriotism is bearing fruit. Mrs. May G. Lincoln, Department President, has been untiring in her noble efforts to build up our worthy auxiliary. The eminent lady has visited all parts of the Department and has done intelligent and effective work wherever she has gone. For her ability, her zeal and her kindly courtesy, so ably supported by that band of noble, self-sacrificing women, we desire to express not alone the thanks of Holden Putnam Post, but the appreciation and thanks of the entire Department.

Roster of Woman's Relief Corps, Shannon, Ill.: Mrs. Anna Yordy, First President; Miss Belle Payne, Second President; Mrs. Inez Humbert Bailey, formerly Secretary; Mrs. Nathaniel Good, Mrs. Abraham Diehl, Mrs. Jacob Fry, Mrs. George W. Whitmore, Mrs. Harriet S. Atkins, Mrs. Robert D. Cheesman, Mrs. Lucy Payne, Mrs. Beulah Babb, Mrs. Josephine Eby, Mrs. Alfred S. Babb, Mrs. James Rubendall, Mrs. Jacob Sturdevant, deceased, Mrs. Cordelia Reynolds, deceased.

Holden Putnam Post No. 646, G. A. R.

Holden Putnam Post, No. 646, Shannon, Illinois, was chartered Nov. 17th, 1887. Meets 1st and 3d Saturday evenings, monthly. 13th Congressional District, Carroll County, Illinois. The Post has the following Past Post Commanders, who were legally elected and installed.

- 1, William Corry, Co. D, 55th N. Y. Vol. Inf.
- 2, John A. Leonard, Co. I, 49th Ohio Inf., born in Trumbull County, Ohio.
- 3, Jacob Kehm, 93d Ill. Vol. Inf., Post Office, Canton, S. Dakota.
- 4, Christian Fry, Co. B, 15th Ill. Inf., born in Canada.
- 5, William Fleisher.
- 6, Reuben B. Straw Co., 15th Ill. Inf., born in Dauphin County, Pa.
- 7, Robert D. Cheesman, 15th Ill. Inf., address Shannon, Ill.
- 8, David Payne, Co. B, 26th Ill. Inf., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 9, George C. Byers, Co. K, 15th Ill. Inf., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 10, James Rubendall, Co. K, 15th Ill. Inf., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 11, Henry Hoy, Co. K, 92d Ill. Inf., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 12, Edward A. Straub, Co. B, 7th Pa. Cav., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 13, Alfred Whitacre, Co. F, 50th N. Y. Engrs., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 14, Edward Truckenmiller, Co. F, 92d Ill. Inf., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 15, Henry Burkett, Co. D, 14th U. S. Regulars, P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 16, Jacob Sturdevant, Co. B, 26th Ill. Inf., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 17, David Humbert, Co. K, 15th Ill. Inf., P. O. address Shannon, Ill.
- 18, Patrick Barrett, P. O. address, Shannon, Ill.
- 19, Christian Hess, Co. 2d Colorado Cavalry, P. O. address Shannon, Ill.

Roster of Ex-Soldiers in Shannon and Vicinity.

- 1, Thomas Sizer, 17th Ill. Cav., at Soldiers' Home, Quincy, Ill.
- 2, John A. Leonard, residence Shannon, Ill.
- 3, William Corrie, Co. D, 55th N. Y. Vol. Inf.
- 4, Michael Thomas, 101st N. Y., died at Marengo, Ill., aged 61 years.
- 5, Samuel H. Butterbaugh, residence Madison, Wis.
- 6, Reuben Connelly, died at Berwick, Pa., Reg. unknown.
- 7, George Lashell, 93d Ill. Inf., address Freeport, Ill.
- 8, Uriah Perry, Co. E, 11th Ill. Inf., died at Forreston, Ill.
- 9, Dr. John I. Smith, Co. G, 92d Ill., Surgeon G. A. R., died at Shannon, Ill.
- 10, Dr. Hepfer, Veterinary Surgeon, Shannon, Ill.
- 11, Henry Hoyman, regiment unknown, residence Freeport, Ill.
- 12, William Black, Co. K, 99th Ill., at S. Home, Quincy, Ill.
- 13, Capt. William Dodds, regiment unknown, address Chicago.
- 14, Francis M. Hicks, regiment unknown, address Tipton, Ia.
- 15, Barton Mishler, regiment unknown, in California.
- 16, Robert W. Healy, 15th Ill., residence Freeport, Ill.
- 17, John Clark, regiment unknown, residence formerly Shannon, Ill.
- 18, Russell Hayes, Capt. Co. A, 11th Ill., died at Freeport.
- 19, Balser Bistline, Co. K, 93d Ill., died in Forreston, Ogle County, Ill.
- 20, Benjamin F. Kramer, Co. B, 26th Ill., died near Garner, Iowa.
- 21, Aaron E. Machamer, Co. D, 46th Ill., address Belvidere, Ill.
- 22, David Payne, Co. B, 26th Ill., Officer of Day, G. A. R., Shannon, Ill.
- 23, John R. Hayes, Co. A, 11th Ill., railroad ticket agent, Chicago, Ill.
- 24, James M. Willfong, Co. H, 15th Ill., died at Alta, Iowa.
- 25, Alfred Whitacre, Co. F, 50th N. Y., at S. Home, Quincy, Ill.
- 26, Edward A. Straub, Adj. Col. Putnam Post, Shannon, Ill.
- 27, John D. White, Capt. Co. D, 93 Ill., residence formerly Freeport, Ill.

- 28, John Israel, reg. artillery service, address Marion, Ia.
- 29, David Cramm, reg. unknown, died near Shannon, Ill.
- 30, John Wood, reg. unknown, residence Cerro Gordo Co., Iowa.
- 31, Jacob Sturdevant, Co. B, 26th Ill Guard, address Shannon, Ill.
- 32, Henry Hoy, Co. K, 92d Ill., Chaplain G. A. R., Shannon, Ill.
- 33, Thomas Barnaby, 15th Ill., died at Soldiers' Home, Quincy, Ill.
- 34, Abraham Diehl, Co. E, 49th Ohio, Past Chaplain, G. A. R., Shannon, Ill.
- 35, John Dunman, 15th Ill., at Nat. Home, Milwaukee, Wis.
- 36, Thomas Elder, Co. D, 46th. Pa., address Newkirk, Okla.
- 37, Edw. Flory, Co. D, 81st Pa., P. O. address Lanark, Ill.
- 38, Jacob Fry, Co. B, 15th Ill., Adj., G. A. R., address Freeport, Ill.
- 39, Wm. Winters, Co. F, 142d Ill., in state of Oregon.
- 40, Henry Williamson, Co. H, 2d Mo. Cav., P. O. Rock Falls.
- 41, Robert Dunning, 2d Ill. Artillery, Libby Prison 4 mo., P. O. Morrison, Ill.
- 42, John McCrea, 4th U. S. Reg. Cav., P. O. Iowa Falls, Iowa.
- 43, Wm. W. Benton, Co. H, 17th Ill. Cav., address Warren, Ill.
- 44, Jas. K. Quick, Co. F, 26th Mich., address Shannon, Ill.
- 45, Geo. W. Williams, 4th Mich. Cav., P. O. Muskegon, Mich.
- 46, Wm. J. Wimer, Co. H, 15th Ill., born at New Lisbon, Ohio, P. O. Lanark, Ill.
- 47, Archie Adair, Co. C, 168th Pa., died at Lanark, Ill.
- 48, Amos Reynolds, Co. H, 6th Md., died at Shannon, Ill.

Marriage Record.

Robert Wood and Hester D. Straub were married January 1st, 1857.

Charles H. Wood and Alice M. Baumgartner were married February 7th, 1884.

Emily H. Wood and William T. England were married December 25th, 1893.

James Albert Wood and May McDowell were married November 29th, 1894.

Joseph B. Wood and Alice England were married April married June 18th, 1902.

27th, 1897.

George Leidy Wood and Genevieve McCullough were Sarah Myrtle Wood and Robert Collister were married June 18th, 1902.

Mary Rebecca Wood and Solomon Siegel were married November 26th, 1903.

Amelia Wood, daughter of Robert and Hester Wood, died July 28th, 1861, aged 9 months and 12 days.

William Oliver Wood, son of Robert and Hester Wood, died November 19th, 1888, aged 19 years 9 months and 29 days.

Hester D. Wood, wife of Robert Wood, died February 27th, 1890, aged 51 years, 10 months and 12 days.

Annie Maud Wood, daughter of Robert and Hester Wood, died September 14th, 1895, aged 19 years and 17 days.

Charles Straub and Elizabeth Baker were married January 29th, 1826.

Charles Straub and Rebecca Hart were married December 31st, 1846.

John Harlan and Sarah Straub were married February 15th, 1845.

William Straub and Anna McKean were married December 30th, 1857.

Elizabeth Baker Straub, wife of Charles Straub, died December 13th, 1845.

John Wesley Straub was born September 9th, 1857, died November 22d, 1861.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Family Record of Our Nearest Friends and Neighbors.

The quarter-section farm formerly owned by Mr. James H. Hart, now living in Kansas, was purchased by Mr. John R. Hayes of Freeport. Mr. Hayes moved on the farm and he and his sons farmed the place for over ten years. He sold the farm afterwards to Mr. Howard Crabtree of Shannon. Mr. Hayes was married to Miss Jane Graham, daughter of the late Mathew Graham of Stephenson Co., Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are the proud parents of two daughters and three sons. Mary is married and resides in Minneapolis, Minn. Samuel and Jennie died in Chicago over five years ago. John G. Hayes, veterinary surgeon, of the firm of Hayes & Kettle, are the proprietors of the noted Palace Livery of Freeport. They are both conceded to be good business men and are having a thriving and steady trade in the livery line. Mathew Graham Hayes has been a brakeman and engineer on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R. for several years. Mr. Hayes was sheriff of Stephenson Co., Illinois, for two terms. He is conceded to be one of the best sheriffs the county ever elected. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were excellent neighbors. They were formerly from Center Co. Penn., and are highly esteemed by a large circle of friends in both Pennsylvania and Illinois. They now reside in Chicago, in which city Mr. Hayes holds a responsible position as Railroad Ticket Agent.

George H. Parker, a good practical farmer and patriotic

citizen of Cherry Grove Township was born in Shannon, Ill. on April 1st, 1886. He enlisted at Omaha, Nebraska with Captain Butler D. Price, Regimental Adjutant of the 4th U. S. Regular Cavalry. After three months service at Omaha he was sent to Fort Sherman. He enlisted in Co. E, 4th U. S. Infantry in the division commanded by Colonel Carlan, Department of the Pacific, Gen. John Gibbon commanding. Mr. Parker served four years and nine months at Fort Sherman and five years in the regular army. He was in Idaho, Oregon and California. Was honorably discharged from the army March 29th, 1891. After returning east he secured a responsible position as Engine Dispatcher with the Illinois Central railroad at Waterloo, Iowa, which he resigned after eight months service. Mr. Parker was married after his return to Illinois to Amanda Hoy, daughter of Henry Hoy, of Shannon, Illinois. They have two girls and three boys, all nice children. He served one term as Commander of the Shannon Camp Sons of Veterans. His father, the late William Parker, who was a member of Co. D., 46th Illinois Infantry, in the Civil War, died at Memphis, Tennessee after the war of yellow fever. He was promoted to sergeant of his company. George H. Parker is well drilled and the Sons of Veterans should feel proud of their able comrade in a military point of view. Boys, stand by the camp.

Mr. John C. Parker, a good practical farmer and patriotic citizen of Spring Valley, Carrol County, Illinois, was born in Shannon, Illinois. He was married at Garner, Iowa, to Miss Artie Kramer, September 24th, 1896. Mr. and Mrs. Parker are the proud parents of two daughters, Mabel G. Parker and Esther M. Parker; four sons, Benjamin W. Parker, Charles F. Parker, Paul G. Parker and John Howard Parker. Mr. Parker was elected to the following Township offices: School Director of the Spring Valley district, four terms; Town Clerk, two terms. He learned the artist's trade, portrait painting, in Chicago. He was formerly a member of Battery B, 1st Illinois Artillery of the State National Guards. He was on duty with the National Guards during the riots and strikes in Chicago. Mrs. Parker's father, the late Benjamin F. Kramer, emigrated from Illinois to Iowa in March, 1894. He rented one hundred and sixty acres of Michael McGruder, seven miles southwest of Britt,

Hancock County, Iowa. He next rented a large farm near Garner, where he died December 31st, 1901. His daughter Gertie, a very intelligent and virtuous young lady, also passed away at Garner in December, 1901. Mr. Kramer was in the Civil War and was wounded. He was a dutiful and faithful soldier and a good practical farmer. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Joanna Kramer, three daughters and three sons to mourn their irreparable loss.

George Fox Sr. was born in Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, September, 1842. He was thirty years of age when he emigrated to the United States. Having come to Illinois he first settled at Black Oak Grove, where he rented a large farm. After a residence of five years in Black Oak he moved to Fred Campmire's farm, which he rented for one year. He afterwards rented a farm west of Shannon, which was owned by Steven Thometz, of Shannon. He next moved to the Hon. W. Scott Cowen's farm south of Shannon, where he lived one year and then rented the farm northwest of Shannon, then owned by the late Sheldon Coon, from here he moved onto the farm formerly owned by the late Ferguson Chitty in Spring Valley. He next rented 270 acres in Florence Township, owned by the late Jefferson Barnes of Shannon. On the latter farm he lived two years, after which he rented the large farm three miles north of Shannon, now owned by Mrs. Joseph Turk. Mr. and Mrs. Dora Fox are the parents of two daughters, Mary and Lena, and four sons, George, Henry, Herman and William. Lena married Mr. Henry Plock, who is a tiller of the soil and they live near Georgetown, Carroll County. Mrs. Fox and her daughters are excellent housekeepers. Their daughters and sons were all born in Carroll County, Illinois. Mr. Fox and his sons are all good practical farmers. They raise and deal in blooded stock, and we know of no better neighbors in Carroll County.

Martin Woessner, one of the best practical farmers in Cherry Grove Township, was born in, Illinois. His parents Mr. John Woessner and Mrs. Barbara Woessner removed from Whiteside Co., Illinois, to Spring Valley over thirty years ago. He bought the large farm formerly owned by the late Elias Forney of Alta, Iowa, consisting of two hundred acres. Mr. and Mrs. Woessner are the parents of four daughters and five sons; namely, Kate, who married

David G. Moll; Clara, who married Porter Bixler, and Emma, who married Christian Hartman; George married Miss Hoy, daughter of Mrs. John Lutz; John married Miss Lydia Bremer; Martin married Miss Pearl Adams, daughter of Thomas Adams of Cherry Grove; Frank C. Woessner, one of the best business men in Shannon is still single and lives in the latter town. Martin's sisters are all excellent housekeepers, and his brothers all good farmers and industrious men. We consider him very lucky in getting a very good and kind woman. Spring Valley is surely to be congratulated in securing the services of a new blacksmith. Martin has opened up a shop about three and one-half miles northwest of Shannon. He will do all kinds of repairing, and if anything in the implement line is broken or smashed up we guarantee Martin will put it in running order again.

Charles Woessner was born in Whiteside Co., Illinois. He has five children. He was married to Miss Cora Kuhlemeier of Cherry Grove Tp., Carroll Co., Illinois. Charles is a good practical farmer and owns one hundred and sixty acres of good land, a fine farm. His sisters are Mrs. Emma Hartman, Mrs. Porter Bixler. He is a brother to Frank, George, John and Martin Woessner.

Wishing all kind friends and neighbors, both ladies and gentlemen, a happy New Year, we claim the privilege to ring down the curtain.

CHAPTER XXV.

Roster of War Governors' both Union and Confederate who served between 1861 and 1865.

1st. California, John G. Downey, Democrat, 1860-61.

2nd. California, Leland Stanford, Republican, 1861-63.

3rd. California, Frederick F. Low, Republican, 1863-67.

Brief Biography of Leland Stanford, 1824-93. An American patriot, born at Watervliet, N. Y. In 1849 he removed to Wisconsin, and for a time practiced law in Port Washington. In 1856 he established a financial business in San Francisco, Cal. He was elected Governor of California by the Republican Unionists in 1861. In the same year he became President of the new Central Pacific Railway Company, and, proceeded to Washington, successfully lobbied for the passage by Congress of the bill granting Government aid to the project. In the construction of the road he personally undertook the responsibility and supervision of that part of the road crossing the ridge of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and as a result 530 miles of mountain road were constructed in 293 days. The road was completed in 1866 to Ogden, Utah, where it was subsequently connected with the Union Pacific system. Mr. Stanford was elected U. S. Senator in 1884 and in 1890. He founded Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, Cal., as a memorial to his son. His wife Jane Leland Stanford, 1825-1905, was born at Albany, N. Y., and was married in 1850 to Mr. Stanford. She especially interested herself in the development of Leland Stanford (Junior) University, particularly as regards building equipment. She also established a children's home at Al-

bany, N. Y. She died February 28, 1905 at Honolulu, Hawaii.

4th. New York, Edwin D. Morgan, Republican, 1859-1863.

5th. New York, Horatio Seymour, Democrat, 1863-1865.

6th. New York, Reuben E. Fenton, Republican, 1865-1869.

7th. Pennsylvania, Andrew Gregg Curtin, Republican, 1861-1865.

8th. Alabama, Andrew B. Moore, Democrat, 1857-1861.

9th. Alabama, John G. Shorter, Democrat, 1861-1863.

10th. Alabama, Thomas H. Watts, Democrat, 1863-1865.

11th. Arkansas, Henry M. Rector, Democrat, 1860-1862.

12th. Arkansas, Isaac Murphy, Republican, 1864-1868.

14th. Connecticut, W. A. Buckingham, Republican, 1858-1866.

Delaware, no record of war Governor's in our possession.

15th. Florida, Madison S. Perry, Democrat, 1857-1861.

16th. Florida, John Milton, Democrat, 1861-1865.

17th. Georgia.

18th. Idaho, William H. Wallace, Territorial, 1863-1864.

19th. Idaho, Caleb Lyon, Territorial, 1864-1866.

20th. Illinois, John Wood, Republican, 1860-1861.

21st. Illinois, Richard Yates, Republican, 1861-1865.

22d. Illinois, Richard J. Oglesby, Republican, 1865-1869.

23d. Indiana, Henry S. Lane, Republican, 1861.

24th. Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, Republican, 1861-1867.

25th. Iowa, Samuel J. Kirkwood, Republican, 1860-1864.

26th. Iowa, William M. Stone, Republican, 1864-1868.

27th. Kansas, Charles Robinson, Republican, 1861-1863.

28th. Kansas, Thomas Carney, Republican, 1863-1865.

29th. Kansas, Samuel J. Crawford, Republican, 1865-1869.

30th. Kentucky, Beriah Magoffin, Democrat, 1859-1862.

31st. Kentucky, James Robinson, Democrat, 1862-1863.

32d. Kentucky, Thomas E. Bramlette, Democrat, 1863-1867.

33d. Louisiana, Thomas O. Moore, Democrat, 1860-1862.

34th. Louisiana, George F. Shepley, Military, 1862-1864.

35th. Louisiana, Henry W. Alley, Confederate, 1864-1865.

36th. Louisiana, Michael Hahn, Unionist and Military, 1864-1865.

37th. Maine, Israel Washburn, Republican, 1861-1863.

38th. Maine, Abner Coburn, Republican, 1863-1864.

39th. Maine, Samuel Coney, Republican, 1864-1867.

- 40th. Maryland, Thomas H. Hicks, (American), 1858-1862.
- 41st. Maryland, August W. Bradford, (Unionist), 1862-1865.
- 42d. Maryland, Thomas Swann, Unionist, later Democrat, 1865-1868.
- 43d. Massachusetts, Nathaniel P. Banks, Republican, 1858-1861.
- 44th. Massachusetts, John A. Andrew, Republican, 1861-1866.
- 45th. Michigan, Austin Blair Republican, 1861-1865.
- 46th. Michigan, Henry H. Crapo, Republican, 1865-1869.
- 47th. Minnesota, Alexander Ramsey, Republican, 1860-1864.
- 48th. Minnesota, Stephen Miller, Republican, 1864-1866.
- 49th. Mississippi, John J. Pettus, Democrat, 1860-1862.
- 50th. Mississippi, Jacob Thompson, Democrat, 1862-1864.
- 51st. Mississippi, Charles Clarke, Democrat, 1864-1865.
- 52d. Missouri, Claiborne F. Jackson, Democrat, 1861.
- 53d. Missouri, Hamilton R. Gamble, Provisional, 1861-1864.
- 54th. Missouri, Willard P. Hall, (acting), 1864-1865.
- 55th. Montana, Sidney Edgerton, (territorial), 1864-1865.
- 56th. Montana, Thomas F. Meagher, (acting), 1865-1866.
- 57th. Nebraska, Alvin Saunders (territorial), 1861-1867.
- 58th. Nevada, James W. Nye, (territorial), 1861-1864.
- 59th. Nevada, Henry G. Blasdel, State Republican, 1864-1870.
- 60th. New Hampshire, Ichabod Goodwin, Republican, 1859-1861.
- 61st. New Hampshire, Nathaniel S. Berry, Republican, 1861-1863.
- 62d. New Hampshire, Joseph A. Gilmore, Republican, 1863-1865.
- 63d. New Hampshire, Frederick Smyth, Republican, 1865-1867.
- 64th. New Jersey, Charles S. Olden, American, 1860-1863.
- 65th. New Jersey, Joel Parker, Democrat, 1863-1866.
- 66th. New Mexico, Abraham Rencher (no record of party) 1857-1861.
- 67th. New Mexico, Henry Connelly, (no record of party) 1861-1865.

68th. New Mexico, W. F. M. Army, (no record of party) 1865-1866.

69th. North Carolina, John W. Ellis Democrat, 1859-1861.

70th. North Carolina, H. T. Clark, Democrat, 1861-1862.

71st. North Carolina, Zebulon B. Vance, Democrat, 1862-1865.

72d. North Carolina, W. W. Holden, Provisional, 1865.

73d. North Carolina, Jonathan Worth, Conservative, 1865-1867.

74th. North Dakota, Admitted into Union, November 2d., 1889, by Benj. Harrison.

75th. Ohio, William Dennison, Republican, 1860-1862.

76th. Ohio, David Todd, Republican, 1862-1864.

77th. Ohio, John Brough, Republican, 1864-1865.

78th. Ohio, C. Anderson, Republican, 1865-1866.

79th. Oklahoma, 1st governor, Geo. W. Steele, admitted June 16, 1906.

80th. Oregon, John Whitsaker, Democrat, 1859-1862.

81st. Oregon, Addison C. Gibbs, Republican, 1862-1866.

82d. Rhode Island, William Sprague, Republican, 1860-1863.

83d. Rhode Island, William C. Cozzens, Republican, 1863.

84th. Rhode Island, James Y. Smith, Republican, 1863-1866.

85th. South Dakota, 1st governor, Arthur C. Mellette, 1889-1893.

South Dakota was admitted into the Union November 3d., 1889.

86th. South Carolina, Francis W. Pickens, Democrat, 1860-1862.

87th. South Carolina, M. L. Bonham, Democrat, 1862-1864.

88th. South Carolina, A. G. Magrath, Democrat, 1864-1865.

89th. South Carolina, Benjamin F. Perry, Provisional, 1865.

90th. Tennessee, Isham G. Harris, Democrat, 1857-1862.

91st. Tennessee, Andrew Johnson, Military, 1862-1865.

92d. Tennessee, William G. Brownlow, Republican, 1865-1869.

93d. Texas, Samuel Houston, Unionist, 1859-1861.

94th. Texas, Edward Clark, Democrat, 1861.

- 95th. Texas, Francis R. Lubbock, Democrat, 1861-1863.
96th. Texas, Pendleton Murray, Democrat, 1863-1865.
97th. Texas, Andrew J. Hamilton, Prov.-Unionist, 1865-1866.
98th. Utah, John W. Dawson, Territorial, 1861.
99th. Utah, Frank Fuller, (acting) Territorial, 1861-1862.
100th. Utah, Stephen S. Harding, 1862-1863.
101st. Utah, James D. Doty, 1863-1865.
102d. Utah, Charles Durkee, 1865-1869.
103d. Vermont, Erastus Fairbanks, Republican, 1860-1861
104th. Vermont, Frederick Holbrook, Republican, 1861-1863.
105th. Vermont, John G. Smith, Republican, 1863-1865.
106th. Vermont, Paul Dillingham, Republican, 1865-1867.
107th. Virginia, John Letcher, Democrat, 1860-1864.
108th. Virginia, William Smith, Democrat, 1864-1865.
109th. Virginia, Francis H. Pierpont, Republican, 1865-1868.
110th. State of Washington, Henry M. McGill, 1860-1861.
111th. Washington, William H. Wallace, 1861.
112th. Washington, L. J. S. Turner, 1861-1862.
113th. Washington, William Pickering, 1862-1866.
114th. West Virginia, Arthur I. Boreman, Republican, 1863-1869.
115th. Wisconsin, Alexander W. Randall, Republican, 1858-1862.
116th. Wisconsin, Lewis P. Harvey, Republican, 1862.
117th. Wisconsin, Edward Salomon, Republican, 1862-1864.
118th. Wisconsin, James T. Lewis, Republican, 1864-1866.
Wyoming 1st Territorial Governor, John A. Campbell, 1869-1875.
Wyoming 1st State Governor, Francis E. Warren, Republican, 1890.
The State was admitted to the Union July 10th., 1890, as the Constitution adopted in November, 1889, had been approved by Congress.
119th. Arizona, John N. Goodwin, Territorial, Republican, 1863-1865.
120th. Arizona, Richard C. McCormick, Territorial Republican, 1865-1869.

121st. Colorado, William Gilpin, 1st. Territorial Governor, 1861-1862.

122d. Colorado, John Evans, 2d. Territorial Governor, 1862-1865.

123d. Colorado, Alexander Cummings, 3d. Territorial Governor, 1865-1867.

A Prominent Visitor with the Army of the Potomac.

On the occasion of a visit of some prominent General to the Army of the Potomac in Virginia during the Civil War, a Colonel of one of the regiments observed that one of his drummer boys was taking no interest in the music and intended to do no drumming whatever, on the occasion. The Colonel thought he would find out why his drummer failed, and was silent in the musical exercises. Said the Colonel to the musician, why the dev-l don't you drum. The drummer told the Colonel, I've got a big turkey in my drum. Tell the visitors I'm sick. Well said the Colonel, if you are sick, go direct to your quarters immediately, and remain there until you are able to use your drum.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Biography of Prominent Officers in the Civil War—Field and Staff Officers of 7th Pa. Cavalry 1861-1865.

Major General Eli Long, entered service as second Lieutenant First U. S. Cavalry, in 1856; promoted to First Lieutenant, March 21, 1861; to Captain, May 24, 1861; the designation of the First being changed to the Fourth Cavalry, by act of Congress, in August, 1861; wounded in battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862; promoted to Colonel Fourth Ohio Cavalry, (volunteers) January, 1863; assigned to command of Second brigade, Second Cavalry division, Army of the Cumberland, June 9, 1863; wounded at Farmington, Tennessee, October 7th, 1863; wounded at Lovejoy, Georgia, August 20th, 1864; promoted to Brigadier General, U. S., volunteers August 18th, 1864; assigned to command of Second division, cavalry corps, Military Division of Mississippi, November, 1864; wounded at Selma, Alabama, April 2d, 1865; promoted to Major General, U. S., volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for distinguished and meritorious services during the late campaign in Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia." Address, 145 Broadway, New York.

Robert H. G. Minty, Detroit, Michigan, appointed Major, Second Michigan Cavalry, September 2d, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel Third Michigan Cavalry, September 7, 1861; Colonel, Fourth Michigan, July 31, 1862; Brigadier General, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and distinguished service"; Major General U. S. Volunteers, March 13th, 1865. "for gallant and distinguished service during the war"; commanded with distinction the First Brigade, Second Division

Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, from December, 1862, until about August 1st, 1864; commanded with special gallantry the Second Division of Cavalry, during the Kilpatrick raid; and again commanded the division after Gen. Long was wounded at Selma, Alabama.

Brigadier General.

George C. Wynkoop, three months' service, who served on the Potomac in Gen. Patterson's division.

Colonels.

1st.—George C. Wynkoop, mustered Aug. 21, 1861, as Colonel Seventh Penna. Cavalry. Discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, mustered out and honorably discharged July 26, 1863. Died 1885.

2d.—William B. Sipes, mustered August 21, 1861, as Lieut. Colonel, promoted to Colonel July 26, 1863, on account of faithful services; resigned Nov. 30, 1864. Mustered out and honorably discharged. Author of a history of the Seventh Penna. Cavalry. Died at Philadelphia, Penna.

3d.—Charles C. McCormick, mustered Oct. 9, 1861, as private company D; promoted to Captain company L, Nov. 14, 1861. To Colonel Jan. 10th, 1865, to rank from Dec. 1st., 1864. On account of distinguished faithful services promoted to Brevet Brig. General March 3d, 1865, on account of special services in the battle of Selma, Alabama, April 2d., 1865. Mustered out and honorably discharged with regiment Aug. 23d., 1865. Died at Milton, Penn., Jan. 31st., 1884.

Lieutenant Colonels.

1st.—James J. Seibert, mustered Nov. 14, 1861, as Major, captured at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 13, 1862. Promoted to Lieut. Colonel July 26, 1863, on account of faithful services. Discharged Jan. 13, 1865. Died.

2d.—James F. Andress, mustered Nov. 4, 1861, as Captain company G; promoted to Major March 11th, 1864, for faithful services; to Lieut. Colonel February 13, 1865, for meritorious services in the field. Mustered out and honorably discharged with regiment Aug. 23d, 1865.

3d.—Charles L. Greeno, mustered Nov. 1st, 1861, as Lieutenant company C; promoted to Captain Co. H, March 1st, 1863, for faithful services in the field; to Major Feb. 13, 1865, to rank from Dec. 22d, 1864; to Lieut. Colonel, to date from April 2d, 1865, on account of special services and bravery in the battle of Selma, Alabama. Mustered out and honorably discharged with regiment, Aug. 23d, 1865. Served with distinction on the staff of Gen. Minty, as inspector. Address, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Majors.

1st.—John E. Wynkoop, mustered Nov. 9, 1861, as Major, promoted to Colonel One Hundred and Eighty-First Penna. Volunteers, July 7th, 1863. Mustered out and honorably discharged. Died.

2d.—James Given, mustered Dec. 20, 1861, as Major. Captured at Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5th, 1862. Resigned March 31, 1863. Died.

3d.—William H. Jennings, mustered in Sept. 28, 1861, as Captain Company A, to rank from Aug. 29, 1861; promoted to Major July 26, 1863, on account of gallantry at Rover, Tenn. Mustered out and honorably discharged Dec. 16, 1864. At rest in Odd Fellows Cemetery, St. Clair, Penna.

4th.—Benjamin S. Dartt mustered as Captain Co. C. Sept. 28th, 1861, wounded at Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863; promoted to Major Feb. 13th, 1865 on account of faithful services. Mustered out and honorably discharged with regiment August 23d, 1865, at Macon, Georgia. Died, 1886.

5th.—Charles C. Davis, mustered as Captain Co. I, Sept. 1st, 1861, to rank from Aug. 24, 1861. Captured July 27, 1862, on picket duty at Manchester, Tenn. Promoted to Major July 1st, 1863, on account of gallantry and bravery at Unionville, and Shelbyville, Tenn. Specially and honorably mentioned in official reports. Resigned September 16, 1864, on account of expiration of term of service, mustered out and honorably discharged. Formerly Second Lieutenant Co. I, Second Regiment, Penna. Volunteer Infantry. Address, Harrisburg, Penna.

6th.—Uriah C. Hartranft, to Captain Co. D, Feb. 13, 1865, to rank from Dec. 20th, 1864; promoted to Major Aug. 10th, 1865 to rank from June 24th, 1865. Mustered out with

the regiment at Macon, Dallas Co., Georgia, Aug. 23d, 1865. Died Aug. 6th, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio.

7th.—Cyrus Newlin, mustered as Captain Co. F, Oct. 25, 1861. Wounded at Sparta, Tenn., Aug. 17th, 1863. Captured at Noonday Creek, Ga. June 20th, 1864. Noted for special gallantry at Noonday Creek. Promoted to Major of the regiment, Oct. 15th, 1864, being a prisoner of war, was not mustered. Honorably discharged with rank of Major U. S. Vol., April 1st, 1865.

Adjutants.

1st.—Richard F. Mosen, mustered Nov. 5, 1861, as Adjutant. Wounded at Lebanon, Tenn., May 5, 1862. Promoted to Captain Co. D, May 2d, 1862, not mustered. Resigned Jan. 21st, 1863, to accept promotion in the Twentieth Penna. Cavalry. Mustered out and honorably discharged. Died.

2d.—First Lieutenant and Adjutant George F. Steahlin, private Co. H, "Washington Artillerists," 25th Regiment, Penna. Volunteer Infantry. Mustered in at Harrisburg, Penna., April 18th, 1861. Five companies, 530 strong, were the first to arrive at Washington, D. C., April 18, 1861, and are known as the "First Defenders of the National Capital." Co. B was organized at Fort Washington, Md., in June, 1861, to which Geo. F. Steahlin was assigned and detailed as Company clerk. Mustered out at Harrisburg, Penn., Aug. 1st, 1861. Enrolled in Co. F, 7th Penna. Cavalry, Oct., 1861. Mustered in Nov. 14, 1861, as 1st Sergeant. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, vice R. F. Mosen, resigned Jan. 25, 1863. Mustered in Feb. 20th, 1863, to Capt. Co. E, Nov. 1st, 1864. Mustered out Jan. 7th, 1865. Member of Jerry Helms Post No. 26, G. A. R., Schuylkill Haven, Penn. Post Commander 1900-01; member of Union Veteran Legion No. 43, Reading. Berks Co., Penn. Appointed by Gov. Pattison of Penna. a member of the Chickamauga-Chattanooga Battle-field Commission, Secretary and Treasurer of the 7th Penna. Veteran Volunteer Cavalry Association. Died at Orwigsburg, Schuylkill Co. Penna., Feb. 25th, 1903.

3d.—William W. Watts, recruit, mustered in Co. I, March 7, 1864; promoted to First Lieut. and Adjutant March 2d, 1865. Mustered in May 15th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia, Aug. 23d, 1865. Residence, Carlisle, Cumberland Co., Penna.

Battalion Adjutants.

1st.—William F. Allen, Sergeant Co. A ; mustered in Sept. 28, 1861. Promoted to Battalion Adjutant Jan. 13th, 1862. Assigned to First Battalion. Honorably discharged as an excess officer Sept. 19th, 1862. Commissioned Second Lieut. Co. H, 162d regiment—17th Penna. Vol. Cavalry—Nov. 1st, 1862. Promoted to First Lieut. Feb. 17th, 1863, to Captain, Feb. 8th, 1865. Mustered out June 26th, 1865. Died April 1st, 1885. At rest in Jerseytown, Columbia Co., Penna.

2d.—Nicholas A. Wynkoop, Sergeant Co. D (Nagle Guards). Sixth Regiment Penna. Infantry (three months term). Mustered in April 22d, 1861. Mustered out July 27, 1861. Mustered in as private Co. L, 7th Penn. Cav. Oct. 15th, 1861. Promoted to Battalion Adjutant Jan. 1st, 1862. Assigned to Second Battalion Aide de Camp to Brig. Gen. Peter Johnson, killed Aug. 21, 1862, in action at Gallatin, Tenn.

3d.—James H. B. Warfield, private Co. D (Nagle Guards) Sixth Regiment Penna. Infantry, (three months term), mustered in April 22d, 1861. Mustered out July 27, 1861. Mustered in as private Co. F, 7th Penna. Cav. Nov. 14th, 1861. Promoted to Corporal Nov. 15th, 1861, to Battalion Adjutant Jan. 1st, 1862. Honorably discharged as an excess officer Sept. 3d, 1862. Commissioned Second Lieut. Co. L, Nov. 15th, 1862. Mustered out 1865. Residence 1318 Seltzer St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Quartermasters.

1st.—Thomas H. Rickert, First Lieut. Co. A. Mustered in Sept. 28th, 1861. Promoted to Quartermaster Nov. 5, 1861. Appointed Brigade Quartermaster 1863 to 1864. Division Quartermaster 1864, to muster out. Mustered out Nov. 5th, 1864, expiration of term. Died Nov. 16, 1899, at Pottsville, Schuylkill Co., Penna. At rest in Charles Baker Cemetery, Pottsville, Penna.

2d.—John B. Reed, Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant, mustered in Sept. 28, 1861. Promoted to Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence Jan. 1st, 1862. Honorably discharged Sept. 1st, 1862, as an excess officer. Commissioned Commissary of Subsistence Oct. 15, 1862. Died

Feb. 22d, 1898, at Mt. Carmel, Penna. Laid to rest at Shamokin, Northumberland Co., Penna.

3d.—George B. F. Kitchen, veteran, Private Co. A. Re-enlisted as a veteran. Mustered in Sept. 28, 1861. Promoted to Quartermaster Nov. 29, 1864. Mustered in Dec. 7, 1864. Promoted to Captain Co. A, July 24, 1865. Mustered out with company at Macon, Ga., Aug. 23d, 1865. Died Dec. 13th, 1883, at Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Penna.

4th.—Charles T. Trego, Sergeant Co. B. Mustered in Nov. 14, 1861. Re-enlisted as a veteran Nov. 1863. Promoted to Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant, Dec. 7th, 1864. to Quartermaster July 24, 1865. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia; Aug. 23d, 1865. Residence, Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Virginia.

Battalion Quartermasters.

1st.—William J. McQuade, Sergeant Co. H (Washington Artillerists), 25th Regiment Penna. Infantry, mustered in April 18, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieut. Co. B. Mustered out Aug. 1st, 1861. Five companies of the 25th Regiment Penna. Volunteer Infantry, first volunteer troops to arrive at Washington, D. C., April 18th, 1861. Now known as the First Defenders of the Capital. Private Co. H, 7th Penna. Cavalry. Mustered in Sept. 23d, 1861. Promoted to Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence. Assigned to First Battalion, Jan. 1, 1862. Honorably discharged as an excess officer May 23, 1863. Member of Allison Brothers Post, No. 144, Port Carbon, Schuylkill Co., Pa. Has served as Post Commander. Residence, Port Carbon, Penna.

2d.—John D. Burge, Quartermaster Sergeant (Llewellyn Rifles), Sixth Regiment, Penna. Volunteer Infantry, three months service. Mustered in April 22d, 1861. Mustered out July 27th, 1861. Private Co. F, 7th, Penna. Cavalry. Mustered in Oct. 22d, 1861. Promoted to Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence Jan. 1st, 1862. Honorably discharged as an excess officer May 12, 1862.

3d.—Richard H. Fisk, Corporal Co. F. Mustered in Nov. 14, 1861. Promoted to Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence Jan. 1st, 1862. Commissioned March 1st, 1864. Mustered in March 11th, 1864. Commissioned Cap-

tain Co. F, Oct. 15th, 1864. Not mustered. Resigned May 1st, 1865. Died April 4th, 1872, at St. Albans, W. Va. At rest in Ewing's Churchyard Cemetery, Mercer Co., New Jersey.

Commissary of Subsistence.

1st.—George S. Frazer, Sergeant Co. K. Mustered in Oct. 12, 1861. Promoted to Regimental Commissary Sergeant Nov. 1st, 1863. Re-enlisted as a veteran at Huntsville, Alabama, Nov. 1863. Promoted Commissary of Subsistence Dec. 20th, 1864. Mustered in Feb. 15th, 1865. Discharged May 21st, 1865. Died Jan. 26th, 1898, at Pittsburg, Penn. At rest at Connelsville Fayette Co., Penn.

2nd.—Michael Breckbill. Mustered in Co. D. Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant. Re-enlisted as a veteran at Huntsville Alabama, Nov. 28th, 1863. Promoted to Second Lieut. Co. Dec. 20th, 1864. Mustered in Feb. 13th, 1865. Promoted to Commissary of Subsistence July 24, 1865. Mustered in Aug. 10th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia, Aug. 23rd, 1865. Residence Danville, Montour Co. Penn.

Surgeons.

1st.—Alexander M. Speer, Surgeon 12th, Regiment, Penn Volunteers; (three months service) Mustered in April 25, 1861. Mustered out Aug. 5th, 1861. Surgeon 7th, Penn. Cavalry Commissioned Sept. 14th, 1861. Mustered in Nov. 14, 1861. Promoted to Surgeon U. S. Volunteers, June 1st, 1863. Residence 255 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Alleghany Co. Penn.

2nd.—John L. Sherk, Assistant Surgeon. Commissioned Sept. 14th, 1861. Mustered in Nov. 4th, 1861. Promoted to Surgeon June 23rd, 1863. Killed Dec. 29th, 1864, at Bardstown, Nelson Co., Kentucky, by guerrillas.

3rd.—William B. Hezlep, mustered in June 27th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia, Aug. 23rd, 1865. Died Aug. 27th, 1887, at Wilksburg, Penn.

Assistant Surgeons.

1st.—Reuben S. Shirner, supernumerary, Commissioned Aug. 4th, 1862, not mustered. Transferred from regiment March 20, 1863.

2nd.—Theodore J. Jung. Mustered in Jan. 1st, 1863. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia, Aug. 23rd, 1865. Died Nov. 22d, 1900, at Titusville, Crawford Co., Pa. At rest in Greendale, Cemetery, Meadville Penn.

3rd.—George F. Harris, commissioned March 21st, 1864. Mustered in March 23rd, 1864. Resigned Sept. 20, 1864. Residence Bellefonte, Centre Co. Penna.

4th.—George Z. Pretz, mustered in July 24th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Ga., Aug. 23rd, 1865. Residence 186 Remsen St., Brooklyn, New York.

Chaplains.

1st.—Reuben A. Drake, commissioned Oct. 10th, 1861. Mustered in Nov. 1st, 1861. Resigned Dec. 10th, 1862.

2nd.—Charles A. Rittenhouse, mustered in March 4th, 1864. Resigned May 1st, 1865. Residence Norristown, Mont'y Co. Pa.

Non-Commissioned Staff.

Veterinary Surgeon, George F. Parry, mustered in June 22nd, 1863. Date of muster out omitted. Died Dec. 10th, 1886, at Newtown, Bucks Co. Penna.

Sergeant Major.—D. Webster Rank, mustered in Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant Co. D. to Sergeant Major, Nov. 18th, 1861, to Second Lieut. Co. B, Nov. 1st, 1862; to First Lieut. Co. M, May 1st, 1863; to Captain Co. M, Sept. 15th, 1864. Mustered out Dec. 16th, 1864, expiration of service. Residence Limestoneville, Montour Co. Penna.

Sergeant Major.—Charles Brandt. Mustered in Dec. 21st, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant Co. M, to Sergeant Major July 1st, 1863; to Second Lieut. Co. M, March 9th, 1864; to First Lieut. Sept. 15th, 1864; to Captain Dec. 1st, 1864. Reported dead.

Sergeant Major.—Coleman H. Watts, recruit. Mustered in March 7th, 1864. Promoted to Sergeant Major from Sergeant Co. M April 7, 1864. Formerly Member of Co. B, 60th, Regiment Penna. Volunteers (3rd, Pa. Cavalry) April 3rd, 1865, to rank from Jan. 1st, 1865. Mustered out May 28th, 1865. Died Feb. 2nd, 1896, at Chicago, Illinois.

Sergeant Major.—George Nutz, recruit. Mustered in Feb. 29th, 1864. Promoted from Sergeant Co. F, to Sergeant

Major May 9th, 1865. Commissioned First Lieut. Co. F, July 24th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Ga.; Aug. 23rd, 1865. Reported at rest.

Regimental Q. M. Sergeants.

1st.—Hugh B. Moonsy, mustered in Nov. 4th, 1861. Promoted from Co. G, to Quartermaster Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862. Resigned Feb. 3rd, 1863.

2nd.—Jesse B. Rank, mustered in Oct. 31st, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieut. Co. D, Jan. 11th, 1864, to rank from April 11th, 1863. Commissioned First Lieut. Dec. 1st, 1864. Mustered out Jan. 6th, 1865. Residence Washington, D. C.

3rd.—Charles T. Trego, veteran. Mustered in Nov. 14th, 1861. Re-enlisted as a veteran at Huntsville, Alabama, Nov. 1863. Promoted to Regimental Q. M. Sergeant Dec. 7th, 1864. Commissioned First Lieut. and Quartermaster July 24, 1865. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia, Aug. 23rd, 1865. Residence, Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

4th, Commissary Sergeant.—E. H. Rosencrans, recruit. Mustered in Feb. 6th, 1863. Promoted to Corporal, to Commissary Sergeant 1864. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia, Aug. 23rd, 1865.

Hospital Stewards.

1st.—William M. Irwin. Mustered in Oct. 16, 1861. Promoted to Hospital Steward from private Co. K, Oct. 16, 1861. Re-enlisted as a veteran at Huntsville, Alabama, Nov. 28th, 1863. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia; Aug. 23rd, 1865. Residence, Mobile, Alabama.

2nd.—Francis W. Keys, recruit. Mustered in 28th, 1863. Promoted from private Co. K, Jan. 12th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia; Aug. 23, 1865. Residence Wilawana, Bradford Co., Penna.

Saddlers

1st.—Jeremiah L. Eich. Mustered in Nov. 1st, 1861. Promoted from saddler Co. C, March 13th, 1863. Re-enlisted as a veteran Nov. 1863. Transferred as a private to Co. C, Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia; Aug. 23rd, 1865.

2nd.—Oliver P. Barr, mustered in Oct. 31st, 1861. Re-enlisted as a veteran Nov. 1863. Promoted from Saddler Co. D, Dec. 1, 1864. Mustered out at Macon, Ga. Residence Watsontown, Penna.

Chief Buglers.

1st.—Joseph Ashman, mustered in Sept. 28th, 1861. Promoted from Bugler Co. A, Jan. 1st, 1862, P. O. Address, unknown.

2nd.—John S. Cole, veteran. Mustered in Sept. 3rd, 1861. Promoted from Bugler Co. I, May 1st, 1863. Re-enlisted as a veteran at Huntsville, Alabama, Nov. 1863. Mustered out with regiment at Macon, Georgia; Aug. 23rd, 1865. Enlisted in U. S. Regular Army, (regiment unknown.) and killed in one of the engagements with Indians. Best practical Bugler of his regiment. (7th, Penna.)

Historical Sketch of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry.

1861-1865.

The authority to raise this regiment was given on the 27th of August, 1861, to William B. Sipes, of Philadelphia, by the Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. Companies A and F were recruited in Schuylkill County, B in Lycoming and Tioga, C in Tioga and Bradford, D in Northumberland and Montour, E in Clinton and Centre, G in Chester, H in Montour and Luzerne, I in Dauphin, K in Cumberland, L in Berks and Company M in Allegheny. The companies were recruited, for the most part, by their officers and at their expense, the grade of their commissions depending as a general rule upon their success in securing men. Their military experience was in general limited to the three months' service. The companies rendezvoused at Camp Cameron, near Harrisburg, where a regimental organization was effected, and the following field officers were commissioned: George C. Wynkoop, of Pottsville, Colonel; William B. Sipes, of Philadelphia, Lieutenant Colonel; James J. Seibert, of Philadelphia, James Given, of West Chester, and John E. Wynkoop, of Pottsville, Majors. Colonel Wynkoop had been connected with the state militia as an officer of cavalry for more than twenty years, had served as Brig.-Gen.

of Volunteers in the three months' service, and it was through the active exertions of Lieut.-Col. Sipes, who had little military experience beyond that of the three months' service, that he was selected to lead the regiment.

Clothing was promptly issued to the men upon entering camp and the regiment was regularly exercised in dismounted drill. Side arms were received while at Camp Cameron and horses were supplied, but not issued until after arriving at Jeffersonville, Indiana.

On the 18th of December, the elegant silk flags, which had been presented to the regiment by the ladies of Pottsville, were now turned over to the command by Gov. Andrew G. Curtin, from the steps of the State Capitol, and on the following day, in pursuance of orders from the Secretary of War, the regiment started for Louisville, Ky., where, upon its arrival, it reported to Gen. Buell, in command of the Department of the Cumberland, and was placed in camp of instruction at Jeffersonville, Ind. Belgian rifles were issued, but were soon after condemned and turned in and subsequently the Smith and Burnside carbines were given.

Towards the close of January, 1862, the regiment broke camp and moving leisurely southward through Kentucky, arrived at Nashville, Tenn., soon after its occupation by Union forces. Here the three battalions were separated, the first, under Major Wynkoop, being assigned to Gen. Wegley's Brigade, and sent with him to Columbia; the second under Col. Wynkoop, to the command of Gen. Dumont, garrisoning Nashville; and the third, under Major Given, to Col. Duffield's command, two companies being stationed at Murfreesboro, and two at Lebanon. The duty imposed, at this time, consisted in scouting in Western and Middle Tennessee, and as far east as the Cumberland Mountains.

Colonel Fox credits the command with the following battles: From May 5th, 1862, to April 16th, 1865, Lebanon, Tenn.; McMinnville, Tenn.; Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Verbilla, Tenn.; Gallatin, Tenn.; Fayetteville, Tenn.; Brentwood, Tenn.; Bear Wallow, Ky.; Lavergne, Tenn.; Bowling Green, Ky.; Stone River, Tenn.; Unionville, Tenn.; Snow Hill, Tenn.; Alexandria, Tenn.; Shelbyville, Tenn.; Chickamauga, Ga.; Mission Ridge, Tenn.; Cumberland Mountains, Oct. 4th, 1863; Dallas, Ga.; Big Shanty, Ga.; McAfee's Crossroads, June 11th, 1864; Noonday Creek, Ga.; Flat

Rock, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga.; Lovejoy's Station; Vinings Station; Rome, Ga.; Lead's Crossroads; Monte Vallo, Ala.; Ebenezer Church, Ala.; Plantersville, Ala.; Selma, Ala., and Columbus, Ga.

Women's Relief Corps.

A woman's patriotic society organized in July, 1883, and known as an auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. The society is composed chiefly of the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of Union soldiers of the Civil War, however, all loyal women are eligible to membership. The organization, like the G. A. R. is divided into departments, of which there are thirty-five, and into smaller divisions called corps, of which there are 2,978, with a total membership of 152,233. The society has expended over \$2,000,000 in charities among the widows and orphans of Union veterans. An organization known as the Ladies of the G. A. R. is composed of the wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, nieces, and all lineal descendants of soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, army nurses are also eligible as members. Indeed both societies, are highly spoken of and praised throughout the country, at Camp Fires and re-unions, for the fine dinners served by them on such happy occasions.

Sons of Veterans.

A patriotic society founded in Philadelphia, Pa., on Sept. 29th, 1879. It admits to membership all lineal male descendants of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines who served in the Civil War. The badge consists of a bronze bar on which are the words 'Fili Veteranorum,' and suspended from this bar is a red, white, and blue ribbon attached to a medalion containing a monogram of the letters 'S. V.' in relief on a wreath over crossed cannons, surmounted by a spread eagle.

On a similar character is another noble society known as Daughters of Veterans which admits to membership daughters of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines, and daughters of Sons of Veterans, who are over fifteen years of age.

Union Veteran Legion.

A patriotic organization, organized in Pittsburg, Pa., in March, 1884. The simple requirements for admission to the G. A. R. had lead to criticism, and in consequence the Union Veteran Legion requires for admission to membership that the applicant must have volunteered previous to July 1st, 1863, for a term of three years and have served two years continuously in the same command unless discharged by reason of wounds. There are organizations in Twenty-one States and the District of Columbia, and about one hundred and fifty local bodies known as encampments, with a total membership of nearly 20,000. It also contains as an auxiliary an organization of women known as Ladies of the Union Veteran Legion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

President Lincoln's Address—Gallant Charge of First Minnesota at Gettysburg—Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

President Lincoln's eloquent and beautiful address at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 18th, 1863. Its originality and classic diction must commend it to the favorable consideration of the ripest scholars and orators:—

“Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

“But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for

which they here gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we are here highly resolved that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

First Minnesota at Gettysburg—Story of a Famous Charge.

From Minneapolis Journal: History has recorded no braver charge than that led by “Rough and Ready” Col. William Colville at Gettysburg. The charge prevented the utter rout and destruction of the entire left wing of the Union forces. It was the First Minnesota against an advancing victorious army. It was the salvation of the day at a cost of annihilation. Of all the gallant deeds credited to the Minnesota troops during the bloody Civil War period, none stand out with greater brilliancy than the magnificent charge, made at a terrible sacrifice, of the First Minn. Volunteer Infantry, on the field of Gettysburg, July 2d, 1863. In repelling an advancing force of some 6000 Confederates, the little body of 262 men kept the Union line unbroken, and was for a few fateful minutes solely responsible for the result of the decisive battle of war. From the hill, where the gallant First lay in reserve, they could see Birney’s and Humphrey’s divisions, the one on the lines from the peach orchard to Devil’s Den, the other on the Emmitsburg road, battling for life against the masses of Longstreet’s sturdy infantry. On their right, in the depression on Cemetery Ridge, which was Sickles’s original position, there was not a man. This dangerous gap was, perhaps, half a mile long. Sickles’s men were in the form of an angle, the point toward the enemy, and were being raked with a galling cross-fire. While Sickles was able to hold out in front all was well, but once he began to lose ground the open space to the left of the Second Corps was a dangerous place. Gradually the Union men were forced back through the space between the First Minnesota and Little Round Top. Every moment the retreat became more of a rout, till finally the men of the First Minnesota, lying in double battle line formation, had to turn on their sides to permit the command of disordered troops to pass through.

Williard's Brigade had been ordered to relieve the threatened point but could not arrive in time.

At this critical juncture General Hancock, with a single aide, (orderly) rode up at full speed and for a moment vainly endeavored to rally Sickles's retreating men. Then his quick eye caught sight of the perfectly formed First Minnesota. Galloping up to it the handsome General, his face all aglow with activity and excitement, cried "What regiment is this?" "First Minn.," replied Col. Colville. "Charge those lines," commanded Hancock. Every man of the First realized in an instant what this order meant—death or wounds to all; the sacrifice of the regiment to gain a few moments time and save the position—probably the battle-field. Every man saw and accepted the necessity of the sacrifice, and, responding to the unhesitating orders of Col. Colville, the regiment, in perfect line, with arms at "right shoulder shift," was in a moment sweeping down the slope directly on the enemy's center. No hesitation, no stopping to fire, though the men fell at every stride before the fire of the whole Confederate force directed upon it as soon as the movement was observed. Silently, without orders, double quick was changed to utmost speed; for in greater speed lay the only hope of passing through that storm of lead and striking the enemy.

"Charge shouted Colville. With leveled bayonets the regiment rushed upon the first line of the Confederates, who in turn had been slightly disordered by crossing a brook at the foot of the slope. Men were never made who could stand against leveled bayonets driven with such momentum and desperation. The first line of Confederates broke as the steel of the First Minnesota reached it, and rushed back through the second line, stopping the whole advance. The First Minn., then poured in its first fire, the men taking advantage of such shelter as the low banks of the dry brook afforded, held the entire force at bay for considerable time, and until the Union reserves appeared on the brow of the hill the brave First had recently left. Had the enemy rallied quickly to a counter charge, their vastly greater number would have crushed the First Minn., men in a moment. But the ferocity of the onset seemed to paralyze them for a time, although they poured in a terrible, continuous fire from front and enveloping flanks. Then under the added fire of

the advancing Union reserves, the Confederates began to retire and the First Minnesota was ordered back to the reserves.

What Hancock had ordered Col. Colville to do was thoroughly done. But nearly every officer was dead or lay weltering with bloody wounds. Among the latter were the gallant Col. Colville and every field officer. Of the 262 men who made the charge 215 lay upon the field stricken by Confederate bullets, forty-seven only were still in line. And not a man was missing.

There is no parallel to this charge. In its desperate valor, complete execution, successful result, and in its sacrifice of men in proportion to the number engaged, authentic history has no record with which it can be compared.

Col. Colville fell shortly after he gave the order to charge, and his dauntless regiment executed his final order without his leadership. He was shot in the shoulder and in the foot, being maimed for life, though he insisted on rejoining his regiment as soon as his condition would permit.

Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

Editor National Tribune: The following poem was written by John Boyle Captain Co. D, 96th, Penna., while in camp at White Oak Church, Virginia, in 1863, shortly after the Brownlow episode in Knoxville, Tenn. Brownlow was a prisoner in his own house and he put the old flag out on his porch, and a confederate squad was sent to take the flag down. His daughter wrapped the flag around her and dared them, with revolver in hand, to touch it. Corporal B. T. Johns, Co. A, 49th, Penna.

When treason loosed the dogs of war, ,
 And gave the land to slaughter,
 To stay its wrath, and curb its rage
 Rose Parson Brownlow's daughter.
 Like one inspired from Heaven she stood,
 While passion raged around her,
 And dared the miscreant band which strove
 To rend the flag which wound her.

“Touch it who dares!” she boldly cried,
While from her dark eyes flashing,
Streamed glints of wrath as fly the sparks
From swords in battle clashing.
“Touch it who dares and he shall rue
His traitor burthened folly,
This barking steel shall let its soul
Seek sheol with a volley.

“This flag is sacred, born of men
Whose virtues live in story,
Who bore it safe through many a fight,
With undiminished glory;
And it has made you what you are,
A people great and glorious
Loved, feared, revered by all the world,
O’er every foe victorious.

What sudden madness fires your brain,
What demon does possess you,
What providence has seized your frame
To torture and distress you?
Oh, men, if men you be at all,
Awake from your delusion;
You’ve all to lose and naught to gain,
Through this insane confusion.

“What! can no words of mine have weight
To turn you from pursuing
The course that leads along the brink
Of infamy and ruin.
False-hearted ones, and cowards all,
I scorn you and despise you;
Bright paragons of chivalry,
The name of men belies you.

“And unprotected though I be,
I’ll guard this starry token
Until the cord which holds my soul
Unto my frame is broken.”
Awed by her actions and her words
The thoughtless crowd like tory

Recoiled, retreated from the spot,
And left her in her glory.

Unto her form Old Glory clung,
In its unsullied splendor
As if 'twere conscious of the stand
Made by its brave defender;
The very air seemed fragrant with
A heavenly inspiration,
And haloed 'round like the light,
Around the fair creation.

Long may she flourish in the land
In an exalted station,
And with her sire be treasured with
The jewels of the Nation.
And when in death her eyelids close,
May fame upon time's pages
Record her name and deeds with those
Which speak to after ages.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Lives of Noble, Self-Made Men—Nicholas Longworth—Col.
Ingersoll's Oration—Brief History of Pennsylvania.*

Men are naturally cheered and encouraged by the success of others, and those who are worthy of a similar reward will not fail to learn valuable lessons from the examples of the men who have preceded them.

Our sole aim shall be, to tell simply and truthfully the story of the trials and triumphs of our self-made men, to show how they overcame where others failed, and to offer the record of their lives as models worthy of the imitation of the young men of our country.

Nicholas Longworth.

The grape culture of the United States is yet in its infancy. Although the annual wine product is estimated at nearly three millions of gallons, there can be no doubt that before many years shall have passed, our country will rank as one of the most important wine countries of the world. California is already extending her vineyards for miles along her smiling valleys, where the clear sky and balmy air, which are unchangeable at the season of the grape harvest, permit a degree of perfection in the fruit unattainable in any European country. Already her wines are commanding an enviable place in the markets of the world, with no apparent limit to the growing demand for them. The hillsides of the lower Ohio valley are lined with thriving vine-

yards, where rich clusters of Catawba and Isabella grapes delight the eye on every hand, and thousands of acres are now given to successful grape culture, where formerly only a few straggling vines were seen. More than 500,000 gallons of wine are now annually produced in the vicinity of Cincinnati alone, and find a market in that city, and what was but a few years ago a mere experiment is now one of the chief sources of the wonderful prosperity of the Ohio valley, and one of the most important features in the commerce of the Queen City of the West. The success which has attended this branch of our industry must be a matter of happy concern to the whole country, and the man to whose energy, and liberality it is mainly due must be regarded as a popular benefactor.

This venerable man, Nicholas Longworth by name, was born at Newark, New Jersey, Jan. 16th, 1782. His father had been a man of large property, but in consequence of his loyalty to Great Britain during the Revolution, his possessions were confiscated, and he and his family made destitute. Young Nicholas' childhood was passed in indigence, and it is said that he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, when a mere lad, to learn the trade as a means of support. Though as this may be, it is certain that when very young he went to South Carolina as a clerk for his elder brother. The climate of the South, however, did not suit his health, and he returned to Newark, and began the study of the law. He was poor, and the East was overcrowded, even at that early day, and offered but few inducements to a young man entirely dependent upon his own efforts. Ohio was then the "Far West," and emigration was setting in toward it rapidly. Those who had seen the country, related what then seemed marvelous tales of its great fertility and progress. Few professional men were leaving for the distant land, and Mr. Longworth felt convinced that the services of such a man would assuredly be in demand, and he resolved to cast his lot with the West. In 1803, at the age of twenty-one, he removed to the little village of Cincinnati, and, having fixed upon this place as his future home, entered the law office of Judge Jacob Burnet, long the ablest jurist in Ohio. He soon won the confidence and esteem of his instructor, and succeeded so well in his studies that he was soon admitted to the bar.

He entered upon the practice of his profession with energy and soon acquired a profitable business, which increased rapidly. He was a man of simple habits, and lived within his income. His savings were considerable, and were regularly invested by him in real estate in the suburbs of the town. Land was cheap at that time, some of his lots costing him but ten dollars each. Long before his death they were worth more than as many thousands. He had a firm conviction that Cincinnati was destined to become one of the largest and most prosperous cities on the continent, and that his real estate would increase in value at a rate which would make him wealthy in a very few years.

His first client was a man accused of horse-stealing, in those days the most heinous offense known to Western law. Longworth secured his acquittal, but the fellow had no money to pay his counsel, and in the absence of funds gave Longworth two second-hand copper stills, which were his property. These the lawyer accepted, thinking that he could easily dispose of them for cash, as they were rare and valuable there in those days. They were in the possession of Mr. Joel Williams, who carried on a tavern adjacent to the river, and who was afterward one of the largest property-holders in Cincinnati. Mr. Williams was building a distillery at the time, and, as he had confidently calculated upon using the two stills in his possession, was considerably overcome when Longworth presented his order for them. In his extremity he offered to purchase them from the attorney for a lot of thirty acres of barren land in the town, which was then worth little or nothing.

Longworth hesitated, for although he had an almost prophetic belief in the future value of the land, he was sorely in need of ready money; but finally he accepted the offer. The deed for the land was made out in his name, and the stills became the property of Mr. Williams. The distillery was built, and its owner amassed a fortune; but Longworth did more. His thirty-three acres of barren land were soon in the very heart of Cincinnati, and long before his death were valued at \$2,000,000. The foresight of Mr. Longworth was fully justified by the course of events. The growth of Cincinnati was almost miraculous; in 1810, 2,540; in 1820, 9,060; in 1830, 24,831; in 1840, 46,338; in 1850, 118,761; and in 1860, three years before Mr. Longworth's

death, 171,293 inhabitants. The reader can easily imagine the immense profits which a half century's increase placed in the hands of the far-seeing lawyer. It seems almost like reading some old fairy tale to peruse the accounts of successful ventures in real estate in American cities. They have sprung up as if by magic, and it is impossible to say where their development will end. The investment of a comparatively trivial sum eventually laid the foundation of his fortune, and the first counsel fee he ever earned, a sum trifling in itself, placed him in possession of millions. Mr. Longworth continued carefully to invest his gains in real estate. The prices paid by him increased, of course, with the rise in the value of property, but as he was persuaded that the limit had not yet been reached, he extended his operations without fear of loss. He sold many of his original purchases, but continued until the day of his death the largest land-owner in the city. In 1850 his taxes were over \$17,000, and in the same year the taxes of Wm. B. Astor amounted to \$23,116. At the time of his death Mr. Longworth's estate was valued at \$15,000,000, and is probably worth fully one-third more at the present day.

Mr. Longworth retired from the practice of the law in 1819, to devote himself to the management of his property, which was already sufficiently important to require his undivided attention. He had always been an enthusiast in horticultural matters, and believing that the climate of the Ohio Valley was admirably adapted to the production of grapes, had for some time been making experiments in that direction; but he fell into the error of believing that only the foreign vines were worth cultivating, therefore, his experiments were unsuccessful. The foreign grape did not mature well, and the wine produced from it was not good. In 1828 his friend Major John Adlum sent him some specimens of the Catawba grape, which he had procured from the garden of a German living near Washington City, and he began to experiment with it in his own vineyard.

The Catawba grape, now so popular and well known throughout the country, was then a comparative stranger to our people, and was regarded even by many who were acquainted with it as unfit for vintage purposes. It was first discovered in a wild condition about 1801, near Asheville, Buncombe Co., North Carolina, near the source of the Ca-

tawba River. Gen. Davy, of Rocky Mount, on that river, afterward Senator from North Carolina is supposed to have given the German in whose garden Major Adlum found the grape a few of the vines to experiment upon. Gen. Davy always regarded the bringing of this grape into notice as the greatest act of his life. "I have done my country a greater benefit in introducing this grape into public notice," said he in after years, "than I would have done if I had paid the national debt."

Mr. Longworth's experiments with the Catawba were highly successful, and induced him to abandon all his efforts with foreign vines, and undertake only the Catawba, to which he afterward added the Isabella. He now entered exclusively upon grape-growing. He established a large vineyard upon a hill-side sloping down to the river, about four miles above the city, and employed German laborers, whose knowledge of vinedressing, acquired in the Fatherland, made them the best workmen he could have. He caused it to be announced that all the grape juice produced by the small growers in the vicinity would find a cash purchaser in him, no matter in what quantities offered. At the same time he offered a reward of five-hundred dollars for any improvement in the quality of the Catawba grape. The enthusiasm which he manifested, as well as the liberality of his offer, had a decidedly beneficial effect upon the small growers in that locality. "It proved a great stimulus to the growth of the Catawba vine in the country around Cincinnati," to know that a man of Mr. Longworth's means stood ready to pay cash, at the rate of a dollar and a quarter for all the grape juice that might be brought to him, without reference to the quantity. It was in this way, and by urgent popular appeals through the columns of the newspapers, that he succeeded, after many failures, and against the depressing influence of much doubt and indifference, in bringing the enterprise up to its high position.

When he took the matter in hand there was much to discourage any one not possessed of the traits of constancy of purpose and perseverance peculiar to Mr. Longworth. Many had tried the manufacture of wine, and had failed to give it any economical importance. It was not believed, until Mr. Longworth practically demonstrated it, that a native grape was the only one upon which any hope could be placed,

and that the Catawba offered the most assured promise of success and was the one upon which all vine-growers might with confidence depend. It took years of constant attention and wide-spread investigations, the expenditures of large sums of money to establish this fact, and bring the agricultural community to accept it and act under its guidance. The success attained by Mr. Longworth soon induced other gentlemen residents in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and favorably situated for the purpose, to undertake the culture of the Catawba, and several of them are now regularly and extensively engaged in the manufacture of wine. The impetus and encouragement thus given to the business soon led the German citizens of Hamilton Co., to observe its advantages, and, under their thrifty management, thousands of acres, stretching up from the banks of the Ohio, are now covered with luxuriant and profitable vineyards, rivaling in profusion and beauty the vine-clad hills of Italy and France. The oldest vineyard in the county of Hamilton is of Mr. Longworth's planting.

Mr. Longworth subsequently increased the size of his vineyard to two hundred acres, and toward the close of his life, his wine houses annually produced one hundred and fifty thousand bottles of wine. His vaults usually contained a stock of three hundred thousand bottles in course of thorough ripening.

His cellars were situated on the declivity of East Sixth St., on the road to Observatory Hill. They occupied a space, ninety feet by one hundred and twenty-five in size, and consisted of two tiers of massive stone vaults, the lower of which was twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground.

The manufacture of the wine was placed under the charge of a celebrated chemist from Rheims, and the method of preparation was as follows:

After the pressing of the grape, the juice is subjected to the vinous fermentation, by which ten or eleven per cent. of alcohol is developed. In the following spring, it is mixed with a small quantity of sugar, and put into strong bottles, the corks of which are secured with twine and wire. The sugar accelerates a second fermentation, which always takes place about this time, and thus a strong movement is produced inside the glass, which generates gas enough to burst the vessels briskly, adding thereby considerably to the cost.

This is known as the gaseous fermentation, and the effect of it is to render the wine more enlivening, more stinging to the taste, and more fruity. "This last effect results from this, that the flavor of the fruit mostly passes off with the carbonic acid gas, which is largely generated in the first or vinous fermentation, and in a less degree in this second or gaseous fermentation." It is impossible to avoid the loss of the flavor in the first fermentation, but the strong bottles and securely fastened corks preserve it in the second. The liquid, which is muddy at first, becomes clear in about a year, a thick sediment having collected in the bottom of the bottle. The bottles are then placed in racks, with their necks downward and are shaken vigorously every day for about three weeks. This forces the sediment to settle down in the neck against the cork. When it is all in the neck, the wires are cut, and the cork blown out by the gas, carrying the sediment with it. Fresh sugar, for sweetness, is now added, new corks are driven in and secured, and in a few weeks the wine is ready for the market.

Mr. Longworth continued his wine trade with great success for about twenty-five years, and though for some time his expenditures were largely in excess of his income from this source, he at length reaped a steady and increasing profit from it, which more than paid him for his former losses. He was very fond of the strawberry and succeeded, by careful and expensive cultivation, in making several very important improvements in that delicious fruit. He manifested no selfishness with respect to his fruits. He was anxious that their cultivation should become general, and his discoveries and improvements were always at the service of any and every one who desired to make use of them.

He was thoroughly devoted to his adopted home, and anxious to promote its steady improvement. When it was proposed to establish an observatory, the Mt. Adams property, then owned by him, was regarded as the most fitting site for it. He was asked to name the price for which he would sell the property. To the astonishment of the parties in charge of the enterprise, he made a free gift of the land,—four acres in extent—to the trustees. A gentleman who had hoped to dispose of some of his own property for this purpose charged Mr. Longworth, through the press, with being influenced by a desire to improve his adjoining property by the erection of

the observatory on Mount Adams. Longworth promptly replied that if the writer of the article in question would donate four acres of his own property for an observatory, he (Longworth) would put up, at his own expense, a building on it equal to that which had been erected on Mt. Adams, and transfer the latter place to the city as a permanent pleasure ground.

He quietly added that in this way his accuser might himself receive, for his adjacent property, all the benefits of such an improvement and at the same time win for himself the lasting gratitude of the people of Cincinnati. This settled the matter, and no more was heard from the other side.

Longworth,—says one who knew him,—was a problem and a riddle—a problem worthy of the study of those who delight in exploring that labyrinth of all that is hidden and mysterious, the human heart, and a riddle to himself and others. He is a wit and humorist of a high order; of keen sagacity and shrewdness in many other respects than in money matters; one who can be exact to a dollar, and liberal, when he chooses, with thousands; of marked peculiarity and tenacity in his own opinion, yet of abundant tolerance to the opinions, however extravagant, of others—a man of great public spirit and sound general judgment.

In addition to all this, it would be difficult to find an individual of his position and standing so perfectly free from pride, in the ordinary sense. He has positively none, unless it be the pride of eccentricity. It is no uncommon circumstance for men to become rich by the concentration of time, and labor, and attention to some one object of profitable employment. This is the ordinary plan of money-getting, as choosing the ear and pocket to applications for aid is that of money saving. Longworth had become a rich man on a different principle. He appears to have started upon the calculation that if he could put any individual in the way of making a dollar for Longworth, and a dollar for himself at the same time, by aiding him with ground for a lot, or in building him a house on it; and if he could multiply cases of the kind by hundreds, or perhaps thousands, he would promote his own interests the same measure as he was advancing those of others. At the same time he would not be unconscious that, while their half was subdivided into small possessions, owned by a thousand or more individuals, his half

was a vast, boundless aggregate, since it was the property of one man alone. The event has done justice to his sagacity. Hundreds, if not thousands, in and adjacent to Cincinnati now own houses and lots, and many have become wealthy, who would, in all probability, have lived and died tenants under a different state of case. Had not Mr. Longworth adopted this course, he would have occupied that relation to society which many wealthy men now sustain, that of getting all they can and keeping all they get."

In politics, Mr. Longworth was a Whig, and afterward a Republican. During the famous Clay campaign he was asked to give one hundred dollars to help defray the expenses of the party.

"I never give something for nothing," said he. "We might fail to elect Clay, as we did before, and I should throw away the hundred dollars."

The applicant, who was himself a man of wealth, assured him that there was no doubt of Clay's election.

"There can be no chance of your losing," he said.

"Well," replied Longworth, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you the hundred dollars, but mind, you shall be responsible to me for its return if Clay is not elected."

The offer was accepted; and when the campaign resulted in the defeat of Clay, Longworth demanded his money from the politician, who was obliged to return it out of his own pocket. In his own way, (and a quaint, singular way it was) Mr. Longworth was exceedingly charitable. Long after he was worth millions, and when every moment of his time was valuable, he was requested to serve as Township Trustee. This was an office which required a considerable portion of his time, and brought him in constant contact with some of the most wretched of the lowest class of the poor. He was always in his office, at stated times, and with a patience and kindness worthy of all admiration, the millionaire listened to their sad tales, and provided such aid as was necessary, frequently giving it out of his own purse when the public funds failed. He was a bitter foe to tramps and mendicants. If people in need were willing to work, he would place them in the way of doing so. He was the owner of a stone quarry on Deer Creek, the traces of which may still be seen in the lines of the new Gilbert Avenue; and he kept in his office a supply of picks and shovels. When a

stout beggar asked him for alms, he would inquire if he was willing to work. If answered in the affirmative, he would give him a pick and shovel, and start him for the quarry, where the wages were promptly paid out every night. Many availed themselves of the privilege, and worked for him faithfully; but others gave the quarry a "wide berth," (French leave) and sold the pick and shovel for money or liquor. It was his custom to buy large quantities of bread tickets from the bakers, and to distribute them to those whom he considered worthy, and he would also keep on hand large quantities of shoes, dry goods, etc., which he gave away in the same manner.

Mr. Frank Pentland, who was once in his employ, relates the following incident.

"One morning, just after Mr. Longworth had gone to his office, near the Third Street entrance, where he was accustomed to receive applicants for charity, he was accosted by a man who asked assistance. In answer to a question as to his needs, he replied that his main want was a pair of shoes, and a glance at his feet showed that he spoke the truth. Mr. Longworth appeared "to take his measure" at a glance, and impulsively shaking his right foot (he seldom wore his shoes tied) kicked the shoe over to the applicant, saying:

"Try that on, my man. How does it fit?"

"Illigant, yer honor."

"Well, try that, now," said he, kicking off the other. "How will they do?"

"Illigant, yer honor; Illigant! May many a blessing—"

"Well, well, go now—that will do," and turning to Pentland, who was then a young boy in his service, ordered him to the house to get another pair. Frank obeyed, but was told by Mrs. Longworth that those he wore away from the house were all that he had. The result was that Frank was hurried off to William Hart's shoe store, for the kind I always buy, and don't pay over a dollar and a half for them."

Yet many persons charged this man with stinginess—a charge to which every rich man lays himself open who does not give to all who ask him. Even the rich must refuse sometimes, for there is no reason why they should answer all the calls made upon them—a course which would soon

impoverish them. They must discriminate somewhere, and how this shall be done is a question which every one must decide for himself. Longworth exercised this discrimination in an eccentric manner, eminently characteristic of him. He invariably refused cases that commended themselves to others. A gentleman once applied to him for assistance for a widow in destitute circumstances.

"Who is she?" asked the millionaire. "Do you know her? Is she a deserving object?"

"She is not only a woman of excellent character," answered his friend, "but she is doing all in her power to support a large family of children."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Longworth. "I shan't give a cent. Such persons will always find a plenty to relieve them."

He was firm, and turned coldly from the entreaties of his friend. Yet he opened his purse liberally to those whom others refused. Vagrants, drunkards, fallen women, those who had gone down far into the depths of misery and wretchedness and from whom respectable people shrank in disgust, never appealed to him in vain. "The devil's poor" he always called them. He would listen to them patiently, moved to the depths of his soul by their sad stories, and would send them away rejoicing that they were not utterly friendless. "Decent paupers will always find a plenty to help them," he would say, "but no one cares for these poor wretches. Everybody damns them, and as no one else will help them, I must." Yet he aided them in such a manner as to encourage them to rise above their wretchedness.

In his personal appearance Mr. Longworth was not prepossessing. He was dry and caustic in his remarks, and rarely spared the object of his satire. He was plain and careless in his dress, looking more like a mendicant than a millionaire. He cared nothing for dress, except perhaps, that he preferred common clothes to fine ones. One of his acquaintances relates the following story in illustration of this phase of his character.

"Many winters ago, it will be remembered that a style of striped goods was quite popular with poor people on account of its cheapness, and that it acquired the name of 'Hard Times.' Everybody with scant purses wore coats or pants of it, for the reason that they could not very well buy any

other kind. As the story goes, it appears that "Old Nick," as he was familiarly called bought an overcoat of this material, and took great pride in wearing it, much to the annoyance of the women folks. It happened that one cold, stormy night the faithful family coachman was at the house without an overcoat, and Mrs. Longworth, after very feelingly informing her husband of his forlorn condition, asked the privilege of giving him the aforesaid overcoat. Much to her gratification, Mr. Longworth consented, and the coachman wore off the "Hard Times," the good wife replacing it by an elegant broadcloth that she had quietly provided for the occasion. The next morning "Old Nick" very innocently overlooked the new coat, and went off to make his usual morning rounds without one; but it would be impossible to describe the annoyance of the household when they saw him returning to dinner wearing a duplicate of "These Hard Times," and for weeks afterward it was no uncommon occurrence to see the "master and man" walking about the old homestead dressed in their usual gray stripes. The shabbiness of his dress once led to an amusing adventure, which he enjoyed very much. Climbing one of the hilly streets of the city one broiling summer day, he sat down on a pile of bricks, under the cool shade of a tree, to rest. Taking off his well-worn hat, he laid it on his knee, and closing his eyes, sat enjoying the breeze which had just then sprung up. He was very tired, and his whole figure indicated his weariness. As he sat there in his shabby dress, with his eyes closed and his hat resting on his knees, he looked the very picture of a blind beggar soliciting charity. For such, indeed, he was mistaken by a working man who passed by a few minutes later, and who, pitying the supposed unfortunate, chucked a few pennies into his hat. The noise of the coppers made the old man open his eyes and look up; and to his amazement the workman recognized in the object of his charity Nicholas Longworth, the millionaire. Mr. Longworth looked at him a moment in his dry, quizzical way, and then, thanking him politely, put the pennies in his pocket, and, closing his eyes, once more resumed his resting position.

The subject of our sketch and outline of the Nicholas Longworth was the grandfather of the Hon. Nicholas Longworth, member of Congress of Cincinnati, Ohio. He mar-

ried Alice Lee Roosevelt of New York, at Washington, D. C., February 7th, 1906.

Mr. Longworth had erected a magnificent mansion in the midst of his vineyard. He gathered there a fine library, and a collection of paintings, statuary, and other art treasures, which were his pride. He died there on the 10th of February, 1863, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

His loss was severely felt by the entire community, especially by his "destitute poor," for whom he had cared so long and tenderly.

Colonel Ingersoll's Funeral Oration at His Brother's Grave.

The funeral of Hon. Ebon C. Ingersoll, brother of Col. R. G. Ingersoll, took place at his residence in Washington, D. C., June 2d, 1879. The ceremonies were extremely simple, consisting merely of viewing the remains by relatives and friends, and a funeral oration by Col. Ingersoll.

A large number of prominent gentlemen were present. Soon after Mr. Ingersoll began to read his eloquent tribute to the dead, his eyes filled with tears. He tried to conceal them behind his eye-glasses, but he could not do it, and finally he bowed his head upon the dead man's coffin in uncontrollable grief. It was after some delay and the greatest efforts at self-mastery, that Col. Ingersoll was able to finish reading his address, which was as follows:

My Friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The love and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling towards the West. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he laid down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager minds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life,

no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jewelled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words:

“For justice all place a temple and all season summer.”

He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshipper, humanity the only religion, and love the priest.

He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, “I am better now.” Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

*Colonel Ingersoll's Remarkable Vision—One of the Most
Elegant Extracts of Eloquence in the English
Language.*

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever. We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches.

We are on picket with them in the wild storm, at the cross-roads, in the dense forests, and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with

nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief. The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child, trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before me. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. The heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, and the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides, and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars, they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Pennsylvania.

A North Atlantic State of the United States, situated at the apex of the arch formed by the coast States from North Carolina to New England, and is generally known, and popularly called the Keystone State. It is bounded on the north by New York State, and for about fifty miles on the west by Lake Erie, on the East by New York and New

Jersey, on the South by a small part of Delaware and by Maryland and West Virginia, and on the West by West Virginia and Ohio. The North and South boundaries are straight lines running along parallels, $157\frac{3}{4}$ miles apart, except for the small projection in the Northwestern corner, purchased of New York, for the Erie City Lake port and harbor.

The western boundary is a straight line running along the meridian, but the eastern boundary is formed by the Delaware River, which forms two large and crooked bends, making the extreme length of the State, 302 miles. The area is 45,126 square miles, of which 44,832 square miles, or 28,692,480 acres are land surface. The State ranks twenty-ninth in size among the United States.

Climate.—The climate in the southeastern part along the Delaware is much warmer, both in summer and winter, than in the western upland. The mean temperature for January at Philadelphia is 32.3 degrees and for July 76.2 degrees. The corresponding figures for Wilkesbarre, among the mountains, are 27 and 72 degrees; for Pittsburg, 31 and 75 degrees; and for Erie, on the Lake shore, 27 and 70 degrees.

The summer heat south of the Blue mountains has been as high as 107 degrees, and is continued far into autumn. Northwest of the mountains the snow sometimes lies several feet deep throughout the winter, and the temperature may fall to 28 degrees below zero. The average annual rainfall for the state is 44.6 inches. It is evenly distributed both as to season and through the larger regions of the state, though it may range from thirty-five to fifty inches in isolated localities.

Soil and Vegetation.—The soils are on the whole somewhat more fertile than those of the average Atlantic states, there being no tertiary sand area, and comparatively small areas of primary rocks. The soil is to a large extent decomposed limestone material, which is a good grain soil, and, where least fertile, is well suited for pasturage. Pennsylvania was formerly one of the most densely forested states, and there are still considerable forest areas on the western plateau. The most familiar (or native) trees on the lowlands are white oak, hickory, chestnut, walnut, butternut, and cherry; on the higher ground are the white pine, hemlock, pitch pine, maple, beach, and black and yellow birch,

and on the mountains, the black and red spruce, balsam fir, and larch can be seen. On the western plateau the forests are mostly deciduous, with chestnut and oak abundant; and in the southwest the common trees are the honey locust and sugar maple.

The following figures show the wonderful growth of the State in population: 1790, 434,373; 1820, 1,047,507; 1850, 2,311,786; 1860, 2,906,215; 1870, 3,521,951; 1880, 4,282,891; 1890, 5,258,014; 1900, 6,302,115; 1906, (State estimate) 6,928,515. The State (for many years) ranked second in population. The absolute increase in each decade has been greater than that of the preceding. The per cent. of the increase between 1890 and 1900 was 19.9, as compared with 20.7 for the United States. The Irish, Germans, and English are the most numerous; but there are, besides, a larger number of Welsh and natives of Hungary than in any other state. In 1900 the negroes numbered 156,845. Of the total population (1900) 51 per cent. was urban—i.e. they live in places which contain over 4000 inhabitants, there being in 1900, 119 such places, or more than in any other state. The average number of inhabitants to the square mile in 1900 was 140.1.

Religion.—The Roman Catholics form over one-eighth of the population. The leading Protestant denominations are the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Lutheran, each with over one-sixth of the total number of church members. Then follow in order the Baptists, the Protestant Episcopalians, the Disciples of Christ, and the Congregationalists.

Education.—The public school system is under the supervision of a State Superintendent, appointed by the Governor. School attendance is compulsory between the ages of eight and sixteen, and text books are free, but not uniform throughout the State.

The principal institutions of higher education, besides the University of Pennsylvania, are the Western University of Pennsylvania (undenominational) at Allegheny City; Lafayette College (Presbyterian), at Easton; Lehigh University (non-sectarian), at South Bethlehem; Bucknell University (Baptist), Lewisburg; Dickinson College (Methodist Episcopal), at Carlisle; Haverford College (Friends), at Haverford; Swarthmore College (Friends), at Swarthmore; Pennsylvania State College, at State College; Washington

and Jefferson College (Presbyterian), at Washington; Penna. College, Gettysburg. For normal education the State contains and maintains the following standard Normal schools, namely: Lycoming County Normal school, at Muncy, Penna.; Western Normal school at Clarion, Penna.; Central Normal school at Lock Haven, Penna.; Northern Penna. Normal school at Mansfield, Pa., and Penna. State Normal at Millersville, Lancaster Co., Penna. Dickinson University at Williamsport, is also a flourishing institution of learning.

The State is naturally adapted for the cultivation of nearly all kinds of fruit, and grape culture. Wild plums, tame plums, quinces, peaches, pears, chestnuts, and apples, grow in abundance in all localities throughout the State. The Pennsylvania ladies have been highly praised for being excellent cooks. All meals and refreshments served on the farms, at restaurants, and hotels, are all hashed up in elegant taste and style. Everything is spread upon the tables and both ladies and gentlemen are kindly requested to help themselves to everything to which they take a fancy. In the fall of the year they make a very fine quality of apple-butter, and cider, for future use in the winter. And their buckwheat cakes and honey during the winter, have a State-wide palatable and eatable, reputation. To the rising generation of Illinois, and all who were born and raised there, we should say be sure to visit Pennsylvania during your lifetime, and view the beautiful Lakes, rivers, hills, and mountains. But keep a close watch, and look out for copperhead and rattle snakes, as neither of that species scare worth a cent. Since 1860 the State has been strongly Republican in national affairs, but on account of factional fights in the Republican ranks, a Democratic Governor has been twice elected.

CHAPTER XXIX.

*Biography of "War Governors"—A. G. Curtin—J. A. Andrew
—O. P. Morton—R. Yates—L. Stanford.*

Andrew Gregg Curtin, born in 1817, died 1894. An American politician, famous as the "War Governor" of Pennsylvania. He was born in Bellefonte, Penna.; studied law in Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Penna.; was admitted to the bar in 1839, and soon became prominent, as a Republican, in State politics. He was appointed Secretary of State for Pennsylvania in 1854, and from 1860 to 1866 served two terms as Governor of the State. From 1869 to 1872 he was Minister to Russia, and after his return joined the Democratic party and was elected to Congress from 1881 to 1887. During the Civil War he was always prompt in his response to President Lincoln's calls for troops, and by his minute care for the persons and families of the Pennsylvania soldiers, won their esteem and became widely known as "the soldier's friend."

Mme. Patti wrote in a friend's album at Boston: "Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing, and you will always have a supply."

The sweet singer is probably posted by experience.

John A. Andrew, (1818-67). A prominent American statesman "War Governor," of Massachusetts. He was born at Windham, Maine; graduated at Bowdoin in 1837, was admitted to the Boston bar in 1840, practiced there twenty years, and took a prominent part in the cases which arose under the Fugitive Slave Law. In 1858 he was a member of the Legislature, and in 1860 was a delegate to

the Republican National Convention, and was himself defeated Governor of Massachusetts by the largest popular majority ever given to a candidate. He forecast the danger of Civil War and took active steps to perfect the organization of the militia of his State. Within a week after the first call for troops he sent forward five infantry regiments, a battalion of riflemen, and a battery of artillery. In 1861, and each year until he insisted on retiring in 1866, he was reelected Governor, and was conceded to be one of the most efficient of all the "War Governors" continually organizing militia companies, and lending aid in every possible way to the Federal cause. He was at the conference of loyal Governors at Altoona, Penna.; in Sept. 1862, and wrote the address presented by them to President Lincoln. In religion he was Unitarian, and presided at their first national convention in 1865. At the close of the war, he resumed the practice of law at Boston.

Oliver Perry Morton (1823-1877). An American political leader and statesman, more popularly known as the great War Governor of Indiana. He was born at Salisbury, Wayne County, Indiana, August 4th, 1823, spent two years at Miami University, studied law, and in 1847 was admitted to practice. In 1860 he was elected Lieutenant Governor, and, after the Governor's election as U. S. Senator, Mr. Morton became Governor, Jan. 16, 1861. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he manifested great energy, and was highly successful in the work of raising troops. The election of 1862, however, resulted in the choice of a Democratic Legislature and Democratic state officers, who bitterly opposed the war, and also opposed the Governor's patriotic policy in favor of the Union cause. His task was still further obstructed by the presence in the State of a large bogus—secret society called the Knights of the Golden Circle, which resisted the draft, encouraged desertion, discouraged enlistments, and even plotted the carrying of Indiana out of the Union. But Morton finally triumphed over all obstacles. He secured the triumph of his party and his own re-election as Governor in 1864. In the opinion of Secretaries Chase and Stanton, his services during this period were greater than those rendered by any other of the great "War Governors."

Richard Yates, Republican, of Morgan Co., Illinois; twelfth Governor elected, Jan. 14th, 1861, to Jan. 16, 1865,

was born Jan. 18th, 1818, at Warsaw, Gallatin Co., Kentucky. In 1831, his father emigrated to Illinois, remaining for a short time at Springfield, and then settled at Island Grove, Sangamon county. He graduated from Illinois College, at Jacksonville, in 1837 with first honors. He chose the law as a profession and soon came to the front rank. He was an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, and, of course, a true-blue whig. He was elected to the Legislature in 1842 from Morgan county. He served several terms, and in 1850 was unanimously chosen as the Whig candidate for Congress in a district which extended from Sangamon on the South to La Salle on the North, and was elected. He was re-elected, and took firm grounds against slavery in any form. He was elected Governor in 1860, and discharged his duties during the war in such a patriotic manner, and with such unswerving activity and loyalty to the Union cause, as to render him a very popular man with the entire rank and file of the people. In 1865 he was elected U. S. Senator, and was subsequently succeeded by Gen. J. A. Logan in 1871. Through his kind attention to the troops at the front, he acquired, and highly deserved the title of "the soldier's friend." He died in St. Louis, Nov. 27, 1873, on his way home from the South.

Wit and Humor, Anecdotes and Amusements.

My Uncle (the late John B. Adlum, of French Grove, Illinois), told us years ago, the following story concerning the late Signor Blitz,—the celebrated ventriloquist—who toured the United States and gave sleight-of-hand performances, many years ago. My Uncle said Prof. Blitz and party were on board a vessel coming to the United States to provide entertainment again for the American people. The passengers soon discovered that Signor Blitz was on board, and decided to have a little fun and amusement for pastime on their way over the sea. Blitz told the passengers they must hunt up some object upon whom to operate. They soon observed a smart looking gentleman, who seemed to be much absorbed in reading the news of the day very leisurely. Blitz approached the stranger, and requested him to give him his hat a few moments. The stranger consented. Blitz examined the hat a short time, and told the stranger that he

was happy to observe that he was a man of wonderful foresight, and very provident to supply himself with the required necessities of life. I see you are very fond of chickens. He then proceeded to pick from the gentleman's hat piece by piece, a finely cooked chicken. Finally there was a sudden change of program. Confound the wasp said Blitz, which seemed to be buzzing and humming around his head. It appears the stranger was himself a ventriloquist, and transferred the joke very sudden upon Signor Blitz. It was reported that the crew of the vessel were highly entertained, before they reached the American coast.

Casper Lauchle, A Pennsylvania Swiss Gentleman.

Mr. Lauchle (pronounced Likely) related to my father an account of his voyage from Paris, France, to the United States many years ago. Mr. Lauchle said a terrific storm prevailed on the ocean, and most of the passengers were ordered to retire by the Captain to the hull for safety. Casper told the Captain that he intended to remain on deck, and take his own chances on his life. He said if he was to be drowned he was going to see for himself how it happened. Very well said the commander of the vessel, run your own risk. There said the Captain (pointing to a strong rope attached to the mainmast) grab that rope and look out for yourself. Casper said the big vessel rocked and reeled, turning on one side then to the other, and frequently he was swept clean off the deck, over the dashing waves, and over the deck again, the Captain enjoying a hearty laugh at his wonderful grit and pluck. Mr. Lauchle owned a fine farm near Pennsdale, Penna. He had one son (Casper) and four beautiful daughters, Annetta and Charlotte. He died at Pennsdale, Penn.

CHAPTER XXX.

Practice Makes Perfect—Benefits of Reading.

1st. We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything; such, at least, as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined, but it is only the exercise of those powers, which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us toward perfection.

2d. The feet of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavor to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degree of a like ability.

3. What incredible and astonishing action do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring thereto? Not but that some, in almost all manual arts, are as wonderful, but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they pay money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost the conception of unpracticed spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from the amazed lookers-on.

4th. As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most all of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some

men are noted for pleasantries in raillery, others for apologies and opposite diverting stories. This may be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not acquired by rules, and those who excell in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it, as an art to be learned.

5th. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thought and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice.

6th. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it, but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to perfection.

Many a good poetic vain is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement.

7th. To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger, at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavor at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of eloquence or logic.

8th. Nobody is made anything by hearing rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflection on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

Benefits of Reading.

1st. Reading may be considered as the key which commands our entrance, and gives us access to the various departments of science and literature. It enlarges the sphere

of observation, and affords abundant materials for exercising the faculties of the mind. Among all people distinguished for their refinement and civilization, the most prevalent and important art is that of reading. The improvement of the mind, the cultivation of taste, and the acquisition of knowledge, are the advantages derived from this art.

2d. From reading we are made acquainted with the passing events and occurrences in various parts of the world, and are enabled to repeat the sentiments of those who have existed in former times. It brings to view the scenes of departed years, and exhibits the rise and fall, and the revolutions of the ancient communities of mankind; and offers to our reflections all the most important circumstances connected with the improvement of human society.

3d. To have good books, and to be able to read them well, is a great privilege. They make us both wiser and better; they instruct us in our duty, and teach us how to behave ourselves. They comfort us in our distresses and afflictions. They pass away our leisure hours pleasantly and usefully, and the amusement which they afford, is cheaper than almost any other. They are true friends, excellent counselors and agreeable companions.

4th. Be careful to read with attention. When you are reading, do not be thinking of anything else. People who read without thinking what they are reading about, lose their time, and they cannot be the wiser, or the better for what they read. Reflect upon what you have read, or heard other people read, and if you have a proper opportunity, converse upon it. To relate what you have read, or heard, is the best way to help you to remember it.

5th. It may afford many useful and pleasant subjects of conversation; and it may often prevent quarreling, telling idle tales, silly joking, and talking scandal. In order to remember any particular passage in a book, read them over several times. If it instructed you in any particular duty, consider whether you have done your best to practice it.

6th. A little in this way is more improving than many volumes, however excellent in themselves, read over in a hasty, careless manner. Let nothing tempt you to read a bad book of any kind. Probably it would be better not to

read at all, than to read bad books. A bad book is the worst of thieves; it robs us of time, money, and principles.

Why People Get Sick.—Eating too much and too fast, swallowing imperfectly masticated food; drinking too much fluid at meals; drinking poisonous whiskey, alcohol, and other intoxicating drinks; repeatedly using poison as medicines; keeping late hours at night, and sleeping late in the morning; wearing corsets and clothing too tight, wearing thin shoes, and loafing on the streets without overshoes; neglecting a frequent bath, sufficiently to keep the pores open; exchanging the warm clothes worn in a warm room during the day for other light clothing to be worn at dances, and evening parties; compressing the stomach and chest, to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress, keeping up constant excitement; fretting and crowding the mind with borrowed troubles; swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill; taking meals at irregular intervals, and lunching and munching during the entire day.

Cure of Small Pox. 1st.—The following remedy for this dread disease is very simple, and on the authority of a surgeon of the British Army in China, it is said to be a thorough cure, even in extreme cases: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and this prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs.

2d.—The following remedy will cure not only small pox, but also scarlet fever. It is harmless when taken by a person in health: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (*digitalis*), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age.

3d.—“I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man,” wrote Edward Hine to the *Liverpool Mercury*,” if the worst case of small pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals when cold, is a certain never failing remedy. It has cured thous-

ands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and prevents tedious lingering.”

Cholera Infantum.—For cholera infantum, the whites of two eggs, well beaten, then mix with water; add one teaspoonful orange flower water and a little sugar; a tablespoonful every hour. It will, says an authority, cure the worst case of cholera infantum, the egg coating the bowels.

The Evils of War.—Henry Clay.

War, pestilence and famine, by the common consent of mankind, are the three greatest calamities which can befall our species; and war as the most cruel and direful, justly stands foremost and in front. Pestilence and famine, no doubt for wise although inscrutable purposes, are inflictions of Providence, to which it is our duty, therefore, to bow with obedience, humble submission, and resignation. Their duration is not long, and their ravages are limited. They bring, indeed, great affliction, while they last, but society soon recovers from their effects.

War is the voluntary work of our own hands, and whatever reproaches it may deserve, should be directed to ourselves. When it breaks out, its duration is indefinite and unknown,—its vicissitudes are hidden from our view. In the sacrifice of human life, and in the waste of human treasure,—in its losses and in its burdens,—it affects both belligerent nations, and its sad effects of mangled bodies, of death, and of desolation, endure long after its thunders are hushed in peace.

War unhinges society, disturbs its peaceful and regular industry, and scatters poisonous seeds of disease and immorality, which continue to germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after it has ceased. Dazzling by its glitter, pomp, and pageantry, it begets a spirit of wild adventure and romantic enterprise, and often disqualifies those who embark in it, after their return from the bloody fields of battle, for engaging in the industrious and peaceful vocations of life.

History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The five most celebrated conquerors, in the civilized world, were Washington, Grant, Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon. The third, after ruining a large portion of

Asia, and sighing and lamenting that there were no more worlds to subdue, met a premature and ignoble death. His Lieutenants quarreled and warred with each other as to the spoils of his victories, and finally lost them all.

Caesar, after conquering Gaul, returned with his triumphant legions to Rome, passed the Rubicon, won the battle of Pharsalia, trampled upon the liberties of his country, and expired by the patriot hand of Brutus. But Rome ceased to be free. War and conquest had enervated and corrupted the masses. The spirit of true liberty was extinguished, and a long line of emperors succeeded, some of whom were the most detestable monsters that ever existed in human form.

And Napoleon, that most extraordinary man, perhaps in all history, after subjugating all continental Europe, occupying almost all its capitals,—seriously threatening proud Old England itself—and decking the brows of various members of his family with crowns torn from the heads of other monarchs, lived to behold his own dear France itself in possession of his enemies, was made himself a wretched captive, and far removed from country, family and friends, breathed his last on the distant and inhospitable rock of St. Helena.

The Alps and the Rhine had been claimed, as the natural boundaries of France, but even these could not be secured in the treaties, to which she was reduced to submit. Do you believe that the people of Macedon or Greece, of Rome, or of France, were benefited, individually or collectively, by the triumphs of their Captains? Their sad lot was immense sacrifice of life, heavy and intolerable burdens, and the ultimate loss of liberty itself.

Good Advice to Lawyers.

Some very wholesome counsel was given to young lawyers by Cortland Parker, of Newark, New Jersey, who is looked up to as the most eminent lawyer in that State, on the occasion of a memorial banquet recently given in his honor. He took high, conservative ground as to what constitutes success, and said in part:

“To my young friends a word of advice: Stick to the profession, seek to elevate it. Do not seek by it to make money. Doing that makes it a trade—not a profession. Be fair in charges. Help the poor, with advice and with professional

aid. Do not speculate. Be known in Christian work and in charity, public and private, according to your means. Study law and history in all spare time, and manifest it by your action in the courts. Do not be a politician. But always vote and do the duty of a citizen. Be a member of a party, but independent—a slave to no one. Deserve honors and office. If they come, as if you deserve them they should, do honor for them. If they do not, never mind. There is One who seeth not as man seeth, whose ‘well done good and faithful’ is worth all the dignities of all the world.”

Man's Allotted Age.

Professor Faraday believed in Flourin's physiological theory that the age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life, he says is to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphyses (Anatomy) the end (or superficial part of a bone which ossifies separately from the central portion) united the body grows no more, and it is at twenty years this union is effected in man.

In the camel it takes place at eight, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five times that of the development period. Man being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is to say, one hundred years; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and lives twenty-five years; and so on with other animals.

The man who does not die of disease lives from eighty to a hundred years. Providence has given man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives license to his passions, and permits worry and vexation to disturb his healthy equipoise; he does not die, he kills himself.

Life may be divided into two equal halves—growth and decline, and these into infancy, youth, virility and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissue becomes firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a long or short time, as the reduction of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

How to Meet Adversity—Henry Ward Beecher.

Men become indolent through the reverses of fortune. Surely despondency is a grievous thing, and a heavy load to bear. To see disaster and wreck in the present, and no light in the future, but only storms, lurid by the contrast of past prosperity, and growing darker as they advance; to wear a constant expectation of woe like a girdle; to see want at the door, imperiously knocking, while there is no strength to repel, or courage to bear its tyranny,—indeed, this, this is dreadful enough. But there is a thing more dreadful. It is more dreadful if the man is wrecked with his fortune.

Can anything be more poignant in anticipation, than one's own self, unnerved, cowed down, and slackened into utter pliancy, and helplessly drifting and driven down the troubled sea of life? Of all things on earth, next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous industry. If it brings nothing, it will save him.

To be pressed down by adversity, has nothing in it of disgrace; but it is disgraceful to lie down under it, like a supple dog. Indeed, to stand composedly in the storm, amidst its rage and wildest devastations; to let it beat over you, and roar around you, and pass by you, and leave you undismayed, —This Is To Be A Man.

Adversity is the mint in which God stamps upon us his image and superscription. In this matter, men may learn of insects. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself before he will live without a web; the bee can be decoyed from his labor neither by plenty or scarcity. If summer be abundant, it toils none the less! if it be scarce of flowers, the tiny laborer sweeps a wider circle, and by industry repairs the frugality of the season. Man should be ashamed to be rebuked in vain by the spider, the ant, and the bee.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Infidelity Rebuked—Important Testimony in Favor of the Bible.

Many years ago a notorious infidel, undertook to discuss and argue infidelity with Gen. Bonaparte, scoffing and rejecting the infallible doctrines of Christianity. Napoleon gave him full sway in all his false theories and finally concluded that the skeptic had exhausted himself. Suddenly the great General arose from his chair, (apparently astonished at the ignorance and imbecility of his visitor). "Now sir, exclaimed Napoleon, who created all these things?" It has been related that the infidel was silenced, and had nothing more to say.

"The book—this mighty book—on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity;
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last."

Rousseau claimed: If all were perfect Christians, individuals would do their duty, the people would be obedient to the laws, the magistrates incorrupt, and there would be neither vanity nor luxury in such a state. There is, indeed, no doubt but that vanity is one of the principal causes of infidelity. Surely the infidel writer is a great enemy to society.

"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen." Let us for a moment behold our

earth. With what a mighty scene are we here presented? The division of its surface into land and water, islands and lakes, springs and rivers, hills and valleys, mountains and plains, renders it to man indeed, charming and delightful. We are entertained with an agreeable variety, without being disgusted with a tedious uniformity.

From the mountains descend streams to fertilize the plains below, and cover them with wealth and beauty. The earth not only produces everything necessary to support our bodies, but to remedy our disease and gratify our senses. Who covered the earth with such a pleasing variety of fruits and flowers? Who gave them their delightful fragrance, and painted them with such exquisite colors? Who causes the same water to whiten in the lily, that blushes in the rose?

Do not these things indicate a cause, infinitely superior to any finite being? Do they not directly lead us to believe the existence of God, to admire his goodness, to revere his power, to adore his wisdom, in so happily accommodating our external circumstances to our situation and internal constitution?

This great Being is everywhere present. He exists all around us. He is not, as we are apt to imagine, at a great distance. Wherever we turn, his image meets our view. We see him in the earth, in the ocean, in the air, in the sun, moon, and stars. We feel him in ourselves. He is always working around us; he performs the greatest operations, produces the noblest effects, and discovers himself in a thousand different ways.

Infidels and skeptics have accomplished nothing in the history of the world. All the hospitals, the charitable institutions, and, the things which have made life better for the rest of the world have come through the man who believed in his Maker.—Rev. M. M. Mangasarian, Independent, Chicago, Illinois.





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